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THREE CENTURIES

IN NORTH

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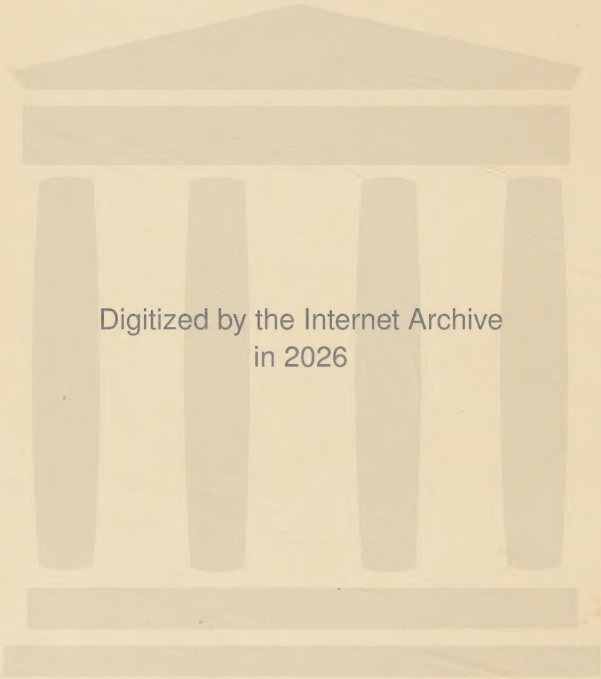
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THREE CENTURIES

IN

NORTH OXFORDSHIRE

BY

M. STURGE HENDERSON

WITH ELEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

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NOTE

To my husband's desire and Mr. Warde Fowler's generous encouragement, this book owes its being. The illustrations are from photographs taken by Miss M. Matthews, to whose zeal and knowledge I am deeply indebted. My helpers in a secondary sense are too many for enumeration, but to Mr. Madan of the Bodleian Library, the Vicars of Great Tew, Taynton, and Minster Lovell, my Mother, Miss Whitmore Jones, Miss Pumphrey, Viscount Dillon, Mr. Michael Sadler, Mr. F. Sessions, Mr. Marshall Sturge, and Mr. F. Parker, my thanks are especially due.

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THREE CENTURIES

IN

NORTH OXFORDSHIRE

INTRODUCTORY

THIS district lies high as regards Oxford, climbing fold on fold to the Cotswold slopes. Without striking features, it is a land of peace: the low, undulating hills sleep in the summer sun, and wrap themselves to fuller repose in the mists of autumn.

The ridge tops are bleak and bare. For half a mile on either side of them, the thriving trees and hedges give place to stone walls and scattered firs; but in a mile, at most, our roads slope again to the well-tree'd hamlets that are scattered in the shelter of the hills. At midsummer these nestle in greenery that hides them from above, and, on nearer view, deludes the tourist into the belief that each village is much smaller than in reality it is. A few towns there are on the hill tops, but very few. Among them is Chipping Norton, and its bare outline strikes the visitor as in no way characteristic of the district; again, on the Gloucestershire border, there is Stow-on-

the-Wold, known throughout the countryside as 'Stow-on-the-Wold, where the wind blows cold.' Certainly, in situation, these places are the exception, not the rule; the rule being that the wind-swept ridges are in the main unpeopled, while the fertile slopes are scattered with numberless villages and hamlets. All the buildings in these are of native stone, irregular and picturesque. Almost all tell of ungrudged labour; labour, simple and direct, spent in conformity to the use for which the buildings were intended.

Walking the wind-swept roads on a February afternoon, there seems nothing between us and the life of the people. When the wind is in the north-east doors are shut, streets deserted. All conventional glamour is lacking; cottages and gardens are bare, poverty is obvious and insistent. Neither life nor landscape is that of the pastoral poets; but the talk of the old men round their kitchen fires is nearer the heart of things than the tirade of the modern demagogue. Their talk is ever and only of the past. The threads of speech are tangled and inconsequent: only to be cleared and rewoven by patient hands. Yet, in searching libraries and turning manuscripts to verify names and dates, one of their hearers has realized afresh that such talkers are the true teachers of history; their pupils may need strengthening in knowledge of facts, but to them has been lent the vision that imagines truth. M. Paul Sabatier has reminded us that there is no purely objective truth of history; that to write it we must imagine it, to imagine it we must transform it. In a deep sense this is true; but may not the difficulty in

BURFORD PRIORY

part be met, as concerns the last two centuries at least, by working backwards, through the memories of men now living? It is not yet sufficiently realized how close are our human links with the far past. I gather information from a friend of eighty-six, now living in Charlbury; he in his turn listened to the talk of Robert Spendlove, who died (in the room in which he was born) in 1822, aged ninety-six. In 1745 Spendlove carried bread to the Pretender's followers, who having turned back from Derby were concealed for the night at Cornbury, before returning to their homes in the west of England. In towns such as Burford, in villages like Finstock, Taynton, and Kingham, there is no complex overlaying of modernity. The nineteenth century, that looms so large in industrial centres, has no special importance in our Oxfordshire villages. In them men live into the nineties, and not only live, but retain memory and vitality; and through these persons the eighteenth century may be touched in a real and intimate manner. Further, these men tell of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers who hob-a-nobbed with Cromwell's soldiers in Burford, and shouted welcome to Charles the First and his Queen when they came to visit the fountains at Enstone. With us, for the past fifty years, men have succumbed to the sleep that is on the hills; individual activity remains, but corporate life is suspended. In our market towns there lingers a conscious importance and dignity, but it is based on the remembrance of a past that is fled like a dream of the night, gone, like a tale that is told.

A real likeness there is between Burford and the

Umbrian town of Assisi. As the stranger in Perugia pays a flying visit to the forsaken city on the neighbouring height, so the dweller in Oxford bestows a passing glance on Burford. In both cases the newcomer has difficulty in investing a forgotten and unimportant town with the life and glamour of the past. At Assisi reconstruction is easier, because a great personality correlates and vivifies detail in itself scattered and lifeless. To all men, save those with a special historic sense, the past lives through the medium of individuals, and the personality of Saint Francis is strong to bridge the centuries and repeople the city of his love. Also, the Roman Church is a record in herself. Her faithful sons, pacing the beaten track, drawing all authority, testing all inspiration from tradition and precedent, have preserved unbroken the line of history, the sequence of events. With us, incomplete records, tangled organization, are the price paid for greater mobility—larger freedom. Yet, taking Burford for the moment, we do well to note how curiously vital are its links with the far past. Through talk with men not yet old, it is easy imaginatively to reconstruct the thronged streets of fifty years ago, in the days of the coaches and the great fairs, before the railway octopus sucked the vitality of the town and left its stately houses silent and untenanted. As lately as 1826 passed down the steep street and over the bridge, for sale at Christie's, paintings by Vandyke and his peers, which were Lenthall's spoil from the collection of Charles the First. Till the eighteenth century, men saw the Midsummer Eve Procession of the Dragon to com-

BURFORD CHURCH

memorate the battle fought at Burford A. D. 752, by Cuthbert, King of the West Saxons, in the twelfth year of his reign, against Ethelbald, King of the Mercians.

A friend of mine in Charlbury heard, as a child, from a woman born about 1788, this story—'Once,' said the old lady to the servants in the kitchen where the child stood, 'there was a very wicked nobleman staying at Cornbury. Coming back from the hunt at nightfall he saw, in the main ride, the ghost of her as he ought to have married but some say he'd murdered; and the ghost came to him and told him, "in ten days he'd be with her." Then he went on to the house, took ill, and in ten days he died.' Further, continued the old woman, that ghost still haunted Cornbury Park; a certain man she had just unsuccessfully nursed at Ramsden had seen it, and then he knew 'as his time had come.' History tells us of the unexplained death of Leicester, whom Froude has called 'the only man Queen Elizabeth really loved,' at Cornbury on his way to Kenilworth. The value of the old woman's tale lies in the fact that she was ignorant of names and dates; not for long years did my friend recognize what she supposes to be the basis of the story. If her supposition be correct, local tradition, by word of mouth, had preserved the facts, unobscured, for two hundred years. Further, the spirit of that unnamed woman still haunts Broad Light at nightfall, and in this year of our Lord 1902 the luckless Amy Robsart remains, for Charlbury, the Angel of Sudden Death.

To those, and inevitably there are many, who object

to such method of inquiry on the ground of the worthlessness of oral tradition, I can only say I am content to differ from them, for daily experience strengthens the ground of that difference. I will take, almost at random, two cases from separate periods of my work. I was told by an inhabitant of Charlbury that early in the seventeenth century there lived in that place a vicar's daughter, Ann Downer by name, who, as a young woman, had walked two hundred miles, from London to Cornwall, to succour George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, when he lay in Launceston gaol. My informant is old and could not give his authorities. On application to the Central Friends' Library, I learned much of a certain George Whitehead and his wife, who had been 'Ann Downer of London.' Further, George Fox's *Journal* told of her journeying from London to 'take things in shorthand, and dress meat' for him in Launceston gaol. So far so good, but the vital point for me was Ann Downer's connexion with Charlbury, and proof of this was yet to seek, there being no list of Charlbury vicars extant, and Ann Whitehead's Memoirs making no mention of her early life. Ultimately I came on these entries in the parish register—'Buried 1654. "Elizabeth ye daughter of Thomas Downer late vicar. April 27th."' 'Births 1624. "Ann ye daughter of Thomas Downer. June 14th."' In every point my verbal informant had been correct, though he knew nothing of these records; yet on so slight a thread hung proof, that but for the double entry, supplying the detail of 'late vicar,' I must have rejected the whole incident. The second instance concerns a later date. On my first visit to the

village of Kingham, going by carrier's cart from that place to Chipping Norton, as we passed Churchill, the driver discoursed of 'Warriner Hastings, who bought his wife for her weight in gold.' Naturally, perhaps, I concluded that if there were truth in this tradition, Warren Hastings must have brought an Indian wife to Daylesford. Failing to find trace of her I mentally discarded the story, only to discover later that tradition was absolutely correct, but my deduction erroneous. Anna Maria Appolonia Imhoff was literally bought by Warren Hastings, from her husband, for her weight in gold. She inherited Hastings's estate, and she and her son General Sir Charles Imhoff lie side by side in Daylesford church.

Without in any way discounting my indebtedness to such works as Gibbins's *Industrial History of England*, Thorold Rogers's *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, Eggleston's *Transit of Civilization to America*, I would state that, as regards the last two hundred years, my main sources of information have been Oxford papers from 1753, parish records, contemporary writings, and the tales and traditions of the villagers themselves. I have been careful to include no statement that has not received general credence in the place of its birth. This has been easy, in that, with us, yesterday as to-day, each man's affairs are the property of his neighbour. I have included, in entirety, such documents as the Chipping Norton estreat of 1641, Lord Falkland's will, the inventory of Chastleton furniture, Plot's list of the landed gentry resident in our district at the Restora-

tion, and the dates of Inclosure Awards. The finding of the Estreat entailed a long search ; both it and the Will had to be copied at Somerset House. Plot's list I worked out from the numbers and coats of arms given in his map ; the Inclosure Awards I unearthed from a mass of disconnected documents. It is my hope that these scaffoldings may prove serviceable to those who in after days set themselves imaginatively to recreate the past life of some individual town or village. My chief pleasure has lain in the growing realization that patient endeavour may fill gaps and bridge gulfs even in a region seemingly scant in material for historical building. North Oxfordshire is without topographical index or collected archives ; of its concerns no continuous chain of record lies ready to hand. I ask nothing better than some share in showing, to those who care, that, though scattered and obscured, the links of that chain are still in existence. This is the end to which the lists are published.

Describing the course of the Evenlode, Hilaire Belloc has written—

> 'She lingers in the hills, and holds
> A hundred little towns of stone
> Forgotten in the Western Wolds.'

Each of these has history and individuality, often customs and words, of its own ; completeness of communication and obliteration of local colour, consequent on the coming of the railways, being fallacies of the townsman, who has much to learn from a sojourn in North Oxfordshire.

Moving within my narrowed limit of time and space—1602–1902, in a district practically coincident with the Chadlington Hundred of North Oxfordshire, I have increasingly realized that each chapter should have lengthened to a treatise. Started on any of my main roads of inquiry, as the past awoke, forms arose and ghostly hands beckoned from innumerable by-paths. Strangely intimate was their pleading; they wait till one shall pass their way to quicken them within his thought. As before stated, life is my medium, the present my starting-point. All that is here of worth is gift of those who have taken the hand of the writer and laid it, warm with sympathy, in the clasp of their earlier loves. Where their thought has been met, dead knowledge has quickened to living vision.

In the village of Finstock live a man and wife both over sixty, exquisite in cleanliness and courtesy. The husband is a farm labourer, the wife does glove-stitching at home; I last saw them on a February afternoon, when, as has already been stated, nothing of pseudo-romance lingers round house or village. Snow was thawing on road and path. Lifting the latch of the door opening directly into my friends' kitchen, I found the stone flags spotless as ever. In an atmosphere of repose and refinement they sat together; the wife at her glove-stitching, the husband (who had been at home for a month with a sprained knee) in his armchair by the glowing fire. Our talk was of the last of the forest fairs, the coming of the railways, and the wages and prices of fifty years ago. Their favourite theme is the improvement in the condition

of the labouring people, and they adorn their tale with homely illustration, thus: 'Our first loaf together was eightpence, where 'tis now fourpence halfpenny.' 'This matting was two shillings a yard, where 'tis now a shilling,' and so on. To this the social historian will reply that for real comparison, we must go back farther than the memory of this couple. Yet, disastrous as were the results of the Great War ending in 1815, may it not be supposed that England had recovered from its immediate effect by 1852? At any rate, however unsatisfactory may be our agricultural position as a nation, it is clear that for the individual labourer the standard of comfort and decency normally attained is higher now than at any time within the last century. An old stone-mason at Kingham epitomizes his conclusions thus: 'Now the working folks live as the farmers did in my father's time, the farmers live like the gentry.' But, and here is the point that merits consideration, country life is duller than it was a hundred years ago. For good or ill, the annual races, the forest feasts, the Christmas and harvest dinners, have passed away, and, in their stead, little has been offered to the villager. What wonder then if, unlike the townsman, now so highly favoured in opportunities for recreation, he finds his pleasures as his forefathers found them! For part of the year at least, in this district, the large landowners reside on their estates; the middle class householder, who now dwells in the suburban villa, is the person wanting; on his ultimate choice rests the future of our country town and village. As I write, is ever before me the village of my love: in it three

medium-sized houses are now occupied by those who dwell therein, not from business connexion with the place, but from definite choice. Such households are linked inevitably and naturally to the life of the cottager by no cause or philanthropy, but in the only real relationship—the relationship of Jackanapes and the postman.

In the chapter on the mail coaches, Enstone is geographical centre; a woman who was servant at the chief inn sixty years ago, mental focus. While horses were changed she plied the customers with Banbury cakes. Radiating from her as living centre, the Bodleian seems at once to teem with coaching literature, De Quincey's *Glory of Motion* takes an added value; from the information of the postal authorities at St. Martin's Le Grand I pass to the old post office in Lombard Street, and Pitt's part in the amended mail system of 1784. The prospect is wide; for me it had not opened, save through a lattice window. This is but one instance; in every subdivision the principle applies; it, and it alone, has determined, amid a mass of material, what should be taken, what left. What I cannot *feel*, that will I omit. For abstract and general presentation of my period there is needed a large habit of mind among industrial conditions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. To this I do not pretend. I write from a corner of England, seeing men and events in the detached way my villagers have seen them. To us, the machine riots at Chipping Norton in 1830, the Oxford rumour of Napoleon's escape in 1817, loom larger than the industrial revolution and the struggle

with France for which they stand. Our Green has lent readier ear to events than to ideas, to men than to books, but perhaps for that reason its memories are vivid and unobscured. Mine is a little story ; I commend to wiser men its vast horizon.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

LIFE OF THE OXFORDSHIRE COURTIER IN THE EARLY PART OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

In spite of eighteenth-century depredations our district remains rich in beautiful old houses. Within a narrow geographical range Chastleton House, Cornwell Manor, and Shipton Court form a group specially significant; a touchstone for reverence and imagination. Chastleton House is particularly rich in record recreating its seventeenth-century inhabitants and interior: Cornwell Manor and Shipton Court make their appeal in a different manner. In the year 1603 Walter Jones began the building of Chastleton House. In the previous year he had bought the estate and old house for four thousand pounds from Robert Catesby, the chief mover in the Gunpowder Plot. Catesby intended to use the purchase-money to raise a troop in aid of Philip of Spain's second attempt to invade England, but the Spanish scheme being frustrated by the death of Elizabeth, some portion of it was spent on gunpowder for destroying the Houses of Parliament. As soon as the estate was in the possession of Walter

Jones he pulled down the Catesby house and set to work, acting as his own architect, to build that of our illustration. It was completed in 1614, and has never been added to or altered. Thus, apart from its beauty, Chastleton has for us a special significance, for it provides an architectural and historical starting-point for our survey. In the appendix to this chapter I have given 'an Inventary of all and singular the Goods, Chattles and Debtes of Walter Jones, Esq., late of Chastleton, of the Diocese of Oxon deceased, taken, valued, and apprised the 14th day of May, Anno Dm. 1633, by George Greenwood of Chastleton aforsaid, gent., and John Wade of Little Compton.' This list of the furniture, fittings, stores and money in the house in 1633 is invaluable as an aid to imaginative reconstruction of the period. Placed in the appendix merely that the continuity of the chapter may be unbroken, both this inventory and the Chipping Norton Estreate of 1641 are essential to the reader. Walter Jones married Eleanour Pope, a daughter of Queen Elizabeth's jeweller. His son Henry succeeded to the Chastleton estate in 1632, and married Anne, daughter of Sir Edmund Fettiplace. In 1642, their eldest son Arthur joined the royalist army and followed the varying fortunes of Charles the First until the king's cause was lost. He then retired to Chastleton, where he lived in seclusion till the coming of Charles the Second. The history of Arthur Jones's escape after the battle of Worcester is given in a later chapter. From the Estreate it will be seen that Cornwell Manor in 1641 belonged to Sir Thomas Pennyston, and in Chapter IV reference is made

CHASTLETON HOUSE

to Sir Fairmeadow Pennyston, who fined Henry Jones fifty shillings for allowing his wife to be buried in a linen shroud.

In 1603 Shipton Court was built by a member of the Lacy family, in 1633 it was bought by Sir Compton Reade. The present owner tells me that he has been unable to obtain any detailed history of the place, yet for imagining North Oxfordshire life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries its value is inestimable. The brave old house is screened from the road by walls and thickset yew hedges; within the garden, where rigid terraces rise from a rectangular space of water, the past is strangely palpable. Three centuries ago, stamp and seal, incapable of successful modification, were set upon the place; time has mellowed the design, but a certain inflexibility remains and constitutes a special charm. Surely, in such a garden must the author of the *Religio Medici* have written, 'Time is but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world.' On these terraces in moments of insight we move amid the lovers who have gone before, in hours of our pain we are comforted by the dead who have died in peace. Within these walls, the merest tourist must realize that the possessor of an old home enters on an accumulated spiritual inheritance entailed on those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. On the studiously black oak of Croydon villas men cut legends of welcome, meanwhile beneath the plaster of homes such as this is inscribed, 'Ye are no more strangers and pilgrims, but fellow citizens with the spirits.'

From September 9 to 11, 1603, James the First and

his wife Anne of Denmark were at Mr. Tanfield's house, Burford Priory. On September 15 they visited Sir Henry Lee at Ditchley Park. On August 24, 1605, James and his Queen were at Langley: tradition affirms that the monarch's resting-place there was a royal palace which was built by King John, and remained standing till the time of Charles the First. In the Shipton register is this entry in the reign of James the First: 'A French boy buried from Langley, the Court being there.' On August 27 the royal party journeyed to Oxford to view the accomplishment of an undertaking, without which even this slight sketch of our district would have been impracticable. On the 30th James visited the Library that had been restored and restocked with books by Sir Thomas Bodley. The king, 'with divers of his nobles,' passed in at a low door and climbed a long staircase to find 'a verie long, large, and spacious walk, over the schoole of Divinitie, interseamed on both sides from the one end unto the other, very thicke with severall Partitions, with certaine seates and Deskes before them to sitte downe upon and reade. The partitions are in evrie place filled full of shelneves, and unto the shelneves are there many Bookes fastened with chaines of iron: evrie volume bearing his name and title, written on paper or parchment[1]. At the sight so great was the admiration and enthusiasm of James that he declared, 'Were I not a King, I would be a University man[2],' and promised grants of any books from the libraries of the royal palaces that Sir Thomas, on examination,

[1] *Oxford's Triumph.* Anthony Nixon.
[2] See *Rex Platonicus*, by Sir Isaac Wake.

SHIPTON COURT

should desire. Bodley's description of his concern in the matter is given thus: 'Examining exactly for the rest of my life, what course I might take, and having sought (as I thought, all the waies to the wood) to select the most proper, I concluded at the last to set up my Staffe at the Library doore in Oxford; being thoroughly persuaded, that in my solitude and surcease from the Common-wealth affaires, I could not busy myself to better purpose, than by reducing that place (which then in every part lay ruined and wast) to the publique use of Students[1].' Of the fulfilment of his purpose, he merely says: 'How well I have sped in all my endeavours, and how full provision I have made for the benefit and ease of all frequenters of the Library, that which I have already performed in sight, that besides which I have given for the maintenance of it; and that which hereafter I purpose to adde, by way of enlargement to that place (for the project is cast, and whether I live or dye it shall be, God willing, put in full execution), will testifie so truly and abundantly for me, as I need not be the publisher of the dignity and worth of mine owne institution.' When Bodley set up his staff at the door of the library in Oxford, 1597, the six hundred volumes of Duke Humphrey's library were hopelessly lost[2]; in 1555, even the desks and benches had been sold. Before the opening ceremony in 1602 he had collected some two thousand volumes, and at the king's visit, in 1605, as librarian, he boasts of possessing volumes written in no less than thirty different languages.

[1] *Life of Sir Thomas Bodley*, by himself, 1609.

[2] Two were found, Aristotle's *Politics* and a *Valerius Maximus*.

In 1635, Robert Bushell, who had been Lord Bacon's secretary, was living at Enstone, and in cleansing the spring called Goldwell, came on a wonderful rock which he decided to be 'worthy all imaginable embellishment by art.' Marvellous indeed were his embellishments, and when the whole was complete, on August 23, 1636, it was presented to the queen, 'who in company with the King himself, was graciously pleased to honour the Rock, not only with her Royal presence, but commanded the same to be called by her own Princely Name, Henrietta[1].' Delicate in appearance, ever gracious in manner, adding to these qualities that gift of song of which Charles's emissary had written, 'Neither her master Boyle, nor any man or woman in France, or in the world sings so admirably as she, Sir, it is beyond imagination[2],' it is easy to picture the un-English elegance with which the queen would accept the fantastic entertainment and homage of this Enstone afternoon. Probably it was a little too tawdry for the taste of a king who had attracted to his court Rubens and Vandyke, Inigo Jones and Ferbasco, but be that as it may, in the pleasure of the one being he loved with force sufficient to lend stability to the relationship, may we not imagine him well content? That visit to Enstone connects us with Richard Lovelace, for on their return Charles and his Queen were entertained for a few days at Oxford, and at Gloucester Hall was a student of eighteen, 'then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld,' who proved so captivating to the royal party

[1] Plot. *History of Oxfordshire.* [2] Lord Holland, from France.

that 'a great lady belonging to the Queen' made the Chancellor create him Master of Arts, though he was but of two years' standing. On August 29 Anthony Wood was held in a servant's arms in Fish Street to watch the king and queen entering the gates of Christ Church.

At this point we come to the Chipping Norton Estreate of 1641, included in the appendix, which gives us a wide and definite basis of local knowledge, and to this we have no longer to superadd a tale of royal visits. From the battle of Edgehill, in 1642, till all was over, Charles the First and his court resided in Oxford. Before their coming undergraduates had been drilling in New College, but the king's presence fanned royalist enthusiasm into flame, and henceforth the University city became a garrison town. So much has been written of Oxford at this time that any detailed description must lie as much outside my power as beyond my scope, so much only being here included as shall serve to recreate the conditions of the town as it affected the owners of Great Tew, Chastleton, Sarsden, and Daylesford, with their wives and families. New College cloisters formed an ammunition store, there was daily drill in New College and Christ Church, Port Meadow and what are now the Parks; in 1643 the college plate was requisitioned by the king and melted and coined at New Inn. In July, 1643, Queen Henrietta took up her quarters in Merton, a private way being made from her rooms there to those occupied by Charles at Christ Church. In 1644 a portion of the Houses of Lords and Commons met in Oxford, the Courts of Law and Chancery

having also moved there from London. On realizing the overcrowding consequent on such an influx of population, we are not surprised when Ann Harrison mentions pestilence among the difficulties with which sojourners in Oxford found themselves obliged to contend. Amid disaster and confusion the courtly manners of Charles Stuart remained secure ; he dined and supped in public, walked in state in Christ Church Meadow and Merton Gardens. Allowing to the full for a false sense of security in his followers, it must be granted that the men who sang and masqueraded in college halls passed continually from court to camp and showed no craven sign of fear. In Oxford at this time was much music, it was the fashion for every English gentleman to profess some knowledge of the art, the queen's power and the king's delight being genuine. John Wilson, who afterwards resided at Sir William Walter's house at Sarsden, was at this time in constant attendance on the king as first gentleman of the chapel and musician in ordinary to the court. Wilson was the most noted English musician of his day, and described by the University of Oxford as 'in theoria praxi musices maxime peritus.' At the death of Charles he lost all, but in 1656 he was made Professor of Music to the University of Oxford, and at the Restoration recovered his former offices and retained them till his death in 1673.

On December 21, 1642, was made at Christ Church, before the Lords and King's Commissioners, 'an agreement betwixt his majesty and the inhabitants of the County of Oxford, for Provisions for His Majestie's

Horses Billeted in this County[1].' The discussion thereon contains no hint of anything but confidence in the ultimate triumph of the royal cause. Meanwhile was published[2] a letter from the two hundred and twenty men, besides captains and commanders, who were prisoners in the Castle in Oxford. Dire indeed was their condition, rendered worse by the brutality of their gaoler, and the letter is written in humility and supplication to the king. Another sheet, headed 'Charles R.,' and printed by Leonard Lichfield, was read aloud in all public places in Oxford, on Sunday, May 7, 1643. It sets forth that His Majesty finding himself, for the moment, unable to provide for those of his loyal subjects, in and about Oxford, who have been wounded in his cause, desires that in each college of the university and church of the city, a collection shall this day be taken up for those in special distress. To Pembroke College in 1626 had come William Stampe, son of Timothy Stampe, of Bruerne. Later he had become Vicar of Stepney. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was plundered, imprisoned, and narrowly escaped with his life. He reached Oxford in 1643, and his case was made known to Charles. As result the following letter was written by Lord Falkland, the king's secretary, to the Vice-Chancellor of the University: 'The King's majesty taking into his princely consideration the great sufferings of Will. Stampe, who hath not only undergone a long and hard imprisonment of 34 weeks, but also is now outed of a very good living,

[1] Printed by Leonard Lichfield. Oxford, 1642.

[2] Printed by Thomas Underhill. London, 1643.

and all this for preaching loyalty and obedience to a disaffected congregation to the extream hazard of his life, His Majesty being willing to repair these his sufferings, and to encourage his known abilities (for which by special favour and grace, he is sworn chaplain to his dearest son the prince) hath commanded me to signify to you, that you forthwith confer upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.' This was done in July of the same year; Stampe being one of many on whom University honours were bestowed by command of the sovereign, who had little else with which to 'repair the sufferings' of his adherents. In the year 1634 the tower of Deddington church had fallen. It was not at once rebuilt, and in 1643 the following letter had been received by the parish: 'Charles R. Whereas information is given us that by the fall of your steeple at Daddington in this our county, the bells are made unserviceable for you till that shall be rebuilt, and they are new founded; and that the metal of them may be fit for present use, both for own and public occasion, we hereby require you to send the same to our magazine here in New College, and some such trusty persons with them as may see the just weight, and the nature of them taken by our officiers there, to the end that we may restore the same in materials or monies to your church, when you shall have occasion to use the same; and to the end we may the better effect this, we hereby command the commissioners of our train to remember us hereof when it shall be opportune: and for assurance hereof to your whole parish, we are graciously pleased to confirm this by our own royal

signature. Oxford, at the court, January the one and twentieth, in the eighteenth year of our reign. To our trusty and well-beloved subjects, the parson, church-wardens, constables, and officiers, and others, the parishoners of Daddington.'

During the summer of 1644, life in our villages must have been full of incident. On June 3, the king with six thousand men passed out of Oxford between the two divisions of the parliamentary army, before daylight crossed the Evenlode near Handborough, and was at Witney for breakfast. Later in the day the troops 'left Witney on the left hand; so to Burford, a long street and one church, where the king's trope refreshed themselves at Mr. William Lenthall's house in that towne, and that night marched to Morton-super-aquas[1].' Among all the mentions of marches and counter-marches, through the lanes and byways of our district, few stir the imagination as does that of Symonds for Monday, June 31, 1644. 'The King lay at Deddington. From Deddington the army marched Tuesday morning by where the Lord Viscount Falkland had a faire house, com. Oxon; thence that night to Morton Henmarsh where his Majestie lay. From thence his Majestie with his whole army marched over the Cotswold hills with colours flying to Broadway.' From Deddington, by leafy lane and meadow to Tew, lying amid its circlet of low hills, and out on to the main road through Chipping Norton, the way was fair enough. But as the shadows lengthened, and the march continued along the ridge

[1] *Diary during the Civil War.* Symonds. Published by the Camden Society.

of hills to the Four Shires Stone, with Little Compton on the right, Chastleton on the left, the travellers passed where lies at midsummer the very heart of our enchanted land. With Falkland Lord of Great Tew, Jones at Chastleton, Hastings at Daylesford, and Juxon at Little Compton, good cheer by the way was plentiful. To-day on this road, London seems afar, and the world yet consists of stately Jacobean houses and dependent cottages. On this June evening, two hundred and fifty years ago, rightful and goodly must have spread the Stuart heritage, and disturbers of the king's peace have been dim in the distance. The night was spent at Moreton, remote from thought of disaster and defeat, and in the strong sunlight of the August morning, the forces passed with flying colours over the hills and down the slopes to Broadway.

The battle of Naseby was fought on June 14, 1645, and from that defeat the royalist army never rallied. Through the dreary winter of that year Charles, with Rupert, Maurice and a faithful band of followers, remained in Oxford. As spring approached the siege of the town was delayed, and meanwhile, at midnight on Sunday, April 26, Charles the First crossed Magdalen Bridge in disguise, leaving Oxford for ever. Henceforth the songs of the cavaliers were heard no more in our streets; for its final act the national drama sought another staging. Great Tew was at peace to mourn its dead, to Rowleright and Chastleton their masters returned as fugitives. Our villages had seen brave sights, but the price of the pageantry was heavy. Camden had described our slopes as clothed with a store of wood and rich in corn; at the end

DINING-ROOM AT CHASTLETON

of the Civil War most of the timber was destroyed and agriculture disturbed and retarded. Architecturally we suffered somewhat, just how heavily is difficult to determine. As far as Burford church is concerned, I am inclined to think that the results have been over estimated. Evidences of wanton destruction are plain, and the damage has usually been attributed to Cromwell's soldiers. To me it seems to belong to an earlier period, but in the Churchwardens' Accounts for 1645 are these entries, 'Payed for makinge cleane the Churche when the souldiers went away, five shillings,' 'Payed for takinge downe the wall for the carriage of straw into the church for the souldiers, sixpence,' and the Churchwardens' Register contains this further enlightening entry: 'There hath been no choice made of Churchwardens, by reason of troublesome times, since the 4th of April 1642, untill the 20th of April 1647.'

In 1649 there was a Leveller mutiny in the garrison at Burford. Carlyle's account of the forced march of Cromwell and Fairfax, and their surprise of the mutineers at midnight, May 14, 1649, is vivid. The 'Declaration of the proceedings of His Excellency The Lord General Fairfax, in the reducing of the Revolted Troops. Together with the humble petition of the sad and heavy-hearted prisoners remaining in the church at Burford[1]' describes the quelling of the mutiny and the taking of the prisoners. While the petition was being drawn up three hundred and forty men remained within the building, and Corporals

[1] Printed by H. H., Oxford. Reprinted London, May 23, 1649. Published by His Excellency and his Council of War. Richard Hatter, Sec.

Church and Perkins had been shot outside. Under cover of the wordy contest as to the framing of the document may have moved a sword, scraping the surface of the font, where remains to-day in uncouth lettering the words, 'Anthony Sedley, Prisner 1649.'

CHAPTER II

THE FALKLANDS AT GREAT TEW

HIDDEN in a hollow of the low hills, Great Tew is an idyllic place. Perhaps the most beautiful of Oxfordshire villages, from end to end it owns not an unlovely building. The stone work of the cottages is remarkable for strength and purity of design; the roofs are of thatch.

A haunt of ancient peace, when the tumult of war was at Oxford and Burford, its echoes here must have sounded faint and unreal. Direct from the stress and conflict men might come—

> 'In June, or when the dog-starre reigns to find
> Some fresher shade or softer breath of wind,
> And tast the spring, whose purer waters drill
> From the high top of some exalted hill,
> And by that water (while the winde did sweepe
> The moveing bowes) to steal a gentle sleepe[1].'

Completely and mysteriously the Falkland House has disappeared[2]; Teale tells us it was destroyed by one George Stratton. All else seems to remain—the stately

[1] Falkland's poem 'On the Death of Ladie Hamilton.'

[2] Probably taken down about 1790. The present Lord Falkland tells me he has never seen any drawing or description of the house.

church within the grounds, the laurelled walks and the three-walled gardens, gardens in which Clarendon, Ben Jonson, Waller and Cowley walked with their host. Of him any exhaustive account is without my bounds; so much only of personal detail will here be included as may serve to recreate the figure of this 'lover, friend, and most courteous gentleman' in his life at Great Tew.

In regard to Lady Falkland the one or two modern biographies obscure the picture and blur the personality which is vivid in the quaint speech of her friend and adviser, John Duncon. No apology is needed for the many quotations from this source. Too long has the book been neglected: in this age of reprints it is surely worthy the publisher's notice. It is a quaint little booklet, very religious in tone, and with a strange frontispiece, but it is full of emotion. It consists of an epistolary account of Lady Falkland's life and some letters that passed between these friends. From end to end is a certain proud humility which keeps the narrative direct and the balance true; pride born of the writer's God-given power of help, humility before the beauty of the soul to which it was given unto him to minister. With exquisite restraint Duncon merely tells his contemporaries that he was 'received as a friend in the house of the Vi-Countess Falkland,' when she, in distress, 'wanted inward comforts, and I, being the nearest of God's ministers, undertooke the office of Comforter.'

Born at Burford about 1610 Lucius Cary inherited directly from his grandfather, Chief Baron Tanfield, who died 1625, and the Manor of Great Tew was

COTTAGES AT GREAT TEW

part of this inheritance[1]. Educated at Dublin[2], St. John's, Cambridge[3], and Oxford[4], shortly after his marriage, in 1631, Falkland settled with his wife at Great Tew. At that time he could have been little more than twenty-three years of age; yet he was already an acknowledged classical scholar, and not long after Bishop Earle tells us, that he gleaned more in conversations with the host at Great Tew than was to be learnt in Oxford. There Sheldon, Ben Jonson, Hammond, Morley, John Hales, Waller, Cowley, Sir Francis Wenman, and Edward Hyde, the future Earl of Clarendon, were constant guests. Cowley wrote, when Falkland was sent on an expedition to Scotland against the Covenanters of the Glasgow assembly of 1638—

> 'Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just,
> England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
> Return him safe; learning would rather choose
> Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose;
> All things that are but writ or printed there,
> On his unbounded breast engraven are.'

Such panegyrics are valuable, but less luminous than Falkland's own small sentence, 'I pity unlearned gentlemen, on a rainy day.'

Details of Falkland's political relationship to his king, his part in the Parliamentary struggle, and his attitude to the Civil War, are alike beyond my bounds. There is a story that when, in the Bodleian at Oxford, Charles the First was shown a magnificent Virgil,

[1] In 1634 Lord Falkland sold Burford Priory to Speaker Lenthall for £7,000.

[2] All College records of this time have gone.

[3] See Falkland's letter to Beale.

[4] Wood says Exeter.

Lord Falkland persuaded the king to try his fate by opening the book at random. It opened at *Aeneid*, iv. 615, Dido's imprecation against Aeneas, in which is foretold his untimely fate, of falling, after the close of war, by some hostile hand. Startled at the king's concern Falkland tried his lot, only to fall on Evander's lament over Pallas, *Aeneid*, xi. 152. Whatever the truth of this tale, hardly could more fitting prophecy exist. Known throughout the land as longing for peace, so oppressed by the horror of war that he grew brusque in manner, careless in dress (in earlier days Hyde had criticized his garb as being more immaculate than 'became so great a soul'), at each military encounter of the Civil War Falkland grew more careless of his life. So the tangle of thought, the strain of divided mental allegiance, pressed upon him, that he came to hope each engagement might be his last. On the morning of the battle of Newbury (Sept. 20, 1643) his former self returned, he called gaily for clean linen, that if death came he might be found as befitted a gentleman. Later he charged at the head of Sir John Byron's troop. His mutilated body was found on the day after the battle, and taken to Great Tew for interment. The grave is unmarked, but this entry is in the register: 'The 23rd day of September, the Right Honble. Sir Lucius Cary, Knight, Lord Viscount of Falkland and Lord of the Manor of Great Tew was buried Here' 1643. From 1610 the Great Tew registers have been well and carefully kept. We know not whose was the hand that made the entry of Falkland's death; but it is the same that made previous and succeeding records, and about this one

are signs of unusual haste and disquiet. The date has been crossed out and amended, the form 'and was buried Here'[1] is quite unusual. Doubtless the pen was vibrant, not only with personal sorrow but with sense of impending danger, and the writer, in his haste, has chronicled more fully than he knew.

Lord Falkland's historians offer us proof of his critical faculty, his perception of character. Surely this is little needed. In 1631 he estranged his father in marrying Lettice, the sister of his greatest friend, Henry Morison[2]. Lettice Morison was portionless; she was barely twenty and had lived in simplicity and retirement. Two years after the marriage there fell to her lot the ordering of that notable house at Great Tew, of whose guests it is written: 'The lord of the house did not even know of their coming and going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner, or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there: so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish and find in no other society[3].' The history of Lettice Falkland's married life has yet to be written. One or two tales there are of the tact with which she managed the man she had first loved

[1] Wood says, 'Where it was buried in the church without being carried into his house there.'

[2] See Ben Jonson's 'Ode to the memory of that immortal pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison.'

[3] Clarendon.

as her brother's friend. On one occasion, we are told, she wished her husband, who was by no means rich, to let a farm to a deserving tenant at twenty pounds per annum under value. To this end she asked Lord Falkland's former tutor[1] to approach him on the matter. 'Madam,' replied the old gentleman, 'this is so unreasonable a notion to propose to my lord that I am certain he will never grant it.' 'Will he not?' replied Mistress Lettice; 'I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it; it will cost me but the expense of a few tears.' 'And so,' continues Hawes of Trinity, who told the tale, 'she would make her words good; and this great wit and the greatest master of reason and judgement of his time, at the long run, being stormed by her tears, would this pious lady obtain her unreasonable desires of her poor lord.' How far 'her poor lord' thought himself deserving of pity may be gleaned from the following: 'D. honorandi viri dni *Lucij Carie* nuper vicecomitis *Falkland* de R: In the name of God amen. I S^r. Lucius Carie K^t. Viscount of ffalkland beinge in p fect health and memory thanks bee given to god doe make and ordeyne this my last will and testament in writinge and first I commend my soul to God and my body to the earth to bee buried in such decent manner as my executrix hereafter named shall thinck fit and concerninge my personall estate whereof I shall dye possessed I doe hereby give and bequeathe the same unto my dearly beloved wife Lettice viscountess of ffalkland whome I make Executrix of this my last will and testament and doe will and devise that my said wife shall have

[1] Was this Hugh Cressy?

the education of my three sones Lucius Henry and Lorenzo and shall bear the chardge of the Education of my twoe younger sones Henry and Lorenzo. In witness that this is my will I have signed sealed and published the same the twelveth day of June in the 18th yeare of the raigne of our sovraigne Lord Charles by the grace of God Kinge of England Scotland France and Ireland defender of the Faith &c. Anno domini 1642.

(signed) Falkland.

Signed sealed and published in the presence of

Robert Stanier.

Thos: Hinton.

Probatum apud Oxon coram ven^li viro Willmo Mericke legum doctore Comissario &c. vicesimo die mensis Octobris Anno dm 1643. Juramento honorandi femine dnæ Leticie Vicecomitisse ffalkland Relicte dei defuncti et executis &c. de bene &c. inrat.'

As before said our special concern with Lettice and Lucius Falkland is to see them as they lived and loved at Great Tew. To this their later biographers give us no aid. Happily the letters and poems of Lord Falkland, and John Duncon's letter, after his Lady's death, are fragrant. We hear from later writers in general terms that Lady Falkland was 'closely attached' to her brother and husband. The quality of this soul in human relationships becomes clearer to us when we read in Duncon's letter, 1649, 'More than once or twice of late she was in her closet upon her knees towards Prayer, and there remembered that her brother might possibly have somewhat against her for such a word, or such a look, or a neglectful

silence,' and, remembering, went straightway and asked pardon of whom she had so offended. 'Or a neglectful silence'; that surely, in its delicacy of feeling, is a luminous phrase. Further, her friend continues, 'she resolved she would never speak evil of any man, though truly, but only upon a design of charity, to reclaim him from that evil; and because it is not ordinary to reclaim any vicious person in his absence, therefore her charge is peremptory to her tongue, that it should never speak evil of any man, were he most notoriously vicious, if he were absent and not like to be amended by it.'

Of the most intimate relationships the final word would seem to have been said by these two. Of Lettice Falkland Duncon writes, 'A Covenant she enters into with her acquaintance, especially those with whom she frequently conversed, that they should take liberty to reprove whatsoever they saw amiss in her: and also to give her liberty to deal so with them, for she said, "There is no friendship without this: if you suffer me to be for ever undone, or I you, how are we friends?"' Falkland writes—

> 'Gloris, alas, what could soe long divide
> Thy soe loved self from soe beloved a side?
> Thou wert not wont to have the power to stay
> From thy deare Amarillis a wholle day:
> For my firm love soe long, spent all on thee,
> A love almost of the same age with mee,
> Thou ow'st me soe thyselfe, when I am left
> At all by thee, that absence is a theft.'

> 'Thou ow'st me soe thyselfe, when I am left
> At all by thee, that absence is a theft.'

In concentration and directness of appeal is there not,

for the true lover, here hint of one who, living less than thirty years before, had asked—

> 'O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
> When thou art all the better part of me?
> What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
> And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?

One of whom, without doubt, Ben Jonson spoke often to his friend in the garden at Great Tew. In these days of Shakespeare-Bacon controversy it is almost startling to realize that, at this time, there was in Lord Clarendon's possession the painting of Shakespeare alluded to by Evelyn. Shakespeare had died in 1616; Ben Jonson, the friend of both Shakespeare and Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, had written some lines under a portrait of the poet. It would seem likely that the picture in the Clarendon Gallery was the one so inscribed; if not, surely the owner would have known from Jonson that it was authentic. On the demolition of Clarendon House it moved with the rest of the notable collection to Cornbury Park, Charlbury[1]. Where is it now? The portrait of Lord Falkland by Hals, from this Clarendon Gallery, is in the possession of Lord Arundel of Wardour, and has been reproduced in the illustrated edition of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*.

Of Lettice Falkland's widowed life, in the pages of Duncon, much detail remains to us. An ardent royalist, she nevertheless succoured prisoners taken by the king, and thus defended her action: 'No one will suspect my loyalty because I relieve these prisoners, but he

[1] See 'The Clarendon Gallery,' Lady Theresa Lewis.

would suspect my Christianity if he should see me relieve a needy Turk or a Jew; however I would rather be thus misunderstood than that any of my enemies should perish for want of it.' Day by day, in person, she tended the sick of Great Tew, growing wise in herbs and remedies. Naturally impulsive and hot-tempered, as time went by, she learnt restraint to such degree, she refused to go to law for any matter that concerned herself, 'for peace,' she would say, 'is equivalent to the sum detained.' Yet when money was demanded by the Parliament against the king she sternly refused it, and continued to do so even in the face of the king's indulgence. She had daily prayers read by her chaplain at a time (1645) when by so doing she ran the risk of severe penalty[1]. Of special interest are Lady Falkland's relations to her servants; she communed with them in private, and remitted all their tasks on the days preceding their taking of the sacrament. On all the holy days of the Church they were free after Morning Service; 'for,' she said, 'these days are yours and as due to you as ordinary days to my employment, and I will not be so unjust as to encroach upon your severals by expecting any work from you.' The point of this speech is lost unless it be understood that, before the enclosing of the country, the 'several' was the portion of land set apart for the growing of private crops. 'Much of her estate was given yearly to those of her kindred who were capable of charity from her; and some of her near neighbours, who were very old and not able to work, or very young and not fit for work, were wholly maintained by her: to other

[1] The use of the Prayer Book was prohibited from 1645-60.

DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH OF GREAT TEW

poor children she contributed much, both for their spirituall and temporall well-being, by creating a Schoole [1] for them where they were to be taught both to read and to work: much care she took that no man or woman or child should want employment; that their own hands might bring them in comfortable sustenance; and accounted that the best contrivement of her estate which set most poore people on work.' 'Neither was her care of improving others confined to the present age; designes and projects she had also for posterity; of setting up schooles, and manufacture trade in the Parish; to shut out (by those engines) for ever ignorance, idleness and want. But that magnificent and most religious contrivement, that there might be places for the education of young Gentlewomen and for retirement of widows (as Colleges and the Inns of Court and Chancery are for men) in several parts of the kingdom. This was much in her thoughts, hoping thereby that learning and religion might flourish more in her own sex, and it was not beyond the power and interest she had with great ones to have effected it.' She appears only to have been deterred by the evil times and disturbed state of the country.

Before her later sorrows have come upon her, Lettice Falkland writes, 'I traffick too much on this side Jordan to have the sweets of the land of Canaan'; and her confession continues, 'If I could abridge myself a little more of that delight I take in the Study of Historie and Philosophie and the like; if I could abate some little of that comfort I solace myself with

[1] A school-house against the N. aisle of the church was pulled down in 1773.—SKELTON.

in friends and children.' On Nov. 2, 1645, died at Great Tew her best-beloved son, Lorenzo[1]. Under this sorrow, loss of friends, and her own ill-health, Lettice Falkland was awhile crushed. After a time she writes again, full of longing for comfort, but calm; of human loves she says, 'Desire them I shall, and seek them, because I can be helped by them, but after that (if I finde them not) I shall not complain so loud, because I trust to be helped without them.' It is impossible more fittingly to end our extracts than in Duncon's comment on Lettice Falkland's attitude on recovery from illness, her friends and physician had pronounced to be unto death. In the months immediately after her husband's loss she had nightly rejoiced, to her waiting-maid, that one day more of her earthly tarriance was passed; since the dearest who remained had gone from her, yet at her detention she now refuses to murmur. Tenderness and sympathy do not veil the triumph of the friend who seemingly forgets all credit due to him for the heights that have been scaled: 'They who write of perfection account it an high degree to have "Vitam in patientia et mortem in voto"; yet surely this here in aequilibrio ad vitam et ad mortem, to be wholly indifferent, and to be most equally inclined to either, to desire nothing, to fear nothing, but wholly to resign ourselves to God. This, this is to be a strong man in Christ.' Lettice Falkland died of consumption at Great Tew on St. Matthias's Day, 1646. Teale says there is no record there of her death, but I have seen this entry in the Register: 'The Right Honble. Lettice

[1] See Register, Great Tew.

Vi-countess of Falkland was buried at Great Tew the 29th day of February, 1646.' Her scheme for remodelling Burford Priory was unaccomplished, the other Schools for Gentlewomen had not been founded; but looking at what was done we are amazed to realize that she died in the thirty-fifth year of her age. In the things of the Spirit Lettice Falkland had travelled far.

Of her son Lucius we know little, except that he entered at Christ Church, Lent Term, 1646, and, we learn from the Register, died at Montpelier, 1649, and was brought to Great Tew for interment. There is a lapse of more than a month between the date of death and that of burial. The Register says the body was brought to England by his tutor Maplet and a man-servant; Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses* gives an interesting account of Maplet. The third and youngest son, Henry, sold his father's library for a horse and a mare[1]: he was not sent to the University, but, again consulting the Register, we find against the entry of his death, April, 1663, the recorder has written, 'Lord Lieutenant of the County.' None of these graves are marked, no living man knows where they lie. There is no contemporary monument to any member of the Falkland family, except a slightly later one, probably affixed after the Restoration, to a certain Mistress Frances Hayes, daughter of Sir James Hayes and his wife 'Lady Rachel Vicountess of Falkland.' This Rachel was Henry's widow. Her son, entered thus in the Register at Great Tew:

[1] 'As I have been informed by Sir J. H., who married his widow.'—Wood.

'Anthony Carey son and heir of the Right Honble. Harry Viscount Falkland, Lord of the Manor of Great Tew born at Farley Castle 15th Day of February, 1656, was treasurer and paymaster to the Navy during the reign of James II, and sworn one of William IIIrd's Privy Council, 1691.' This entry is in Evelyn's Diary: 'May 13th, 1694.—Lord Falkland (grandson to the learned Lord Falkland, Secretary of State to K. Charles I and slain in his service) died now of the small pox. He was a brisk, understanding, industrious young gentleman; had formerly been faulty, but much reclaimed. He married a great fortune, besides being entitled to a vast sum as his share of the Spanish Wreck, taken up at the expense of divers adventurers. From a Scotch Viscount he was made an English Baron, design'd Ambassador to Holland; had been Treasurer of the Navy, and advancing in the new Court. All now gone in a moment, and I think the title is extinct. My cousin Carew claims the estate.'

Within the church at Great Tew is a recumbent figure of a woman, probably a contemporary of the stalwart crusader who lies near by. Though belonging to an older time, she is linked in mind with Lettice Falkland. In her stone draperies is austerity and restraint; in no way passive, she lies calm after conflict. To most who come the far-famed Chantrey monument will appear more beautiful than the rough-hewn woman; but to the reader of Duncon, the lover of Lettice Falkland, the appeal of the unknown sculptor will be surely more direct. Less complicated indeed is his work, perhaps no less complex.

GARDEN OF LORD FALKLAND'S HOUSE, GREAT TEW

The summer sun lingers late in the garden at Great Tew; when the shadows are long, the years fall away and the walks are repeopled. When these talkers fade from sight and the place is again silent comes one, young in face and figure, bound for the village on an errand of mercy. She turns to another who, in tender solicitude, would detain her, and her voice is heard saying: 'O, love me not, I pray too much! and, God grant, I never love my friends too much hereafter! That hath cost me dear and my heart hath smarted with sore grief for it already.' Then she passes on her way alone. Brother, husband, son, each loved with a passion that is rare; her trials indeed are heavy. Yet song-like and triumphant is the final echo of her voice in our ears: '*I have had my portion, from the first, no woman more.*'

CHAPTER III

THE MENTAL OUTLOOK AND GEORGE FOX

In the seventeenth century medicine in the country districts remained largely in the hands of women[1], and we find the inhabitants of our villages looking to the Lady of the Manor for healing[2]. As to the nature of the art practised we learn much from *The Compleat Servant Maid; or the Young Maidens' Tutor*, published in 1685, which gives 'the Choicest Receipts and rarest Secrets in Physick and Chirurgery.' These include directions for making plague water, lotion for the eyes, concocting cures for ague, corns, jaundice, palsy, cough of the lungs, and convulsion fits. The remedy for the last begins: 'Take the skull of a man or woman, wash it clean, then dry it in your oven after your bread is drawn'; of the 'plaister of plaisters' the chief ingredient is rose-leaves. Nearly seventy years earlier than the publication of the *Young Maidens' Tutor*, Harvey had made known to his students his discovery of the circulation of the blood (1616). Later he issued his book on the subject, and thus 'fell mightily in his practice

[1] *Antiquary's Portfolio*, Forsyth.
[2] See Chapter II.

and 'twas believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained[1],' though previously he had been physician to Lord Bacon. Half a century after his discovery the Medical Faculty of Paris is found petitioning the king to forbid the teaching of the circulation of the blood, as contrary to the teaching of Aristotle[2]. Such being the attitude of the medical world, it is scarcely to be expected new theories should have influenced household medicine before the close of the century, and the prescriptions of *The Young Maidens' Tutor* will be found as full of romance and superstition as of herbal knowledge or theory. Rupture is to be met by taking nine red-snail shells in the form of a powder. Equal parts of samile, milfoil, and bugle, in white wine, form a remedy that 'healeth all round most perfectly, Bugle holdeth open the wound, Milfoil cleanseth the wound, Samile healeth it.' For sleep the juice of pounded lettuce should be drunk. Doubtless we have before us in this book the directions from which Lettice Falkland compounded medicines for the curing of the sick of Great Tew. How, we wonder, did they seem to her mind with its knowledge of 'historie and philosophie.' Was her leaning to the mental or physical elements so strangely interwoven? Did she dispense with the snail shells and the human skulls, work only in wormwood and saffron, house-leek, lily-root, betony, saxifrage, horehound, and the like? And, if so, how about the maiden-hair, rose-leaves, violets, and rosemary flowers, that surely belong to the nebulous border-land betwixt science and sen-

[1] Aubrey.

[2] *The Transit of Civilization*, Eggleston.

timent—the strange region of Humours, Signatures[1], and those Sympathies[2] that puzzled the philosopher? Drawing from his own experience, Bacon tells us: 'The sympathy of individuals that have been entire, or have touched, is of all others the most incredible; yet according to our faithful manner of examination of nature, we will make some little mention of it. The taking away of warts, by rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consume is a common experiment; and I do apprehend it the rather, because of mine own experience. I had, from my childhood, a wart upon one of my fingers: afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at the least an hundred) in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts: whereupon she got a piece of lard, with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side: and amongst the rest, that wart which I had had from my childhood: then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was, that within five weeks' space all the warts went quite away; and that wart which I had so long endured for company[3].' A Proclamation of Charles the First, June 20, 1629[4], fixes Easter and Michaelmas as the times at which

[1] Attributed by seventeenth-century writers to Paracelsus.
[2] *De Pulvere Sympathetico*, 1650.
[3] *Sylva Sylvarum*, Francis Lord Verulam, published 1626.
[4] Broadsides, Ashmole II, 23.

his subjects may attend and receive the royal touch that remedies the king's evil. All persons so attending are to produce certificates[1] from the vicars of their parishes that they have not been 'touched' previously. After the Restoration 'great multitudes flocked to receive the royall touche, in as much as six or seven persons were crushed to death pressing at the chirurgeon's door for tickets[2].' In the year 1682, Charles the Second 'touched' eight thousand five hundred and seventy-seven of his subjects. In a Common Prayer Book, printed in 1708, is still included a special service for the occasion of Queen Anne's laying on of hands for healing. Everywhere the doctrine of humours seemed in force, and all remedies such as extensive blood-letting were based upon the belief that illness arose from the undue preponderance of some one of the five. In many cases the efficacy of a drug was supposed to be dependent on its cost and rarity, it was believed that gold in a fluid state would be the most efficacious of medicines.

For members of the non-scientific democracy the science of the seventeenth century has real attraction. We here catch the thing in the making, see the scientists before they are wholly detached from the plebeian crowd, while colour and sensation still beguile them. Great are the discoveries of Kepler, fundamental is the teaching of Bacon. 'Men should learn and perceive, how severe a thing is the true inquisition of nature; and should accustom themselves, by the light of particulars, to enlarge their

[1] Entries of such certificates are in the Stanton St. John Register.

[2] Evelyn's Diary.

mind to the amplitude of the world; and not to reduce the world to the narrowness of their minds[1],' yet we find the astronomer casting horoscopes for princes[2], the philosopher stating that the soles of the feet having great affinity with the head, proved by the fact that going wet-shod produces a running cold, soporiferous medicines, applied to the feet, must produce sleep. Further 'It was observed in the Great Plague of the last Yeare, that there were seen in divers Ditches and low Grounds, about London, many Toads, that had Tailes, two or three inches long, at the least; whereas Toades (usually) have no Tailes at all. Which argueth a great Disposition to Putrefaction in the Soile and Aire. It is reported likewise, that Roots, (such as Carrots and Parsnips) are more Sweet and Lucious, in infectious Yeares, than in other Yeares[3].' Bacon also states that putrefaction produces life, and moths originate in woollen cloth. Kepler's *Harmonie Mundi* appeared in 1619. The first two books are mainly geometrical, the third is of music; the fourth and fifth he says treat of 'the mental essence of harmonies, and of their kinds in the world, especially on the harmony of rays emanating on the earth from the heavenly bodies, and on their effect in nature, and on the sublunary and human soul.' That sentence from Kepler's syllabus may do something to prepare the reader for the wild metaphysical extravagance of the last books, yet they contain his third Law that the squares of the periods of the

[1] *Sylva Sylvarum.*

[2] The Emperor Rudolph chiefly valued Kepler as an astrologer.

[3] *Sylva Sylvarum.*

planets' revolution vary as the cubes of their distances from the sun. A discovery of which he says, 'If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written; to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which: it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.'

Questions as to the annual disappearance of our migratory English birds had beset men's minds. Meanwhile the telescope had brought the moon nearer to our earth, and, in consequence, seventeenth-century writers are able to discard earlier theories and present their own. One writer says: 'I found not anything in the moon, any species either of Beast or Bird that resembled ours anything at all except, *Swallows*, *Nightingales*, *Cuckoos*, *Batts*, and some kinds of Wild Fowl, all which spend the time of their absence from us, even there in that world[1].' That this statement is made in seriousness is proved from a sermon by Mr. Charles Morton on Jeremiah viii. 7: 'The Stork in the Heaven knoweth her appointed Times; and the Turtle and the Crane, and the Swallow, observe the Time of their Coming[2].' After an extensive survey of older theories of hibernation of birds, such as that of swallows lying at the bottom of ponds and rivers, and recounting the alighting of a wearied 'woodcock' on the deck of a vessel far out at sea, whose captain, Mr. Thomas Travers of Cornwall, witnessed its coming 'from above,' Morton continues: 'These things pre-

[1] *A Voyage to the Moon*, published 1657. Godwyn, Bishop of Hereford.

[2] *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. ii. (Charles Morton was Scholar of Wadham 1649, died 1706. *Alumni Oxonienses*.)

mised ; I say, it is not impossible, that divers of these fowls, which make such changes, and observe their seasons, do pass and repass between this and the moon, which is the nearest concute heterogeneous, or earthly body of the planets.'

Whether we study the early transactions of the Royal Society which was founded, formally, in 1660, or our local historian of the time, Richard Plot, first Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, we realize at once that the learned of the day looked for teaching to marvels and monstrosities. In a pamphlet, published in Oxford, 1692, 'A strange Relation of the Suddain and violent Tempest which happened at Oxford May 31st., 1682,' we seek in vain for definite detail of the storm. Instead of description of the actual occurrence, we are provided with a strange mingling of occult scientific phraseology and theological prophecy. The printed sheet concerning the earthquake in Oxfordshire on Monday, May 17, 1683, indeed supplies rather more information, but its leading thought is of laws of piety to be founded on the wonders of the middle region of the air. After studying such treatises we are able to appreciate the aptness of the statement that to contemporary readers *Paradise Lost* seemed to contain as much history as poetry. Terrestrially the air was thick with evil and benignant messengers :—

> 'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep[1].'

The popular imagination was chiefly appealed to by

[1] *Paradise Lost.*

the emissaries of Satan; no task was too puerile for their undertaking, no garb too grotesque for their donning. We may judge of the way in which apparitions were regarded by the wealthy and educated from Plot's description in the *Natural History* of the experience of the Parliamentary Commission that sat at Woodstock Manor in 1649. The story is well known from the use made of it by Scott. The explanation of the phenomena in no way weakens the fact that ghostly dogs and bears, unaccountable lights and noises, and tipping and tilting of beds, frightened the commissioners from the place. Plot gives also a detailed account of the knockings that preceded a death in the family of the Woods of Bampton. A seventeenth-century pamphlet is devoted to the following incident. A woman who kept a small alehouse held back threepence of a customer's change. She declared that she had returned the money, saying, 'the Devil burn me if it be not so,' and thrust her customer out of doors and shut and locked herself in. Several hours later the husband returned home, found the door locked, forced it open and found 'in the midst of the floor the Reliques of his wife, one side of her body and the Cloaths thereupon, from the Soal of her Foot to the Crown of the Head being consumed and burnt to ashes, and nothing left but the Skeleton; whereas the other side remained whole, though it was observed that the flesh and skin was turned black as if it had been blasted with lightning[1].'

In the second half of the sixteenth century witch persecutions reached their height in western Ger-

[1] *God's Strange and Terrible Judgement in Oxfordshire.*

many[1]. It is difficult to imagine that they could ever have been worse in England than we find them in the period with which we are concerned. Mock trials by jury are bad enough, but surely the history of witchcraft in England contains few pages blacker than this incident related by the 'Gentlemen, Commanders and Captains of the Earl of Essex his army[2].' Marching through Newbury, one of the soldiers who had climbed a tree espied therefrom a tall woman apparently walking on the river, but, as he soon discovered, in reality, floating on a plank which she guided with her feet. He called to his fellows, and they with some officers lay in ambush for the woman's landing; meanwhile she continued 'to stand upon the board, turning and winding it which way she pleased making it pastime to her, as little thinking who perceived her tricks, as that she did imagine they were the last she should ever show, as we heard the swan sing before her death, so did this devillish woman.' On her landing the commanders ordered her to be seized and brought before them. The were loth to let her go, 'it so apparently appeared she was a *witch*.' So the woman was set against a mud bank and two skilled marksmen shot at her, 'thinking sure they had sped her,' without success. Such escape was considered proof positive of the prisoner's league with the devil, and

[1] See Reprints from Original Sources of European History, published by the University of Pennsylvania, *Witch Persecutions*.

[2] 'A most Certain Strange and true Discovery of a Witch. Being taken by some of the Parliament forces, as she was standing on a small planck-board and sayling on it over the River at Newbury.' Printed 1643.

henceforth her captors were merciless. She was ultimately killed by the discharge of a pistol against her head, immediately below the ear. The witch literature of the seventeenth century is vast; there is a typical collection of accounts of contemporary witches and witchcraft[1], including one of a woman condemned and executed at Oxford in the reign of Charles the First, the charge against her being that she rode through the air on a bed-staff from place to place, and that her child of seven years had learned to do the same. In this same collection is a 'Meditation of Lord Chief Justice Hales' on Witchcraft, written at Cambridge after the trial before him of certain witches in 1661. In this discourse, concerned chiefly with evil angels, the spirits of good are represented as being in eternal conflict, for the souls of men, with the regiments of hell. Evil angels, it is argued, cannot influence the bodies of men save through the mediation of things corporeal, and therefore has God beneficently ordained that, though the malignant spirit be beyond human jurisdiction, the witch whereby it works is reached by man's justice, and the channel of communication may be destroyed.

To any reader who thinks himself skilled in mental detachment and adaptation to different periods of thought, I would propose, as test, the reading of the trial and conviction upon witchcraft of Rose Cullandar and Amy Duny, before Sir Matthew Hale, at the Assizes for the County of Suffolk in 1664[2]. For

[1] *Modern Relations of Matter of Fact, concerning Witches and Witchcraft upon the Persons of People.* London, 1643.

[2] See Trial of Witches, before Sir Matthew Hale, March 10, 1664, from Hale's *Pleas of the Crown.*

puerile charges and unsound arguments the reader may suppose himself prepared, his sympathy may even extend to the Court's inquiry as to whether noise or explosion accompanied the casting into the fire of a toad found in the sick child's blanket that had been hanging out to air, the emphasis on pins and 'twopenny nails with fat heads' vomited by the bewitched. But, surely, imaginative reality fails and phantasmagoria supervenes when, after Mr. Justice Keeling has pointed out that the prisoners are being convicted as witches on the identification of the afflicted alone, the learned Dr. Browne of Norwich is called on for judgement and states that he is 'clearly of opinion that the persons are bewitched.' Further damning evidence as to the falling of a chimney, pronounced unsafe by Amy Duny, the 'going to the Devil'—otherwise falling overboard from a boat—of a barrel of fish destined for her, and the sticking in a gateway of an overloaded cart is heard. After half an hour's deliberation, the jury found the prisoners guilty upon the thirteen indictments, and they were executed on the following Monday, March 17. At this point the judicial calm of the chronicler is disturbed, and he repeats himself: 'They were much urged to confess, but would not, they confessed nothing.' In this trial we have a touchstone for our knowledge of the period and our imaginative capacity. We may have rejoiced in the mystical writing of him who said: 'I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk or annotation, "ascendens constelladum multa revelat quae rentibus magnalia naturae, i.e. opera Dei." I do think that

many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits [1],' may have known that he was an avowed believer in witchcraft, yet for this barbaric consequence of his credulity be surely unprepared. Historically, we must realize that credulity as reverse of his intimate communion with the unseen Good: communion that found expression in words hardly surpassed, 'I am sure there is a common spirit that plays with us, yet makes no part of us; and that is the Spirit of God. Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit (though I feel his pulse) I dare not say he lives; for truly without this, to me, there is no heat under the tropick; nor any light though I dwelt in the body of the sun [2].'

In the space at my disposal it is impossible to do more than indicate the background necessary to the just portrayal of incidents in English life of the seventeenth century. More is not needed: the literature of that day is literature for all time. Only we shall miss real vision if our modern perspective be not readjusted. To that end we must replace the witches in the forefront of Macbeth, see Uriel, regent of the Sun, his eagle wings aflame, look upon the moon and planets as tended and turned continually by vanguards of the heavenly host. Such vision granted us, every comet and falling star will portend wrath and coming disaster. For the seventeenth-century poet and philosopher moved, in actuality, beneath all which appeals to us as imaginative in Michael Angelo's ceiling of the Vatican. There, where worlds are made and set spinning by the finger

[1] *Religio Medici.* [2] Ibid.

of Jehovah, and round the naive telling of the history of mankind, Hebrew prophets and Grecian sibyls gather in unison, 'twixt earth and heaven,' is

'Passage wide, wider by far than that of after times[1].'

The *Journal of George Fox*, narrating the history of his life from 1624, throws a flood of light on the Church systems of his day. This Diary was published in 1694, under the supervision of William Penn, being written out for the press by Thomas Ellwood, Milton's secretary. Thoughtful beyond the measure of his years, Fox early sought spiritual guidance from pastors and teachers, but from none could he obtain help to meet his need. In his solitary communings with nature he had already outrun the standpoint of churches, too theology-bound to allow scope for personal inspiration. From one adviser to another he turned, only to find that the common ground of their differing creeds was that horror of toleration which prompted Cromwell's exclamation: 'Every sect saith, Give me liberty; but give it to him and to his power he will not yield it to any one else.' In great mental distress, George Fox found his way to a priest from whom he hoped much; this friend recommended tobacco and singing of psalms as a remedy for deep depression, 'but,' quaintly says Fox, 'Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and Psalms I was not in a state to sing.' It is impossible to realize the man or his mission unless we follow the pages of the *Journal* through the years of special conflict, 1643–7. In this time of agony and unrest, after long and solitary walks, Fox was visited

[1] *Paradise Lost.*

by fleeting visions of a peace encompassing all, but commonly he was oppressed almost to despair by consciousness of the evil that surrounded him. Never perhaps has the price of spiritual insight been so fully paid ; cut off from speech with his relations and friends, forsaking all illusions, this man met life, naked. 'I was afraid of all company, for I saw them perfectly where they were, through the love of God, which let me see myself. I was afraid of all carnal talk and talkers, for I could see nothing but corruptions, and the life lay under the burden of corruptions. As the light appeared all appeared that is out of the light[1].' At the close of the period he writes : 'The Lord showed me that the natures of those things that were hurtful without, were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, of Sodom and Egypt, Pharaoh, Cain, Ishmael, Esau, &c.; the natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without. I cried unto the Lord, saying, "Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils?" And the Lord answered, "That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions?" And in this I saw the infinite love of God. I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the ocean of darkness. In that also I saw the infinite love of God, and I had great openings. And as I was walking by the steeple-house[2] the Lord said

[1] *Journal of George Fox.*

[2] Church. The term was not one of intolerance, but merely as outcome of the belief that the whole earth is consecrate.

unto me, "That which people trample upon must be thy food," and he opened it to me that people and professors trampled upon the life, even the life of Christ; they fed upon words and they fed one another with words; but they trampled upon the life.' Thereafter, in the phrase of his courtier friend [1], Fox went forth 'a strong man, a new, a heavenly-minded man, a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making—in his behaviour civil beyond all forms of breeding, a discerner of others' spirits and very much a master of his own.' Henceforth his absorbing desire was to see his fellow men released from the bondage of convention and ceremony to the freedom of personal illumination. In 1648 he began his missionary journeys; in 1654 sixty of his converts were travelling about the country in twos, testifying to the people; and a few years later one thousand Friends lay 'for the truth' in the gaols of England.

Theologians, in attempted analysis of the doctrines of George Fox, miss the very point of power. He knew but one cardinal doctrine, that of 'Inward Light,' the radiance of which compelled reality in every act of life. Circumstances have exaggerated some minor details urged by him, but the truth is that he refused to subdivide secular and religious or to differentiate great from small. Fox testified not against methods of thought, but against corruptions of life. The keynote of his teaching is his constant use of the word 'tender' in his writings, to indicate

[1] William Penn, born 1644, educated at Christ Church, Oxford, friend of James II and William III. Founder of Pennsylvania and, with Algernon Sidney, maker of its Code of Government.

an almost tremulous sensitiveness to spiritual stimulus, a responsiveness carefully guarded by avoidance of every blunting influence. 'Very tender, compassionate, and pitiful was he to all that were under any sort of affliction,' says his friend Thomas Ellwood, Milton's secretary. Again and again in the writings of Fox and Penn the conditions of calm and withdrawal from noise and confusion, necessary to the growth of the spirit, are urged. 'Look not out but within; let not another's liberty be your snare: neither act by imitation, but sense and feeling of God's power in yourselves: crush not the tender buddings of it in your souls, nor over-run in your desires and your warmness of affections the holy and gentle motions of it. Remember it is a still voice that speaks to us in this day, and that it is not to be heard in the noises and hurries of the mind, but is distinctly understood in a retired frame. Jesus loved and chose out solitudes, often going to mountains, to gardens and sea-sides to avoid crowds and hurries, to show his disciples it was good to be solitary and sit loose to the world [1].'

We must distinguish carefully between the state of the people to whom George Fox delivered his message and that of Wesley's hearers a century later. The time of Fox was in no sense an irreligious era, the very revival of persecution for witchcraft shows vital belief in spiritual agencies. It is not necessary to repeat what has already been said on this matter, except to remind the reader that evil angels were more evident to the popular mind than the heavenly

[1] William Penn's Preface to *Journal of George Fox*.

hosts of Milton and Sir Thos. Browne, and that the churches were immersed in thought of divine omnipotence and human depravity. To combat the grovelling snobbishness of the hyper-calvinistic view was the mission of George Fox and his followers; in season and out of season they called the abject to their feet by assertion of the indwelling divinity of man. Ecclesiastical history has concerned itself with the rise of Quakerism, but, quite strangely, little has yet been written of its social significance. Yet in the earliest organization of the Society of Friends everything was done to create, in actuality, a counterpart of the spiritual democracy discerned. I use democracy for lack of a better word, but that was no democracy of our modern meaning, in which right to free thought and action was based on the assertion that each man was, potentially, king and priest unto God. A general dress was adopted, all titles and prefixes were avoided, the 'thee and thou' of the common people was substituted for 'you,' even in addressing royalty. When William Penn, son of Admiral Penn, became, about 1647, a Quaker in creed, costume and conduct, he refused to remove his hat even in the presence of his father, the king and the duke of York. In 1670 he was imprisoned for refusing the Oath of Allegiance. With the struggle of Fox and his followers for civil liberty, and its fruit, there is not space to deal. In all departments of life they sought reality and discarded symbol. Marriage they declared was, in essence, merely a solemn declaration of two persons' intent to live together till death, made in the presence of witnesses; and so, in

spite of the suffering at first entailed, Friends' weddings were thus solemnized without priest or ring. To-day in marriage Quakers are exempt from the conditions of residence in a special parish or payment in place of such residence, the State having early realized that their demand was for liberty, not license.

From the beginning of the century till 1644 the Charlbury Registers are well and carefully kept, but thereafter till 1658 there is no continuous record. It is probable that in 1643 the vicar, Thomas Downer, was forced to relinquish his living, though possibly he was inoffensive enough to be allowed to remain at the vicarage in an unofficial position. With the decay of the family fortunes his daughter Anne[1] may have sought employment in London, but, whatever cause drew her thither, she was permanently settled there in 1654. 'In that year Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill, with Anthony Pearson (who had been a Justice of the Peace), came in the forepart of the Summer to London. Howgill and Pearson were the first of the People called Quakers that had a meeting in the great city[2].' It was in the house of Robert Dring, in Watling Street. But previous to this a certain Isabella Buttery had read and given away copies of George Fox's *The Way to the Kingdom*, and in consequence she and Anne Downer, and a few others, among them Amos Stoddard, who, convinced by the preaching of Fox in 1648, had resigned his commission in the army, had been accustomed to

[1] 'Born June 14th. 1624. Anne the daughter of Thos: Downer.' Charlbury Register.

[2] *History of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers.*—SEWELL.

meet, generally in silence, for meditation and worship. After the visitation of 1654 Ann Downer became a Friend, and was the first woman who preached in public in London. She was then about thirty years of age, and was committed by the magistrates to the House of Correction. In the year 1656 we meet with this passage, from George Fox's *Journal*, of his imprisonment in Launceston gaol: 'Near this time we sent for a young woman, one Ann Downer from London (that could write and take things well in shorthand), to buy and dress our meat for us; which she was very willing to do; it being also upon her spirit to come to us in the love of God; and she was very serviceable to us.' In the same year Anne Downer revisited Charlbury and preached at Chadlington with power and 'convinced many.' She married Robert Greenwell, who died in Newgate Prison, 1664, where he lay with other Quakers under sentence of transportation for seven years to Jamaica. Later Anne Greenwell married George Whitehead, a well-known Quaker who, born in the reign of Charles the First, pleaded the cause of religious liberty at the Courts of Charles the Second, James the Second, William and Mary, George the First, and George the Second. Her husband's report of her last words show them to have been in the calm and self-forgetful spirit of her life: 'On the 24th of 5th month '86, in the evening she said to me, "Do not trouble yourselves or make any great ado about me. But my dear, go to Bed, go to Rest; and if I should speak no more words to thee, thou knowest the everlasting love of God!" The next morning being the

27th. 5th. month, 1686, near three in the morning she quietly departed this life, at Bridget Austels, at South-street in Middlesex [1].'

Friends' records, beginning with the *Journal of George Fox*, and continuing to our own day, provide an unequalled storehouse of material from which to draw in recreating the life of Oxfordshire towns and villages during the last three centuries. My reliance on documents and details supplied to me by the members of the Society lends justification, were such needed, to the foregoing detail as to its inception.

[1] *Piety Promoted by Faithfulness, manifested by several Testimonies concerning that true Servant of God, Ann Whitehead*, published 1686.

CHAPTER IV

CONDITIONS OF THE LABOURER, TRADE AND LOCAL INDUSTRY

DURING the earlier part of the seventeenth century the stage of public life in England was too crowded with picturesque and striking personalities for the chroniclers to have attention to spare for the two millions of persons living by weekly wages. Of their condition we are strangely ignorant, how ignorant, even in regard to externals, we shall discover if we try to imagine the contents of the boxes of any one of the ten thousand mothers who crossed the Atlantic from England between the years 1600 and 1680. Such imaginative exercise will quickly overtax our powers. Taking one department alone, if we make inquiry as to provision for employing the time of the children during the voyage, horn-books present themselves, and, gazing on the different girdle-hung tablets with their strange lettering, we are confronted with the question of degree, in preparation for the free Latin schools, and the place of the English language in the learning of the day.

We have indeed a common literary standard, for the Authorized Translation of the Bible had been made in

1611, but among the educated the seventeenth century was a time of transition in spelling and pronunciation, and the dialect of the Oxfordshire labourer was pure Western [1]. In *Scogins Jests* [2], 1613, the speech of the Oxfordshire rustic is identical with that of a Somersetshire man of to-day. The peculiar use of pronouns and conjugating of the verb 'to be' with a negative—

> I byent, I am not,
> Thee bisn't, thou art not,
> Her yent, she is not,
> Us, you or they byent

—are still common to both counties. The following story, quoted as a current example of Oxfordshire conversation in 1873, while not unlike the rustic speech of to-day, links the present with this earlier time. '"How do Betty?" "How do Molly, and how's Johnny?" "Johnny, poor soul, he's dyead!" "Dyead? thee doesn't mean to say so!" "Ees, I do; for 'a com home las' night, an' 'a sez, 'Molly, I be vury bad'; and I sez, 'be you, Johnny?' an' 'a sez, 'ees, I be!' and I sez, 'oot a' a posset, Johnny?' an' 'a sed 'a 'ould; an' I fetcht un a penny louf an' a pint o' yail, an' 'a yet un an' 'a drunk un; an' I houpt to my soul 't 'ould do'n good; but 'twarnt to be so, an' about ten o'clock 'a sez, 'Molly, I be wusserer an' wusserer'; an' I sez, 'Be you, Johnny?' an' 'a sez, 'ees I be'; an' I sez, ''out ha' another posset, Johnny?' an' 'a sed 'a 'ould. An' I fetcht un another penny louf and a pint o' yail, an' 'a yet un an' 'a drunk un, an' I houpt to my soul 't 'ould do'n good. But 't

[1] See *Pronouncing Vocabulary of the Seventeenth Century*, compiled by Alexander Ellis.

[2] Halliwell.

waarn't to be so."' In few departments of life has the change been so small as in that of nursery literature. A play of 1606 contains the rhyme beginning, 'Thirty days hath September.' 'Three Blind Mice,' words and tune, appear in a music-book of 1609. In Howell's *Collection of Proverbs*, published in 1659, we find—

> 'Archdeacon Pratt would eat no fat,
> His wife would eat no lean;
> 'Twixt Archdeacon Pratt and Joan his wife,
> The meat was eat up clean.'

A form more elegant than the rendering known to our generation. In a collection of riddles, questions, and proverbs [1], published in 1629, are included nearly all the riddles known to children of to-day, and the same applies to proverbs. The list of sayings in use at the time is long and contains many notable ones, now uncommon, such as, 'Choose not a woman or linen cloth by candle-light,' 'So much is mine as I possess and give, or lose, for God's sake,' 'He that can quietly endure overcometh,' 'All feare is bondage.' A yet earlier collection of proverbs, in common use in 1615, contains some which throw side-lights on the customs of the day. Such are, 'No woman seeketh another in the oven, who hath not before been there,' 'The Parish Priest forgetteth that he hath ever been holy water Clerke.'

About 1609 began the introduction into England of agricultural improvements from Holland, and then, or slightly earlier, we learned from the Dutch the

[1] *The Booke of Nursery Riddles, together with Proper Questions and Witty Proverbs.* London, 1629.

cultivation of winter roots. To the increase in vegetable diet, consequent on Dutch knowledge of market gardening, we owe the banishment of scurvy and leprosy from our shores. The first cultivation of sainfoin in England was by John Hastings at Daylesford, 1650[1]. Simon Hartlib, a Dutchman by birth, and a friend of Milton, came to England about 1628, and from his writings we learn much of the agricultural conditions of the day. Most notable among his many pamphlets is one entitled *Samuel Hartlib, his Legacie, or an enlargement of the Discourse of Husbandry*, in which he makes known to Englishmen many details of Dutch methods of agriculture and gardening. England in the seventeenth century was a flesh-eating nation ; an idea of the extent to which meat preponderated over vegetable diet may be gained from the bill of fare from the *Compleat Servant Maid*, published in 1668, which I have given in the appendix to this chapter.

When in 1503 Middlesex, including London, was assessed, its wealth had been only twice that of the next richest county, Oxfordshire[2]. In 1636 (Ship Money Levy) Oxfordshire ranks seventeenth in the order of counties. In 1693, at the Parliamentary assessment to meet the charges of the war with France, the condition of the purely agricultural counties had improved, and Oxfordshire was eighth in the scale. Between 1636 and 1693 Lancashire and Yorkshire had immensely increased in wealth, owing to the settlement and growth of woollen manufacturers. Until

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1808.

[2] Thorold Rogers.

the sixteenth century, Flanders was the great manufactory of Europe; at the end of that century, Flemish territory had been ravaged by Spain, and hundreds of Flemish immigrants had settled in England[1]. From these two causes our woollen manufactures, which through the sixteenth century had been meeting our home needs, in the seventeenth century increased with rapidity. By the year 1700, two-thirds of our exports were woollen goods.

Any real understanding of the condition of trade in England in the seventeenth century must have a basis in some knowledge of the struggle between the United Netherlands and Spain, and consequent appreciation of the vigour and virility of the Dutch nation of that day. From whatever point it is approached, we come continually face to face with the dependence of England upon Holland at that date. In seeking Oxfordshire maps of the time, I find best for my purpose that of Jean Bleau, published in Amsterdam, 1663; among the early seventeenth-century books still to be found in North Oxfordshire, a number prove to have been printed in Amsterdam. During the reigns of Charles the First and Charles the Second, many wealthy English families were in the habit of sending their household linen to Holland to be washed. The truce between Spain and Holland, made early in the century, expired in 1621, and the two nations plunged again into war. For some years England alone, of the Western nations, was at peace. Till the Civil War our merchants prospered; friendship made by James the First with Spain brought much foreign and West

[1] *Industrial History of England.*—GIBBINS.

Indian wealth to our shores. With internal dissension, the tide of prosperity ebbed. Philip the Fourth, in 1648, made peace with the Netherland provinces with which for over forty years Spain had been at war, and Holland rapidly regained her supremacy in trade. In 1670 the Dutch position was assured, Holland's revenue from excise and customs being threefold that of England [1]. In that year was issued in London an exhaustive pamphlet [2] recommending the establishment of 'workhouses' throughout England that the idle might be employed, and the slackening wool industry augmented. The failure of a workhouse, recently established at Clerkenwell, is therein admitted, but this is ascribed to obvious defects of management in future to be avoided by following the methods of Holland. Of an effort to benefit the wool trade by an Act of Parliament, which decreed that no person should be buried in a linen shroud, we have a curious record within our district. Sarah, the wife of Henry Jones, who succeeded his father at Chastleton in 1687, was buried in linen. This infringement of the Act was reported to Sir Fairmeadow Penyston, at Cornwell, and Henry Jones was in consequence fined fifty shillings, all these facts being duly entered in the parish register. On the high unenclosed lands of North Oxfordshire sheep were kept in great

[1] 'A Discourse of Trade, in two parts. The first treats of the Decay of the Strength, Wealth, and Trade of England. The latter, of the Growth and Increase of the Dutch Trade above the English.' 1670.

[2] 'A method of Government for such Public Working Alms-Houses as may be erected in every County for bringing all idle hands to Industry, as the best known Expedient for restoring and advancing the Woolen Manufacture.' R. Hamis. 1670.

quantity, and possibly Sir Fairmeadow had a special reverence for legislation that affected him financially.

Among the many proclamations of the early years of the century probably few affected us more than that made by Charles the First in 1627[1], prohibiting the use of 'snaffles' in riding and commanding the substitution of 'bittes,' that should the necessity arise for the defence of the realm all horses may be found readily manageable in the king's service. The Forest of Whichwood still covered a large area[2]. In connexion with it is a tale of the period. A gentleman riding near the Forest of Whichwood, in Oxfordshire, asked a fellow what that wood was called. He said, '*Whichwood*, sir.' 'Why, that wood.' '*Whichwood*, sir.' 'Why, that wood, I tell thee.' He still said, '*Whichwood.*' 'I think,' says the gentleman, 'the man is *wood.*' 'Yes,' says he, 'I believe one of us is, but I can't tell Which[3].' Roads, ever since the dissolution of the monasteries, had been falling out of repair, and, by the middle of the seventeenth century, they were in a terrible condition. Many side roads had become grass tracks or wholly disappeared. Fifty years later there was no road from Bampton to any of the neighbouring villages[4]. Persons wishing to reach Burford, Witney, or Oxford, had to strike across a trackless common and find their way as best they could. It is evident that, even in town, civic or national authorities felt little responsibility

[1] Imprinted at London by Bonham Norton and John Bill. 1627.
[2] For actual dimensions see last chapter of this book.
[3] *Oxford Drolleries and Jests.* Captain Will. Hickes. 1660.
[4] *History of Bampton.* Rev. J. A. Giles.

for road mending, from the sidelight thrown by the following: 'A Doctor in Oxford, at his own charges, was mending a Causeway, and a nobleman riding by said, "How now, Doctor? I see you are mending the Highway, but it is not the Highway to Heaven." "No, my Lord," says he, "if it were, I should have wondered to see you come this way[1]."'

The same contemporary collection of tales contains the following: 'Two Gentlemen riding from Shipton to Burford, together, and seeing the Miller of Burford riding softly before on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other, saying, "Miller, now tell us which thou art more, Knave or Fool?" "Truly," says he, "I know not which I am most, but I think I am between both."' Architecturally the town to which they rode would not differ very greatly from the Burford of to-day. It consisted then, as now, 'of one street and the church'; the houses climbed the hill, while the church spire tapered above the willows on the banks of the Windrush. There the likeness ends. Where now is silence was then continuous sound, bell-casters and saddle-makers were seldom idle; there was constant coming and going to the Priory House. If the day were Saturday progress would be slow, for the bridge and street would be thronged with traffickers. Plot and Defoe, in speaking of 'Mops' about Banbury and Bloxham, say it was the custom at these Statute Fairs for servants, who waited in the street to be hired, to carry a sign of the form of labour for which they were specially

[1] *Oxford Drolleries.* 1660.

qualified; 'the Carters a Whip, the Labourers a Shovel, the Wood Men a Bill, the Manufacturers a Wool Comb.' Had their description been of Burford Fair 'Manufacturers' would have required subdivision and further symbols, to include blanket-making at Witney [1], gloving in the Forest district, and stone quarrying at Taynton and Langley. Without doubt to Burford Fair would be carried the Calis sand, famous for cleaning pewter, found at Kingham, an article so greatly in demand that it was retailed at twenty shillings a bushel. District fairs at Burford, Bampton, Chipping Norton, Hook Norton, and Deddington were prominent features in our rural life of the seventeenth century, local markets grew in importance, and old ones were revived. In April, 1678, Wood's *Diary* has this entry: 'This month was a Friday's market and four faires granted by the King to the earl of Lichfield (Edward Henry Lee) to be held in his mannour of Charlbury neare Woodstocke. Here had been an ancient market.'

[1] 'In the seventeenth century there are said to have been at Witney 150 looms employing 3,000 people of all ages from eight years old.' —*Compleat History of Durham and Oxfordshire.* 1730.

CHAPTER V

FROM THE RESTORATION TO 1700

In an earlier chapter mention has been made of Arthur Jones's retreat to his house at Chastleton, after the execution of Charles the First. He lived quietly there till 1651, when he raised a small force and joined Charles the Second, shortly before the battle of Worcester.

[1] 'On the night of the 3rd of September, Mistress Sarah Jones lay awake, full of fears for her husband and for the cause he was engaged in, for though an ardent royalist, she had little faith in the young King's success in his attempt. In the stillness of the night her ear caught the sound of a horse's tread, and listening more intently, she made out that it was the pace of a tired horse, and that it had turned into the stable-yard. She hastily rose and dressed, and stealing quietly down stairs, she drew back the bolt of the door, and admitted her husband. There was no need to ask how the day had gone, his disordered plight and look of despondency told the tale all too plainly. He sank into a chair and asked for food and wine, which she hastened to give him, and then

[1] Miss Whitmore Jones.

in a few words he told her of the lost battle, and how the last hope of the Royalists was gone. While he was speaking, her ear sharpened by anxiety, again caught the sound of horses, and this time of more than one.

'"Aye, I thought the bloodhounds were after me," said Arthur, starting up; "my horse is dead beat, I have no chance of getting away, I must to the secret chamber."

'He ran upstairs, while his wife busied herself in removing every trace of his presence. By this time the soldiers were thundering at the door, and loudly demanding admittance. Mistress Jones went to it, and asked who it was that was disturbing a quiet household at that time of night?

'"Open, in the name of the Parliament," said the leader. "We seek a fugitive malignant who is being harboured here."

'Sarah Jones drew the bolt, and quietly confronted the soldiers.

'"Ye will find no malignant here," she said; "only a feeble old man, my father-in-law, my children, and my maids."

'"Nevertheless, dame, we will make bold to search the house; there is a tired horse in the stable that tells tales," said the officer in command.

'Inwardly quaking, but outwardly calm and composed, she led the party from room to room, and stood by, candle in hand, while they prodded the beds, and sounded the wainscotting, caring little how much damage they did.

'Henry Jones was aroused from sleep, and closely

questioned, but the old man was evidently unaware of any arrival, and his denial that there had been one was given in perfect good faith.

'At last they came to the lady's room, through which the secret chamber lay with no other outlet, and again she had to stand by while they made a thorough, and as they imagined exhaustive search. They did not find the secret door, but the poor lady's dismay may be guessed when the officer turned to her and announced that he and his men would remain in that room for the rest of the night, and requested, or rather demanded, that supper should be served to them there.

'"The best I have is at your service," she said; "but will ye not descend to the banquetting hall, where you can be better served than in this poor chamber?"

'"'Tis well enow here," he answered carelessly; "food and sleep are what we want, no ceremonies of serving, so I pray you, fair mistress, use what despatch you may."

'Sarah Jones dared not press the matter further, she hurried down stairs and set her maids to work to prepare the meal. She herself went to the cellar to draw the wine, having first paid a visit to her medicine chest, which was well stored, for like most country ladies she did a good deal of amateur doctoring in the village; from this she took a bottle of laudanum, which she carefully mixed with the wine. The meal was sent up to the unwelcome guests, who fell to it with much appreciation. Again and again the lady stole to the door to listen; she heard the soldiers boasting, with their mouths full, of their

valorous deeds that day; and she gathered that the party imagined themselves to be on the track of the young man, as they called Charles the Second, and they were confident that they would be able to capture him on the morrow.

'Gradually their loud talking died away into silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of sleeping men: then she softly turned the handle of the door, and entered with a noiseless step. Slowly she crept across the room, stopping by each man to test the reality and depth of his slumbers; but the drugged wine was strong, and, coming on their fatigue, the narcotic had a doubly powerful effect. Sarah Jones disappeared behind the arras, and in a moment or two emerged again, followed by her rescued husband. It may be imagined what a breath of relief both drew, as she closed the door on the sleeping Roundheads.

'Arthur's horse was still too lame and tired to be of use, but that of the officer having been well fed and cared for was in better plight, and the Cavalier borrowed him without further ceremony.

'Next morning, when the Roundhead troopers awoke, with painful recollections of the previous evening's carouse, they not only found their prey gone, and well on his way to safety, but discovered that he had borrowed for company the best of their horses. Their rage and disappointment knew no bounds, and there is no doubt that this was the keener on account of their mistaken supposition of the fugitive's identity. There was, though, nothing for it but to take their departure, which they did, threatening all sorts of pains and penalties on the head of Mrs. Jones. After all, these

do not seem to have been inflicted: a fine was laid on the estate, but not a very large one, and in less than two years' time Arthur Jones returned home.'

Meanwhile Charles the Second[1] with some of his followers, among whom was Lord Wilmot, had made his way to White Ladies in Staffordshire. There dismissing his attendants, he was disguised as a peasant and committed himself to the care of some Catholic labourers. Unsuccessful in several attempts to escape, Charles ultimately took refuge for several days in the house of a Catholic gentleman at Moseley in Staffordshire, where he was also attended by Lord Wilmot and John Huddeston, priest of the order of St. Benet. In the account of this escape dictated by Charles himself to Mr. Pepys substantially the same facts are given[2].

With the planting of the two oaks, known to-day as the Restoration Oaks, at Chastleton on May 29, 1660, we have again our local standpoint in that rejoicing 'observed in all places in England, particularly at Oxon which did exceed any place of its bigness. The jollity of the day continued till next morning. The world of England was perfectly mad[3].' The Burford Account Book for 1660 gives—

[1] 'A Summary of occurrences relating to the Miraculous Preservation of our late Sovereign Lord King Charles II. After the Defeat of his Army at Worcester, 1651. From the personal testimony of the eminent instruments, under God, of the same Preservation.' Printed by Henry Hills, 1688.

[2] This, written in both shorthand and longhand by Pepys, was among the books presented by his nephew to Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1724, and would have formed a key to the shorthand MS. of the *Diary*, which was not transcribed till 1825.

[3] Anthony Wood.

'Pd. the Ringers for joy of a Parliament . 0. 5. 0.
'To ye Ringers for joy of the King's happie coming to London . . . . 0. 2. 6.'

Almost immediately after the execution of Charles the First, Bishop Juxon, who had attended the king on the scaffold, fled to his house at Little Compton. There he probably wrote his sermon on the king's death, which is dated 1649. Juxon was the Jones's nearest neighbour, and during the Commonwealth intercourse between the households was close and frequent. Tradition asserts that the bishop performed the Church of England service every Sunday in Chastleton Hall, during the whole period it was interdicted [1]. Whitelocke tells us that during the bishop's retirement at Little Compton he often found pleasure and relaxation in hunting with 'some of the neighbouring and loyal party.' In connexion with this, a story of some interest is told. Bishop Juxon's hounds ran through Chipping Norton churchyard while the Puritans were engaged in public worship. A member of the congregation was sent to make complaint of the misdemeanour to Cromwell. 'Pray,' asked the Protector, 'do you think the bishop prevailed on the hare to run through the churchyard at that time?' 'No, and please your Highness, I did not directly say he did, but through the holy ground the hare did go at that time.' 'Get you gone,' said Cromwell, 'and let me hear no such frivolous complaints; whilst the bishop continues not to give my government any offence, let him enjoy his diversion of hunting unmolested.' We may be fairly certain of Juxon's presence

[1] Cp. *Life of Lady Falkland at Great Tew.*

at the Chastleton House rejoicings on May 29, though he must soon after have moved to London. For on September 20 of that year his recent election as Archbishop of Canterbury was confirmed in the Chapel of Henry the Eighth at Westminster. On June 4 he died; on July 8 his embalmed body lay in state, accompanied by heralds-at-arms, in the Divinity School at Oxford. On July 9 he was interred in the Chapel of St. John's College, to which he bequeathed seven thousand pounds. The Bible given by Charles the First, on the scaffold, to Bishop Juxon, is now in the possession of Miss Whitmore Jones, having been presented to Mr. John Jones by Lady Fane [1], widow of Sir William Juxon, who was great nephew of the archbishop. The date of the Bible is 1629. It bears the royal arms and letters C. R.

Of English manners and customs at the Restoration we have plentiful detail in the Diaries of Sir John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys. The former contains several allusions to our locality, of chief interest being the account of a journey from London to Charlbury in 1664: 'September 17th, I went with my Lord Viscount Cornebury to Cornebury in Oxfordshire, to assist him in the planting of the park and beare him company, with Mr. Belin and Mr. May, in a coach with six horses; din'd at Uxbridge, lay at Wickham. 18th, at Oxford. Went through Woodstock where we beheld the destruction of that royal seate and park

[1] In the *Oxford Journal* of 1792 is an Advertisement that on June 25 and four following days will be sold the furniture and effects of the late Viscountess Fane at Little Compton, including 'near Five Hundred Volumes of Books, in various Languages, being mostly the Library of the late Bishop Juxon.'

by the late rebels, and arrived that evening at Cornebury, an house lately built by the Earl of Denbigh [1] in the middle of a sweete park, wall'd with a dry wall. The house is of excellent freestone abounding in that part, a stone that is fine but never sweats or casts any damp ; 'tis of ample dimensions, has goodly cellars, the paving of the hall admirable, for its close laying. We designed a handsome chapel that was yet wanting. The lodge is a pretty solitude, and the ponds very convenient ; the park well stor'd.' In the plans for the rebuilding of the City of London after the Great Fire of 1666 Evelyn had a prominent part. Possibly it was on his suggestion that the Guildhall was rebuilt with stone brought from Cornbury Park. His *Diary* continues : 'Sept : 20th, 1664. Went to see the famous wells, natural and artificial grotto and fountains, call'd Bushell's Wells at Enstone : This Bushell has been secretary to my Lo. Verulam. It is an extraordinary solitude. There he had two mummies ; a grotto where he lay in a hammock like an Indian.' On June 7, 1665, Pepys tells us that he first saw houses marked with the red cross and 'Lord have mercy upon us' chalked upon their doors ; on September 4 of that year he wrote to Lady Carteret : 'The absence of the Court and the emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your ladyship any divertissement in the hearing. I have stayed in the city till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them about 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day

[1] This is a mistake of Evelyn's ; should be *Henry, Earl of Danby*, who gave the Physic Garden to Oxford, and died at Cornbury.

or night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber Street and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not fifty upon the Exchange; till whole families, ten and twelve together, have been swept away; till my very physician, Dr. Burnet, who undertook to secure me against any infection, having survived the month of his own house being shut up, died himself of the plague; till the nights, though much lengthened, are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for the service; lastly till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer's house shut up, and my baker, with his whole family, dead of the plague.' According to Wood tidings of the pestilence in London reached Oxford on Sunday, April 23. After the spread of the news, Londoners fleeing from their stricken city found scanty courtesy in the country[1]. Of Oxford, Wood enters, 'July 1st, S., at night the watch was set in Oxon to keepe out infected persons.' The dread disease spread to some extent into Oxfordshire, but the barbaric methods of isolating infected areas seems to have been effective. Sheets are extant giving stringent directions as to infection by the Chancellor of the University. In the parish register of Taynton, near Burford, two families are entered as being entirely swept away by this visitation of 1665, but the remainder of the village appears to have been untouched.

In consequence of the increasing sickness, in June of 1665 the Court moved to Oxford. Charles took up

[1] See *Iter Boreale; the Country Clown.* 1665.

his quarters at Christ Church, and his queen occupied the rooms previously used by Henrietta Maria at Merton. Any unseemliness in the Oxford Court of 1644 pales into insignificance beside the open hideousness of the arrangements of Charles the Second. In the light of them, Rochester's lampoon written on the door of his royal master's bedroom strikes us as mild in its censure:—

> 'Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one.'

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, Viscount Athlone in Ireland, and Baron of Adderbury in Oxfordshire, son of the famous Henry, Lord Wilmot, was born at Ditchley in April, 1648. He was educated at the Burford Free School and Wadham College, Oxford. In 1661 he was created M.A. in Convocation, 'at which time he, and none else, was admitted very affectionately by a kiss on the left cheek from the Chancellor of the University[1].' In 1665 Rochester went to sea under the Earl of Sandwich, and fought bravely against the Dutch at Bergen[2]. Later he was disgraced by making an excuse of ill health to avoid accepting a challenge from the Earl of Musgrave whom he had insulted. A noted wit and writer of his day, Rochester, worn out with sensual pleasures, died at the Ranger's Lodge, Woodstock Park, in July, 1680. The author of the *Chronicles of Woodstock*, and the writer

[1] The Chancellor at this time was Clarendon.

[2] 'Memoirs of the celebrated Lord Rochester,' *Town and Country Magazine*, 1773.

of the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1773, alike tell us that on his deathbed Rochester was brought to peace by Bishop Burnet. Possibly in his dire need the earl turned to many consolers, but in an old scrap-book I have come across a reprint of a letter written by Rochester, from Ranger's Lodge, in July, 1660, to Dr. Peirce, President of Magdalen College, which closes thus: 'Pray for me, dear Doctor, and all you that forget not God, pray for me fervently, take heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise. . . . Pray, dear Sir, continually pray, for your poor friend Rochester.' It was locally believed that the Rochesters were buried at Spelsbury, but there is no monument or record of them in the church there. Consequently the following notes from Anthony Wood's *Diary* are specially valuable: '1680. 24th, July. M. at 2. in the morning, John, earl of Rochester died at Woodstock Lodge: buried at Spelsbury by his father.' '1681. Nov. 12th, S. Charles Wilmot the young earl of Rochester died at Adderbury aged —, buried at Spelsbury 7th. Dec.—so that family is now extinct[1].' In recording the death of John, Earl of Rochester, Wood distinctly states that the Rochesters' burial-place is under the north aisle of Spelsbury church, and, in sending a copy of the inscription on Henry Wilmot's coffin to Dugdale, gives the source of his information, saying, 'the original of this inscription I met among the papers of an Oxford stone-cutter, who engraved it and put it upon the coffin himself before he layd it in the vault.' Spelsbury church to-day is very different

[1] The title of Earl of Rochester was then bestowed on Laurence Hyde, a younger son of Edward, Earl of Clarendon.

from the building in which these interments took place. That was a Gothic structure with a particularly graceful spire, in appearance very like Shipton-under-Wychwood church, and probably erected by the same architect. Most of this older building was taken down in 1772[1].

On March 14, 1681, for political purposes the Court came again to Oxford. Once again, and for the last time, the University had to make way. The Commons met in the Convocation House, the Lords in the Geometry, Astronomy, and Greek Schools, colleges became lodging-houses, and the undergraduates had to find what shelter they could. On March 17, 1681, Wood enters: 'Th., early in the morning his majestie left this place and went to Burford, fourteen miles distant, where he intends to dine, and after dinner to see the horse-race on the larg plaine adjoyning, where will meet him all the loyall gentry far and neare. Towards the evening hee'l goe to Cornbury (which is middway between Burford and Oxon) where he will sup and lodge in the house of the earl of Clarendon and next day betimes will be in Oxford. He was at some distance from the towne (Burford) received by the two baylives with their maces and others with a rich saddle and then they accompanied him to Sir John Lenthall's house, where taking a little repast he went to the hors-race on the plaines adjoyning, where met him more nobility and gentry than at any time on Newmarket heath.'

In his *Diary* on the 15th of October, 1664, Evelyn notes that he dined at the Lord Chancellor's, and was,

[1] *Antiquities of Oxfordshire.*—SKELTON.

after dinner, taken in his coach 'to see his palace building at the upper end of St. James's Street, and to project the garden.' This was the house for which Lord Clarendon made his famous collection of pictures, a supplementary gallery, as it were, to the word-painting of contemporaries in his *Life*. Among them were works of Cornelius Jansen, and many of Vandyck and Sir Peter Lely, but it is evident that the first consideration was the obtaining of portraits, the second, the procuring works of special pecuniary value. In the exhaustive letter of Evelyn, on picture-collecting[1], from which quotation is made hereafter, he tells Pepys that it had been the Lord Chancellor's 'purpose to furnish all the rooms of state and other apartments with the pictures of the most illustrious of our nation, especially of his Lordship's time and acquaintance.' On August 27, 1667, Evelyn enters: 'Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom his majesty had sent for the seals a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber, very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at Court, especially the buffons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them and stood in their way.' December 9 of the same year he writes: 'To visit the late Lord Chancellor. I found him in his garden at his new built palace, sitting in his gout wheel-chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. After some while deploring his condition to me, I took my leave. Next morning I heard he was gone; though I am persuaded that, had he gone sooner, though but to

[1] August 12, 1689.

Cornbury, and there lain quiet, it would have satisfied the Parliament. That which exasperated them was his presuming to stay and contest the accusation as long as it was possible: and they were on the point of sending him to the Tower.' Lord Clarendon died at Rouen, Dec. 9, 1674, and in May, 1683, Evelyn continues: '19th. I returned to town in a coach with the Earl of Clarendon, when passing by the glorious palace of his father, built but a few years before which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach had gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it; which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time their pomp was fallen.' Writing to Pepys on August 12, 1689, Evelyn gives a list of the most notable of the late Lord Clarendon's pictures, concluding the inventory thus: 'and what was most agreeable to his Lordship's general humour—Old Chaucer, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher who were both in one piece, Spenser, Mr. Waller, Hudibras. Most of which, if not all, are at the present in Cornbury, in Oxfordshire.'

On the death of the Chancellor in 1674[1], Henry, Lord Cornbury, succeeded to the title and estates of his father[2]. He was of extravagant habits, and often in pecuniary difficulties; from the Bills of Sale it is clear that pictures at Cornbury were sometimes seized upon by his creditors. By an arrangement between

[1] *Lives from the Clarendon Gallery*, by Lady Theresa Lewis.

[2] His sister Anne married James, Duke of York, and was the mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne. With her husband Anne visited Cornbury May 19, 1683. See Wood.

the two brothers, Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and Laurence, Earl of Rochester, Cornbury passed to the latter during the lifetime of his brother. Certain estates such as Witney and the adjacent manors had been bought by Lord Chancellor Clarendon and added to the Cornbury estate. In 1685 Laurence Hyde had lent his brother five thousand pounds on his bond. For eleven years the lender had failed to obtain either interest on the loan or security for the principal, and he grew uneasy at the thought of the loss to his children and fearful for the reputation and future of his brother who was being hard pressed by his mortgagees. 'So,' says Lord Rochester, 'I immediately became liable to pay the sum of nine thousand eight hundred and ten pounds for Witney, seven thousand five hundred for Cornbury, and three hundred and seventy-five pounds for a year's interest, so that to do my brother this kindness, and to secure myself the debt mentioned as due to me from my brother, I engaged myself to pay interest for sixteen thousand five hundred pounds.' This transaction remained a secret between the two brothers till Lord Clarendon's death in 1709. It is clear that the pictures were included in this purchase from the fact that they remained in the house and were never claimed by Henry's son, Edward, who died in 1723. The estate, in 1723, passed to Edward's first cousin, Henry, heir to the double title of Clarendon and Rochester. He seems to have been entirely incompetent, and in the year 1749 the whole management of his estates was given, by deed, to his son Henry, Viscount Cornbury, who found it was necessary to sell Cornbury House

and contents in order to meet debts with which he was encumbered. It was ultimately ascertained that sufficient money would be realized by the estate without the inclusion of the pictures, and these were left by the courtesy of the Duke of Marlborough, for some years, in sealed packing-cases at Cornbury, the second inventory given in the appendix to this chapter being then made.

At the same date when Lord Hyde sold Cornbury Park to the Duke of Marlborough, the following were scheduled:—

'Five chests and boxes packed in matting, containing Manuscripts and papers removed from Cornbury to the Countess of Essex's house at Cassiobury [1]:

'1. A brown hair trunk, containing the manuscript "Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon," in his own handwriting. The Manuscript continuation of the "Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon," or his Anecdotes after the Restoration, in his own handwriting.

'A Manuscript work of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, in the handwriting of Mr. William Shaw, his secretary, entitled "Religion, and Policy," together with several loose papers relating thereto, of all which there is no other copy extant.

'Manuscript, fair copies, in three folios, bound in red leather, of "The Paraphrases upon the Psalms"; by the Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

'Copy of a Dedication of "The History of the Rebellion," written, as has always been understood, by Laurence Earl of Rochester, but not in his handwriting.

[1] *The Clarendon Gallery.*

'Two quires, in Lord Chancellor Clarendon's own handwriting.

'A little book, bound in vellum, of "Collections relating to the Succession of the Popes," in Lord Chancellor Clarendon's own handwriting.

'A Manuscript book, in vellum, containing copies of letters from King Charles I. to his Queen, &c.

'2. A brown wainscot chest, containing letters and other papers of Lord Chancellor Clarendon and Laurence Earl of Rochester.

'3. An old chest of Lord Chancellor Clarendon's containing letters and other papers of Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

'4. An old secretoire of Laurence Earl of Rochester, containing public papers of Laurence Earl of Rochester.

'5. A small square deal box, removed from the Library at Cornbury, containing papers.

'A red leather box, containing copy of the manuscript "Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon," in one thick porte-feuille.

'Copy of the manuscript continuation of the "Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon," first part, in a thin porte-feuille. Copy of ditto, second part, in another thin porte-feuille.'

These lists may seem tedious to the reader. To the writer, their making has not lacked intention. The thought in mind, throughout this work, has been that of a little window looking upon infinity. Instead of being burdened with lists of names and alien assertions about Europe, Asia and America, the children in our kindergartens are now introduced to the study

of geography by means of maps of their own homes and gardens. To those of us who are but infants in knowledge of the moulding of our nation, may not the same method be applicable? The Painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the *Clarendon State Papers*, these are great titles, standing for much that is beyond our ken. Yet those particular works of Vandyck, Holbein, Jansen, Sir Peter Lely, and Zucchero that were at Cornbury till 1751, create in us a living concern, and the contents of the 'brown hair trunk' and the 'red leather box' become not solely the property of erudite professors, but are the letters peculiar and personal, written for us, the inheritors of the fields and paths their writers trod. The historian born, goes back to beginnings, gropes in the twilight of nations for charters and land tenures. We who are not specialists may enter in by another way. The path matters little, provided we come into our own. In the present, the dullest interests and relationships, valuable to those we love, become vital to us; and, by contact, the most commonplace possessions of our friends are irradiated. Sojourning in far-off lands, our keenest renewal of joy is in contact with the visitor from 'home,' to whom our dear ones are known: second, only, is the welcome we tender to the stranger who talks of the haunts of our youth. In the land of the Shades our mortal affections are unshared, but a common knowledge of localities goes far to awake the sympathy that, alone, lends power to revivify and reclothe the beings of the past.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER VI

COUNTRY LIFE, AND COMMUNICATION

FOR the reconstruction of Oxfordshire life at the beginning of the eighteenth century, material is scant. Anthony Wood's gossiping *Diary* ends in 1695. In 1705 Hearne begins his *Chronicle*; he fell on a period less picturesque than the one which had preceded, and also he lacked his predecessor's keenness of vision. His pages are singularly lifeless after those of Wood; restricted in sympathy, among the most vivid passages are those in which is shown his antipathy to the House of Hanover. In 1712, he lost his position as second Keeper of the Bodleian, as a non-juror under the Test Oath of allegiance to William and Mary; to the end of his days a staunch Jacobite, this injustice coloured his after records. In 1734, when the Prince of Orange came to Oxford, Hearne spent the day outside the town, and though he mentions hearing that a multitude of people were assembled, he adds, 'there were no persons of distinction that came to show their respects out of the country.' On July 5, 1733, he writes in his diary: 'One Handel, a foreigner, who, they say, was born at Hanover,

being desired to come to Oxford this Act to perform in Music in which he hath great skill. July 6th. The players being denied coming to Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor, and that very rightly tho' they might as well have been here as Handell and his lowsy crew, a great number of foreign fiddlers. July 8th. Half an hour after five o'clock, yesterday in the afternoon, was another performance at 5/- a ticket, in the Theater by Mr. Handel, for his own benefit, continuing till about 8 o'clock. N.B. His book, not worth 1d. he sells for 1s.'

This extreme aversion to all things Hanoverian was by no means unshared. The accession of George the First was a great blow to Jacobite Oxford. Both University and County had a strong personal feeling for James the First and Charles the First, and in our Northern district, Stuart allegiance died hard. Marshall's *History of Woodstock* quotes Dr. Brookes, who was Rector of Shipton-under-Wychwood from 1773 to 1813, as saying in regard to the rising of 1745: 'So strong was the attachment of the great families about this part of Oxfordshire to the Stuarts, that if the Scotch had been able to push forward, and the French Court had sent an army so strong as that which accompanied King William, they would have thrown off the mask and taken up arms on their behalf. Lord Cornbury was the soul of the disaffected in this vicinity; next to him (he said) stood Sir Robert Jenkinson of South Lawn Lodge. He then told me that when the Pretender, as he was called, was in England, incognito, he visited Lord Cornbury. Banbury, a barber of Charlbury, who shaved the prince and

dressed his wig, knew the Pretender by a word which dropped incautiously from Lord Cornbury, and by the extraordinary respect which was shown to the mysterious stranger.' In the introductory chapter, mention has been made of Robert Spendlove, buried at Charlbury in 1822, who in 1745 carried bread to the Pretender's followers concealed for the night at Cornbury. At Chastleton House remains the most perfect set in existence of the decanters and glasses specially manufactured for the Jacobites at Derby. On the decanters is cut a spray of roses, a compass pointing to a star, and the word 'Fiat.' In the Chastleton garden are three Scotch firs planted, like others in this district, by friends of 'James the Third,' before the attempt of 1745. As late as the Oxford Election of 1754, 'The King shall enjoy his own again' was a popular song in our district, and anti-ministerial cries were loud. Naturally the Jacobite feeling had been mainly confined to the gentry, and it is difficult to imagine it lessening in the minds of any whose social position brought them into contact with the personal grossness of George the First and George the Second. But over the heads of the labourers of England had passed many changes, Charles the First to Cromwell, Cromwell to Charles the Second and James the Second, thence to the House of Orange, back again to Anne, and finally from her to the Elector of Hanover, and they seemed to have learnt that, provided the throne was stable, it made little difference to them who was its occupant. In this election of 1754 the peasants do indeed side with their Tory masters, but the former cry to the Ministry, "Give us back our

eleven days[1],' while the latter are clinking glasses to 'the King that is over the water.'

In 1753 our local newspaper, *The Oxford Journal*, begins, and thereafter, imaginative reconstruction is easy. At first it is perhaps as much by what these early sheets omit, as by what they tell, that we are enlightened. The space allotted to local news is narrow and it is largely occupied by University preferments. Assize convictions, with the crimes charged, are given; endless is the list of burglaries, brutalities, and highway robberies, but of good wrought or thought by those who toil, is not one word. For information as to the lives of those labourers, who were not transported or executed, we are almost entirely dependent on side light from the advertisement sheet. Result of gleaning therefrom is set forth in succeeding chapters: here we are in the main concerned with that which affects the higher ranks of society.

In the eighteenth century annual race-meetings were the great events of our district. A prominent place is given to advertisements of those held at Witney, Burford, Chipping Norton, and at Chapel-on-the-Heath. These last for four, five, or six days, and the stakes are heavy, seldom less than Plate of fifty pounds each day[2]. The race 'diversions' at Burford were

[1] The ancient Church Calendar had been based on erroneous calculations, and Gregory XIII reformed it in 1582 by reckoning the 5th of October of that year as the 15th. This method was generally adopted in Europe; but owing to prejudice, Great Britain used the old calendar till 1751, when the difference between the old and new styles was eleven days. Then by Act of Parliament the new reckoning was instituted, and the 2nd of September, 1752, was considered the 14th. Hence among the uneducated there arose an outcry for the eleven days that appeared to have been filched.

[2] See appendix to this chapter.

heightened by stag-hunting, a buck being loosed each morning on the downs with the Duke of Marlborough's hounds in attendance. Next in importance rank the fairs and annual feasts. In August of 1765 advertisement is made for the thief who stole from General Boscawen's house the brace of bucks which had been killed in Wychwood Forest for the annual venison feast at Burford. But beyond these we read such notices as the following:—Sept. 15, 1764. 'We hear from Burford that Mr. Foster's Company of Comedians, who, by the desire of the Hon. Mrs. Fettiplace, on Wednesday last played the Tragedy of King Richard the Third with universal applause before a polite and crowded audience, will this evening perform the tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love, and will next week introduce the coronation, properly decorated as on all the theatres in London.' Nov. 16, 1765. 'On Tuesday and Wednesday last, the grand Anniversary Festival of the Blanketters was celebrated at Witney, in this County, with the utmost Magnificence, at which were present most of the principal Ladies and Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, to the number of near Three Hundred; and the whole was conducted with the greatest Regularity and Decorum. At the same time Mr. John Marriot was chosen Master of the Blanketters Company for the year ensuing.' May 10, 1766. 'We hear from Chipping Norton in this County, that the Great Cock Match which was to have been fought on Friday in the Whitsun Week, at Mr. Kilby's in this Place is postponed to Tuesday the 27th Instant.' Aug. 19, 1769. 'On Monday last Fifty Eight Carpenters passed

through our district on their way from London to Stratford, where, at extraordinary high wages, they are to be engaged on the temporary building for the Shakespeare Jubilee.' Saturday, July 15, 1775. 'Enstone Water Works, which were formerly so much admired by the curious (but have of late years been in decay), are newly fitted up and shewn from the Earl of Litchfield's Arms. A public breakfast is held every Monday at the Banquetting-room. Neat post-chaises, etc.' On June 17, 1777. A backsword contest for a purse containing seven guineas takes place at Stow. These are chosen as notices typical of those frequent in the period they cover. We read of many lectures, albeit of a curious nature, at Deddington, and of constant performances in the Woodstock theatre. As perpetual background to these passing entertainments, is gambling of every kind. Each district has its agency for the State lotteries, and proficiency in card-playing is indispensable to a polite education.

Of our gentlewomen of the period such glimpses as are to be obtained are unattractive. In a day when execution or transportation is the penalty of the labourer who steals fowls or sheep, the feelings of ladies appear chiefly responsive to the elegant manners of highwaymen against whom they often refuse to bear testimony. Again and again we find ourselves face to face in assize proceedings with the mock heroics of the white-muslin and kid-slippered maidens, whom we had hitherto supposed to be the creations of Miss Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe. Their veneer of delicacy and refinement, barely covering

vulgarity of heart, is almost inconceivable, in our day of surface frankness and real reserve. Generalizations are dangerous, and we are moving in a time that produced Steele's immortal tribute 'to love her is a liberal education,' yet natures of women of social position as they appear in our local newspapers of the eighteenth century certainly leave much to be desired. Hardly is better comment to be found on the marriages of the day than that of Mrs. Steele's letter to the *Spectator* in August, 1711. She says: 'The Gentleman I am married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a Whining Coxcomb.'

Throughout the century, highwaymen are a prominent feature in the life of our district. Every issue of the *Oxford Journal* contains references to coaches and travellers who have been plundered by robbers, usually described as 'gentlemen disguised in smock frocks.' On December 2, 1780, we are told that on Sunday evening last Lord Bateman, in a post-chaise and four, was stopped at the end of Chalford Lane near Chipping Norton by two highwaymen who made mysterious allusions to their identity, and thereupon ensued an almost oriental exchange of amenities, in no way retarding the transference of possessions. In following the doings of our highwaymen I have been puzzled as to their omnipotence. If two masked riders appear at the horses' heads, the fact that they are outnumbered by the travellers in the coach seems in no way to influence events, the commands of even a solitary rider are obeyed implicitly as though he were backed by an armed force. Seldom is the least

attempt made to secure the marauder. At Tangley Farm indeed a trace remains of an organized effort to arrest a member of a robber band. When he put his hand through the hole in the doorway to withdraw the bolt, it was seized and firmly held from within. His companions severed the limb at the elbow, and the party rode away. Doubtless desperate expedients were result of a criminal code framed to ignore degrees in guilt, and to exact equally severe penalties from the petty thief and the cut-throat.

It is strange how little travellers seem to have been deterred by the dangers and difficulties of the way. Arthur Young, writing about 1810, rejoices in the turnpike roads[1] that then crossed our county in each direction; 'for,' he says, 'I remember the roads of Oxfordshire, forty years ago, when they were in a condition formidable to the bones of all who travelled on wheels. The two great turnpikes that crossed the country by Witney and Chipping Norton, by Henley and Wycombe, were repaired in some places with stones as large as they could be brought from the quarry; and when broken, left so rough as to be calculated for dislocation rather than exercise. At that period the cross-roads were impassable, but with real danger.' In the record of his *Tour through Great Britain*, about 1779, Young pronounces the road from Witney to North Leach the worst he has ever travelled, 'so bad it is a scandal to the country.' In these parts, he says, 'they mend and make only with local stone, in pieces as large as a man's head.' Mail-

[1] The Turnpike Act, levying tolls for road repair, came into force in 1763.

coach accidents were common; in the winter months passengers were delayed for hours, sometimes days, by flood and snow, yet travelled undaunted. There was constant passage to and from Town[1]. Bath and Cheltenham waters were at the height of their fame, and visitors flocked thither.

The postal facilities of this district in 1753 are shown in the Oxford Mail Notice, included in the appendix to this chapter. At sight they will probably appear unexpectedly adequate, but official notices have a habit of looking well on paper. Thirty years later, in 1783, Palmer, addressing Pitt on the necessity for reform in the mail system, says 'the Post instead of being the swiftest is almost the slowest conveyance in the country,' it being usually entrusted to some boy riding a worn-out hack. And what, in general terms, we may ask was the nature of the news the lagging post-boy carried? Love-letters of the fortunate we may imagine borne by private coach or courier, and these would to some extent contain news of national events. But most of the dwellers in our towns and villages were entirely dependent for information on the weekly newspapers. Earlier in this chapter I spoke of the scant space these devoted to local topics; small wonder, when unanticipated by telegrams, the editor ranged a world-wide field. To the modern reader his pages appear intensely dramatic. Such matters as the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, Pitt's expedients for raising money, so

[1] Oct. 25, 1766. 'On Thursday last the Right Hon. the Earl of Litchfield, our Chancellor, with his Lady and large Retinue, passed through Oxford (from Ditchley) on his way to Town.'

far as they are within our scope, belong to another chapter; but, to rightly share local intelligence, I must pass on my ever-present consciousness that a hand's breadth across the page, 'Mr. Pitt,' 'Mr. Fox,' and 'Lord North,' are tossing phrases on which hang our losing of America, colonization of Australia, and further occupation of India. Politically, commercially, geographically, barriers fall and boundaries are extending, but the gamblers throw the heaviest stakes with apparent nonchalance, and the fact increases the dramatic elements of the situation. The effect is heightened by the fact that our eighteenth-century editor writes no leaders, makes no comment on his report of debates. A page containing advertisements of shops to let at Burford and Shipton is backed by the statement, 'The following is the letter which Mr. Charles Fox sent to Lord North, Thursday 12 o'clock, previous to his resignation.' Among little sentences with great horizons, are these: 'July 27th, 1771. We learn by the Endeavour, from the South Seas, that they have discovered a Southern Continent, in the Latitude of the Dutch Spice Islands.' 'Lord Clive has sent a tiger to the Duke of Marlborough's menagerie at Blenheim.' 'April 2nd, 1796. We are informed by a correspondent at Witney, that the two elephants that passed through this City on Wednesday were exhibited at the Fair on Thursday and are gone on to Burford, and from thence will proceed to Woodstock Fair on Tuesday next; and will not be at Oxford so soon as was expected, on account of the present Vacation, but will be here so soon as the Vacation is over. Many strange and unaccountable

stories have been told of Elephants; however, it is a certain fact that they are the most sagacious of all other animals.'

A wide range of readers would be interested in the news from Maryland and Virginia, and, in later days, from New South Wales. Inhabitants of every town and village of our district had lain in Oxford gaol under sentence of execution, afterwards commuted, by royal warrant, to transportation. On December 5, 1772, is published a strange and lengthy letter, written from 'Lady Baltimore's Manor, Baltimore County, Mariland,' by a quack doctor, who is described as being, before his transportation, 'well-known about the Forest of Wychwood.' Less than twenty years later I find plentiful comment on the newer Australian settlement. 'March 19th, 1791. It appears by Governor Philips' Despatches that he has named the places at Botany Bay after the Members of the Present Administration; such as Caermarthen and Richmond Hills, Hawkesbury River, etc. But may not Posterity be led thus into an Error by supposing these the Names of the first Settlers.' By May 12, of the following year, 1792, it would appear that our editor has been cautioned as to his references to New South Wales, for under his local news he tells the people of Oxfordshire, 'All the late accounts of the deplorable Situation of Governor Philip's New Colony at Botany Bay, are false and scandalous Reports fabricated here, in order to impose upon timid and credulous minds.' All after references to the colony are in this strain. On June 15, 1793, in recording the arrival in England of Governor Philip, after an absence of six years,

a glowing account is given of the career and wealth of early convicts.

Throughout the century small-pox seems to have been chronic in Oxfordshire. Parish registers contain many records of collections for the poor visited by the 'pestilence,' and all advertisements for servants contain the clause 'must have had the small-pox.' The disease was not confined to one class, obituary notices of 'opulent farmers' and noblemen whom it has attacked, are frequent. In 1721, experiments in inoculation were made on prisoners in Newgate. By 1770 the practice had become very general, and both male and female inoculators are at work in our district. In November, 1776, one inoculator publishes a certificate signed by the curate, churchwardens, and overseers, to the effect that he has only lost two patients in a whole village subjected to his treatment. The London medical officer who, in the recent outbreak of small-pox, gave sixpence to every poor child in his district who came to be vaccinated, was, at least equalled in enterprise by the practitioner who, in the *Oxford Journal* for October 26, 1776, records that having inoculated six hundred persons in a locality, he assembled them all at one place to take physic, and gave them therewith, 'fat sheep, vegitables, and broth, each sheep being dressed in parti-coloured ribbons, while they were boiling sixteen guns were fired, and there was dancing, and a band of music was in attendance.' The account of the exploit concludes, 'Bull-Baiting and other Pastimes often used.' Wealthier patients entered what to-day would be termed nursing homes, for treatment after being in-

oculated. The papers of 1779 contain advertisements of such a house in Blandford (Cornbury) Park, kept by Edward Lyster, an apothecary of Charlbury. To this he gives notice he has recently added a house at Bicester. Meanwhile, Mackarness, of Chipping Norton, 'has taken a commodious house between Adderbury and Aynho which is now open for reception of Patients, as is his house called Gilks's, near Great Rollright, built purposely for inoculation: likewise the Heath-House, near Morton-in-Marsh.'

The barbaric taste of the latter half of the eighteenth century wrought havoc with our buildings. The Falkland house disappeared from Great Tew, and in its place was erected the present incoherent edifice. In the seventeenth-century chapter on the Falklands, allusion has been made to uncertainty as to who was the perpetrator of this dark deed. In the appendix to the present chapter I have placed two notes, showing the owners of the Great Tew estate in 1767 and 1803. If, as I suppose, the Falkland house was not pulled down till after the death of Anthony Keck, it is indeed strange that no traces or records of it remain. Near the end of the eighteenth century was taken down the old church at Churchill, of which the chancel is still standing. The spire of Spelsbury and the greater part of the Gothic building were removed in 1772: before this date, Spelsbury and Shipton churches had been almost identical in aspect, and the supposition is that they were erected by the same architect. In this period the palatial residence of the Fettiplaces at Swinbrook was allowed to fall into ruins, and fire destroyed Bruerne Abbey, the home of the Copes.

CHAPTER VII

TRADE, TRANSIT, AND THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

EARLY in the eighteenth century the merchants and Whig families, of whom Pitt was the representative, rose into prominence, and the complete supremacy of the land-owners was at an end. But deeply rooted in the English mind is reverence for the owners of the soil, and to assure their social position, the merchant princes bought estates. Thus a new impetus was given to agriculture, and Arthur Young wrote—'The farming tribe is now made up of all classes from a duke to an apprentice.' From 1720 to 1760 progress was rapid, for the older landlords found themselves compelled to make improvements in order to hold their own with the capitalist new comers. In Defoe's somewhat tentative statement—that it appears a man of commerce may become a gentleman—we see the dawning of a new social era. Yet we must not be misled by the terms capitalist and merchant prince. Great mercantile fortunes at this date were built almost exclusively on foreign commerce: English home manufactures were still conducted on the domestic system. In the period of

Defoe's *Tour through Great Britain*, 1724 to 1726, agriculture and manufacture went hand in hand in our district; the weaver lived in his cottage to which land was attached. Adam Smith testifies to the comfort enjoyed by the cottage operative in 1776, and the manuscript diary of William Jones of Charlbury, to which I have elsewhere alluded, gives a good picture of domestic industry. The writer measures land, carries wood, and takes part in agricultural operations generally, but a 'piece' is always on his loom, and he seems to fall to it in the evenings and on wet days, as a woman to her needlework. So ordinary and unworthy of note is this weaving, that Jones hardly alludes to the process, but there are constant entries of this kind —'Went to Enstone to carry a piece of cloth home to aunts. Rec'd the money for it,' 'Finished Hutts piece and carried it home to Finstock,' 'Finished Allen's piece,' 'Mend'd the spinning wheel.' Defoe gives a delightful description of the conduct, at the time of his Tour, of the clothiers' market at Leeds to which, he says, 'few Clothiers bring more than one piece of cloth.' In the middle of the eighteenth century the condition of the labouring people of England was better than it had been since the days of Elizabeth, but great changes, bringing distress immediately in their train, were imminent. In 1770 James Hargreaves invented the spinning jenny, and to this were soon added the water frame and the mule. The effect of these inventions was for the master hand to gather his few weavers under one roof in some wayside building where water-power was available. Advertisements for weavers begin now to appear in the *Oxford*

Journal. Of such as the following it is difficult to determine whether they invite the co-operation of home workers, or whether they indicate the fluctuating needs of a primitive factory.—'June 7th, 1776. Notice is hereby given to all Spinners of Yarn, Hemp and Small Flax, within 25 miles of the city of Oxford—that they may have employment from August next. N.B. Several hundreds may find employment: The sooner application is made the better.' In either case the fundamental factor in the revolution of industry was lacking.

In 1769 James Watt took out his steam engine patent, and in 1785 steam power was introduced into cotton factories. Somewhat earlier had begun the migration of workers of the West of England to Yorkshire; but the use of steam to drive machinery was the death blow to cottage and scattered industry. With the use of steam-power, owing to the difficulties of transit before the railways were opened, the great factory areas became of necessity coincident with the coal fields. At the outset of the factories in Lancashire and Yorkshire, their owners experienced great difficulty in obtaining a sufficiency of workers; one third of the labouring classes of England were agriculturally employed, and a large number of persons worked as journeymen weavers or shoemakers in the autumn and winter, and were engaged in the fields at seed time and harvest. Also, the prejudice in the minds of parents was strong against the new system, and the term 'factory girl' was one of contempt and derision. This feeling lasted until high prices and starvation wages during the Great War, robbed the

English labourer of pride in domestic life, throughout the intervening years he remained unwilling to allow his wife or daughter to find employment in the mills. November 6, 1791, we come on this significant notice: 'On Wednesday, in the Afternoon, three covered Caravans arrived in here (Oxford) in which were forty-nine Boys and Girls from the Workhouse at Gosport, who were on their way for Manchester, in order to be bound apprentices in the Cotton Manufactories of that Place. They all appeared well and perfectly happy and it were to be wished, that Parish officers in general were attentive to the placing out of the Children of indigent Parents, so as to render them useful members of the community.' Our editor's comment appears to indicate that this forced pauper labour was at first obtained under cover of the specious term apprenticeship. The system was rapidly developed. Mill owners established regular communication with the overseers of the poor in rural districts, regular days were arranged for inspection of the workhouse inmates, so many idiots were included (usually one in twenty) with batches of normal children, and the slave traffic was set up. Treated with hideous barbarity, at work twelve to sixteen hours a day, Sunday included, unfed, almost without clothing, children were ground out of existence in the factories of the North. The cheapness and ease with which their places could be supplied, was fatal to the one element which might have induced the mill owners to make tolerable their existence. The conditions of life in the first factories beggar decent description. The state of affairs, previous to the Factory Act of

1802, was so hideous, that even the official language of the Blue Books forms almost unendurable reading. Most thankfully do I pass from the subject on the ground that, with one or two exceptions, the great factories of the eighteenth century lay without our area. To one comment on apprenticeship I am however, in fairness, forced by my local standpoint. Writers on National History speak as though the growth of factories called the system into being. Such is not the fact. The whole period of our eighteenth-century newspaper is blackened by the treatment of pauper children apprenticed individually by the authorities to brutal and incapable persons. In 1774 John Hawkes, Sweep-Chimney of Chipping Norton, advertises for John Nailer, his apprentice, who has 'eloped.' To any one returning the same John Nailer, Hawkes will give an old soot-bag as reward. Weavers offer 'cards' to those who will bring back apprentices who have escaped, and the papers constantly contain full descriptions for the identification of such runaways. Occasionally a master or mistress is punished for some specially flagrant act of brutality, and in June, 1791, the head of a local workhouse is convicted of manslaughter.

Wages of free workers were fixed absolutely by their masters, and the amounts offered for apparently similar work varied considerably. On May 2, 1795, 'A Journeyman Linen weaver, good Hand, is offered 9*d.* in the shilling together with Drink and Lodging.' Any attempt at combination among workmen was repressed with a high hand. On Nov. 13, 1792, was apprehended and imprisoned, in Oxford, Thomas Nash, a

journeyman paper-maker under warrant for 'joining in a conspiracy with ten others to demand higher wages.'

The second half of the eighteenth century witnessed that enclosing of common land which changed the face of North Oxfordshire. Throughout England the same thing was taking place from 1760 to 1843, but Young remarks that nowhere was the change more evident than in Oxfordshire. An agricultural enthusiast, viewing all things from the standpoint of the large farmer, Young regarded the enclosing movement as an unmixed advantage to the nation. Certainly land under the enclosed system was much more productive, per acre, than common ground, but the statistician neglected the consideration that the cottager who for a trifle[1] bartered his right of fuel and pasturage of cows, pigs, and poultry, would find himself, in a period of agricultural depression, devoid of inducements to remain in his village. In the appendix to this chapter I have given a list of the most important enclosures of our district. Their dates are, I believe, worthy of attention, as bearing directly on the question of migration to the towns and our present dearth of agricultural labourers. As a rule, these enclosures took place quietly; lacking in foresight, the cottagers seized on the momentary advantage and appeared content. Strangely however, the *Oxford Journal* attributes the suicide of a farmer at Kennington to uneasiness of mind at the enclosing in his neighbourhood. So far as I am able to ascertain, the

[1] At Charlbury there is a tradition that Common Land was bartered for ale.

incident stands alone and must be merely stated for what it is worth, but in a day when suicide from inconvenient cause was brought in 'died by the Visitation of God,' that the reason should be given is remarkable.

An article in the Oxfordshire *Town and Country Magazine* for April, 1773, states that so much wood on the high lands was burnt during the Civil War, that firing in the county is now extremely scarce and dear. The writer says 'the chief trade of Oxford is in malt conveyed in barges to London.' In February, 1761, there had been a meeting of barge-masters and owners of craft on the Thames between Oxford and London to prepare and forward a petition to the Lord Mayor entreating that the shoals might be cleared, 'for barges with flour, malt and other necessaries, for this city are detained sometimes for a fortnight at a time.' Difficulty of transit is surely indicated in this note of September 28, 1765, 'on Wednesday last at Burford Fair, there was a prodigious quantity of cheese which in the morning sold at about 28*s.* per Hundred; but as there were few buyers, the prices sunk in the afternoon as much as four and five shillings in the Hundred.' After reading many notices of this nature, and frequent comments on scarcity of fuel, we are prepared for the rejoicing consequent on the construction of the Birmingham and Oxford canal. June 4, 1774, we read 'The Oxford Canal being now navigable for near forty miles, great quantities of coals are thereby supplied to divers parts of the adjacent counties. These coals are from the Hawkesbury pits, and are acknowledged to be extremely

good. They require no stirring as is necessary for Sea Coal; but being put upon the fire, and suffered to lie at rest, make an exceeding cheerful fire, and burn till the whole is consumed to ashes without further trouble.' April 14, 1778, 'On Monday last the New Canal from Coventry to this City was opened as far as Banbury; when the first freight of near two hundred Chaldrons of coals was ushered into the Wharf at that Place, amidst the loudest Acclamations of a prodigious Number of Spectators Assembled upon the occasion, and the day was spent in the most cheerful and agreeable festivity.' The canal was completed in 1790, and that is the date usually given for its opening, but the foregoing extracts testify to the fact that it influenced the life of our district nearly twenty years earlier.

On March 19, 1766, we find our people busy building bonfires, and at Witney that evening was huge rejoicing among the blanket makers. Witney had at this time a large trade with North America, and Pitt had succeeded in the repeal of the Stamp Act. Our American Colonies had been forbidden to import goods from any other country of Europe than England. Their woollen industry had been legislatively suppressed, and in 1750 their iron manufactures were forbidden. Greville, to raise money to pay for the Seven Years' War, by the Stamp Act of 1765 taxed the Colonists upon the stamps on legal documents. On March 22, 1775, was read in the House of Commons a petition from the Wool Manufacturers of Witney that a Bill may be brought in allowing the duty-free importation of rape seed from Ireland.

Rape oil is, the petitioners urge, growing very dear from the scarcity of the seed in England and the high import duty on what is bought abroad.

At this point it seems necessary to restate the conviction I expressed in the introductory chapter, that this book must not presume to deal with international affairs as such, that its value depends on careful exclusion of matters beyond its range of vision. The writer's standpoint is that of one who looks and listens from a village window. But, as the eighteenth century nears its close, the new commercial element has mingled things local and international beyond disentanglement. This we see in the items of Witney news just quoted. A son of the Lenthall household in 1774 was serving his King in Boston; on January 13, 1775, he arrived at home at Burford. In 1773 the citizens of Boston had brought to a head their resistance to English taxation by emptying into the harbour a ship load of tea, forced on them by the East India Company, and North's attempted revenge had precipitated war between England and America. By 1783 Pitt the younger, pupil and admirer of Adam Smith, was at the head of affairs. In his 'Life,' Lord Rosebery remarks on the irony of fate that called upon a minister 'whose enthusiasm was all for peace, retrenchment and reform' to meet the commercial crisis of 1792 and 1793 and to find himself confronted with the greatest war of modern times. In the early months of 1793 recruiting sergeants were busy in our district. In February of that year Pitt declared war with France. In so doing he had the united support of Tories and Whig capitalists: the

former saw in the undertaking a gallant defence of monarchy and order, the latter desired the humiliation of a formidable commercial rival. From the burden bearers there were murmurs of discontent, but the mass of labourers and stunted child-workers were ignorant and dumb. The capitalists who lent money to the Government found in such loans investment of absolute security yielding high interest. In the winters of 1793 and 1794 the distress is appalling; an inevitable outcome of the misery is seen in the increase of warrants issued for poachers. On Sept. 7 we read 'On Monday last John Bedding of Northleigh, James Bowerman of Finstock, and William Souch of Ramsden were committed to Oxford Castle for Deer stealing from His Majesty's Forest of Whichwood.' The winter of 1794 was exceptionally cold, the canal being frozen for ten weeks. After the bad harvest of 1795, wheat rose to one hundred and four shillings a quarter, and for nearly twelve months it stood at that price.

Robbery was rife and thieves grew daring. In 1795 Oxford authorities offered rewards for information as to the lopping of trees in college gardens; in the smaller towns there was rioting; an infuriated mob seized wheat from the waggons of farmer Aitkins of Chipping Norton. Meanwhile, more fortunately situated persons were not callous to this suffering, remedies for local distress were suggested, and subscription lists opened. For years the great landlords had provided winter doles for their tenants, and now a wider sense of responsibility was awaking. The Quarter Sessions Recorder struggled manfully, though

unscientifically, in efforts to reduce the local price of flour. The agitating news from Paris had not been without effect. Gentlemen in our villages exerted themselves to arrange feasts at which Tom Paine holding the 'Rights of Man' was burnt in effigy. In August of 1794 appeared in the *Oxford Journal* a long letter written to enlighten the working people as to the disastrous effects of the French Revolution on the conditions of life of the poor in France. The appearance of this is, in itself, significant. It is almost the first time that our Press has directly addressed or admitted the rational existence of this section of the public. Its hearing capabilities being discerned, on October 16, 1795, under our local heading, courage is found to voice its sentiments in 'An old Woman's Remonstrance to the King':—

'His faithful subject, Martha Bird,
Begs leave to tell King George the Third,
How good and blest the times have been,
Which she and thousands more have seen:
How in the days of George the Second
As she has not the time misreckon'd:
Rent then was low and taxes few,
And all our poor had work to do.

. . . . . .

If things go on at this bad rate,
Your people, Sire, will emigrate;
Because you don't our burdens move,
You daily lose your people's love.
Rouse, mighty George, ere 'tis too late,
To save the sinking British State.'

Unable to cope with the main situation, landlords of our district seem to have turned with relief to the augmenting of local rejoicings over the victories gained by our fleet, keeping the King's birthday, and pro-

viding of entertainments such as the one chronicled on September 19, 1795. 'The Witney Band, consisting of performers of martial instruments of musick, having signified an intention of passing the day in Whichwood Forest, it attracted a prodigious number of persons; no less than five thousand people were supposed to be assembled on the occasion.' On April 24 of that year is noted an event of national importance, which had particular reference to our district: 'A correspondent from Chipping Norton informs us, That on the arrival of the News of Mr. Hastings' Acquittal, the Joy expressed by all ranks was as diffusive as might be expected. The Gentlemen of Chipping Norton testified their Joy by giving an entertainment at the principal Inn. The Bells throughout the adjacent country rang unremittingly the whole Day, and the Stow Band voluntarily assembled at Daylesford House, where all Ranks of People were most hospitably entertained; whilst John and Arthur Jones, Esquires, of Chastleton, set the Example to the neighbouring Gentlemen &c. by throwing open their House and Cellar Doors; and in unison with every respectable Family within their Vicinity testified the high Esteem which is so justly borne to the present most worthy Possessor of Daylesford House.'

CHAPTER VIII

HASTINGS OF CHURCHILL

THE East India Company originated in a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600, which gave to a group of merchants exclusive power of trade and settlement in the East. Useful at first in competition with Holland, and later in struggling with France, as has been the way with chartered companies since, it grew in time beyond the control of the nation it was intended to serve. In *The Town and Country Magazine* for May, 1773, is a full report of the House of Commons procedure in passing a vote of censure on Robert Lord Clive, Baron of Plassee, for his cupidity, coupled with the unanimous resolution that 'Robert Lord Clive did, at the same time, render great and meritorious services to this country.'

Our direct connexion with the East India Company lies in the village of Churchill, the birthplace of Warren Hastings. Born in 1732, in 1750 Hastings as an East India Company's Clerk in Bengal, attracted the attention of Clive and was promoted rapidly, till in 1772 he was appointed Governor of Bengal. In 1773 he became first Governor-General of India, and retained that post till 1785. He was impeached by

the House of Commons, his trial began on February 13, 1788, and lasted for eight years. He was ultimately acquitted in April, 1795, and lived quietly in England till his death in 1818.

Such are the bare bones of a story which in its dramatic fullness is hardly to be surpassed. Macaulay has for ever rescued it from the realms of Dry-as-Dust to set it, vivid and alive, in the most brilliant of his essays; yet, even he would seem to have neglected some of Hastings's vitality and intensity of experience. When, however, we reflect on the immensity of the artist's task in attempting to portray such a life on a small canvas, we only marvel at the success of his achievement. Between the August day when little Warren, penniless descendant of the Lords of the Manor of Daylesford, lay on the bank of the Evenlode and determined that he would recover the estate of his forefathers [1], and the time when amid tumultuous enthusiasm, the University of Oxford conferred on him the Degree of LL.D. and at Daylesford House he awaited the peerage for which the title of 'Lord Daylesford' had been chosen, lay many and complex political experiences. Macaulay has touched on them all, and in his essay and Gleig's *Life of Hastings* they must be sought. We are here only concerned in detail with personal matters.

At Daylesford church are three graves. The first, in striking and dignified contrast with the tombs of lesser men, is merely marked—'Warren Hastings 1818.' The other two are those of 'Anna Maria Appolonia

[1] The Hastings were obliged to sell Daylesford because of sacrifices made in support of Charles I.

Hastings' and her son 'General Sir Charles Imhoff, K.M.G.,' who had requested to be buried by his mother. In 1779, Warren Hastings was returning to India on the *Duke of Grafton*, and on board the same vessel were the Baron and Baroness Imhoff. The Baroness Imhoff was a cultivated and attractive woman, tied to a man to whom she owed neither respect nor allegiance. Between her and Hastings there sprang a close friendship, and in his illness on the voyage she proved herself a devoted nurse. Before Madras was reached, Imhoff, his wife, and Hastings gathered in council as to the readiest means by which the wishes of all might be served. It was arranged that the Baroness should sue for divorce in Franconia, that the Baron should do all in his power to help her suit, and that, during the long period that must necessarily elapse before the legal decision, the Imhoffs should continue together as before. Further, Hastings made, at once, the large payment alluded to in the introductory chapter, and agreed to adopt the Imhoff children when the Baroness should be free to become his wife. Several years later the Hastings wedding was celebrated with magnificence, and the Baron left Calcutta without his family and with means to buy an estate in Saxony.

With the appearance of Ethel McKennes' new edition of *Clarissa Harlowe*, we have been reminded that in this 'the book that Boswell and Johnson discussed, which Buffon loved, of whose author Diderot wrote an *éloge*, which was one of the first English books translated into German, and was so often translated into French that the Paris quays are

crowded at this day with the copies French girls cried over one hundred and fifty years ago,' we put our hand on the heart of the eighteenth century, have the domestic life of the time. The better we know our *Clarissa Harlowe*, the more readily we discern the quality of Warren Hastings's relationship to his wife. To modern eyes there is extravagance in the fitting up of the Round House on the Indiaman on which Mrs. Hastings preceded her husband to England, and in the ceremonious letters and vellum-bound poems addressed to 'My elegant Marion.' Those there are who will label as coxcomb the host of Daylesford, who in later days, before breakfast might begin, each morning read to his guests and the assembled household a poem of his own composing. Such customs do not commend themselves to us, but if, because of unfamiliar trappings, we miss in either case the essential heart beneath, ours is the superficiality and ours is the loss.

Hastings seems to me to stand out in contrast from his eighteenth-century background, to possess the vivid personality of an earlier period, a personality that imprinted itself on all he did, and throbs through a correspondence criticized as artificial. After his wife had sailed for England, with many pages treating of his work and policy, he wrote: 'What a letter have I written; and who that read it without the direction would suspect it to be written by a fond husband to his beloved wife? Perhaps my other letters, if intercepted, would appear to bear too much of the real character of their writer, and atone more than they ought for the contrary deficiency of this.' Yet this

continues: 'Last night at 9 o'clock, Major Sands brought me the news of Phipps's arrival at Calcutta, and may God bless them both for it. A short but blessed letter from you, dated the 15th of May, the day of your departure from St. Helena, and written on board the *Atlas* . . . I have food enough for my heart to feast on for more than a week to come. Now gravely attend to what follows, and judge whether I have not reason to be superstitious. The despatches which Phipps is bringing were closed, and delivered on the 15th of May, and were the first which you have written. My first letters which were written for conveyance by hand, and probably the first that you will have received written after my departure from Calcutta, were also despatched on the 15th of May. The same coincidence of dates has likewise appeared in that of your arrival at St. Helena, and the departure of the *Surprise* from England, both on the 28th of April. I shall compare your Journal with my own for more similarities. . . . The shawl commission which you gave to Johnson is executed. I have not seen the shawls; but Cachmeercemal has brought me others of his own taste, which are beautiful beyond imagination; and I have countermanded the shawl handkerchiefs ordered in your letter. Why should I provide paltry things for you, when I carry with me inimitables?'

As soon as possible Hastings followed his wife to England. July 21, 1783, he wrote to a friend, 'I am yet unsettled, but am in treaty for an old family estate of no value, which has employed me in a longer negociation than would have served me for the acquisition of a province; and if I get it, I shall pay almost

twice its worth.' This estate was Daylesford, and the price ultimately paid was exorbitant. The same letter gives a list of seeds to be sent from India for planting in his new home. The love of gardening was in his blood. An earlier chapter has told of his ancestor who undertook the first English growing of sainfoin at Daylesford, an experiment, fruition of which crimsons our hillsides to-day with a splendour hardly to be equalled.

Daylesford house is not picturesque ; its grounds are merely well timbered and verdant. Away to the ridge of low hill on the horizon, the landscape is without notable features: in one field the cows stand knee-deep in the sedges of the sleepy river, in another, they shelter beneath a row of elms. All is set in flat tones, tedious to him who yearns to glories beyond the sky line, but dear to those who under a blazing heaven have dreamed of English shadow. To them, the passing of the clouds over the long level pastures, the mobile light, are treasures more firmly held for their quiet setting. When day is over, and the moon, rising, inks tree-shadows on the grass, and the stirring in the boughs is as a caress of underlying peace, we draw near to the wanderers who here sought repose. Quick with sympathy, under the summer night, we image two, standing within the shade of the gaunt mansion, and our joy lies deep as for friends who have come unto their own. Wise in the wisdom of affection, free in the freedom of understanding, our concern is slight with those whose perverted imagination misreads the story. Doubtless, through ignorance they err, but continuance in error is inexcusable, for the records

remain and they are fragrant with the sweetness of pot-pourri.

In 1813 Warren Hastings was summoned to the bar of both Houses of Parliament to give evidence bearing on the proposed renewal of the East India Company's Charter; when he retired from the Commons the Members rose in a body and stood with bared heads, in silence, till he passed. At this time he was made a Privy Councillor, received his Oxford degree, and a pension was secured to him for the remainder of his life. No provision, however, was made for Mrs. Hastings, and four years later, dying of cancer, in a letter of dignity and simplicity[1], Hastings made a last appeal that his annuity might be extended to 'the dearest object of his mortal concerns.' Absolutely no notice was taken of this request and to the last he was sorely oppressed with fear for his wife's future.

Of Persian and Arabic Hastings was a student; the inception of the Asiatic Society was due to him. But his service to Western learning is transcendently greater than any mere linguistic matter. Persecuted by Mahommedans and fearful of Christian nations, the Hindoos had guarded their sacred writings with the utmost jealousy. 'Hastings[2] was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India, and who induced them to lay open to English scholars the secrets of the old Brahminical theology and jurisprudence.' During the four years previous to 1769 that Hastings spent in

[1] See letter to Toone and Court of Directors, written nineteen days before his death.

[2] Macaulay.

England, he was much engrossed with a scheme by which an Institution for the efficient teaching of Persian literature was to be included within the University of Oxford[1]. He anticipated that the East India Company would provide the endowment, and thoroughly competent teachers were to be engaged in India. Needless to relate, his anticipations as to funds were not fulfilled. But as evidence of his own outlook in these matters, there is a peculiar interest in a letter of Hastings dated 'Benares, 1784,' which is to be found in a volume with translations from Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit in the Oriental room at the Bodleian Library. The letter is addressed to 'the first member of the first commercial body in the world,' and is throughout a plea with his Court of Directors that they will publish a translation, sent herewith, of a part of the Bhagvătgita. Hastings commends to his Company's consideration the teaching of Kreeshna to his pupil Arjoon, in this sentence, 'Hath what I have been speaking, O Arjoon, been heard *with thy mind fixed to one point*? Is the distraction of thought which arose from thy ignorance removed?' The writer of the letter pleads thus, for a better understanding of the people he rules: 'It is not long since the inhabitants of India were considered by many, as creatures scarce elevated above the degree of savage life; nor, I fear, is that prejudice yet wholly eradicated, though surely abated. Every instance which brings their real character home to observation will impress us with a more generous sense of feeling for their natural rights, and teach us to estimate them by the measure of our own. But such instances can only be

[1] *Asiatic Miscellany*, vol. ii.

obtained from their writings: and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded to wealth and power are lost to remembrance.' Thus begins the translation which he encloses—(Kreeshna speaks) 'He is both a Yogee and a Sannyasee who performeth that which he hath to do independent of the fruit thereof—To the Yogee, gold, iron, and stones are the same. The man is distinguished whose resolutions, whether amongst his companions or friends; in the midst of enemies, or those who stand aloof or go between; with those who love and those who hate; in the company of saints or sinners, is the same.'

More than a century has passed. We live in an age of catch-words from Eastern philosophy, *Kim* has reached its second edition—the first was a hundred thousand copies—yet hardly are our Chartered Companies appealed to by ethical publications of this quality.

CHAPTER IX

THE MENTAL OUTLOOK AND JOHN WESLEY

OXFORD, the moulder of men, lies outside our range. On Oxford, the mirror, we do well to gaze in each succeeding century. Wearing a delusive semblance of stability, the place changes in character with rapidity and completeness; the stronghold of youth, regarrisoned twenty times in a century, its succeeding phases have scant coherence. What continuity of development is possessed by University life is of the nature of a perennial rather than a tree. It has been remarked that we are farther in feeling from the undergraduate life of the eighteenth century than from the Oxford Spenser sang. Pre-reformation systems of education exalted scholarship and allowed its possessor to override distinctions of wealth and birth. Late in the sixteenth century, when Samuel Wesley walked to Oxford and offered himself as a servitor at Exeter College, the position was sufficiently unattractive, but in 1730 hardly happier was the lot of the poor scholar. In the late J. R. Green's essays on Oxford during the eighteenth century is set forth the tale of the crowd in and around the coffee-house of the day: 'At the door lounges a "man of Fire," as he terms himself, "a Slicer,"

"Towrow," "Blood," "Buck," as he is called by the rest of the world, with a triumphant "she blues" for the passing seamstress that blushes at his coarse buffoonery, a scurvy jest for the threadbare servitor, who, scared from entrance by the terrible score in the bar, hangs about the door, ready to barter a catch or song for a pint of ale, and a low bow for the "smart fellow" who saunters in with red stockings and elaborate peruke conning over a sonnet for the reigning toast, whose health has been sung from Headington to Hincksey. A deeper obeisance still he reserves for the fellow-commoner who struts by, freed from the drudgery of lectures or chapel by the golden tuft in the velvet cap, at once badge of honour and apology for ignorance.'

John Wesley came up to Oxford in 1729, and the following year he paid his first visit to the prisoners in the gaol. Later in that year he consulted his father as to the wisdom of continuing such visits in the face of undergraduate scorn and opposition. Samuel Wesley's letter counselling perseverance in a spirit of humility contains a characteristic phrase, 'Bear no more sail,' he says, 'than is necessary, but steer steady.' Of his action on receiving this advice John Wesley tells us in his *Journal*: 'In pursuance of these directions, I immediately went to Mr. Gerrard, the Bishop of Oxford's Chaplain, who was likewise the person that took care of the prisoners when any were condemned to die (at other times they were left to their own care), and proposed to him our design of serving them as far as we could, and my own intention to preach there once a month.' Of the outward circumstances of the per-

sons thus visited we may learn from the later history of the prison reform effected by John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. Of their mental and moral condition thirty years later, under the effect of a brutalizing Penal Code, much must be left untold. In spite, or perhaps, because of, the frequency of executions, the Oxford public attended them as an amusement, and for the delectation of those by distance debarred from the diversion the *Journal* provided the minutest details of the criminal's speech and bearing. Sometimes a circumstance is added that should surely have heightened the tragedy beyond spectacular endurance. In 1766, when two men, Brown and Williams were together hanged for theft, we read: 'It seems Williams's Mother, who is a poor woman at Bickley in this county, had been for some days begging money in this City, to purchase a coffin for her son'; successful in her endeavour, she waited below the scaffold for her prize. The death penalty was exacted for thieving, poaching, and rioting. It was indeed often commuted, by king's messenger reprieve, to transportation, and possibly in many cases in the days of the Maryland and Virginia convict settlements there was mercy in the substitution. But in the early times of New South Wales, convicts with justice regarded transportation thither as the worst fate that could befall them. Among prisoners in the gaols there was no classification; in sentencing the judges appear devoid of all consciousness of degree in moral guilt. Child murder and suicide among women were everyday occurrences—the latter being treated as a heinous offence. Suicides were buried without service or coffin in the

open highway, often—in the country—at the cross-roads. March 23, 1765, we read: 'Felo de se, A Servant. The Coroner issued warrant, ordering the body to be buried in the Highway: and pursuant thereto, about midnight, the ground was broke at the corner of the Street behind all Saints Church.' Not uncommonly persons were found to have hung themselves within the forest of Wychwood, and among all the entries on which it has been my lot to fall, none has seemed to me so grimly humorous as this on Aug. 29, 1767: 'A poor labouring man of Adderbury has hanged himself from an *apprehendsion* that he and his family should want bread.' Horrible brutalities were common among the people. In April, 1773, John Young of Oddington was sentenced for uttering base and counterfeit guineas, and some coining took place in our neighbourhood.

Much, as to the state of England in the eighteenth century, may be gleaned from the pages of Wesley's *Journal*. His notices of our district are few, but the links with it are close. His first sermon was given in the church at Southleigh on Oct. 16, 1725, and he preached there again on Oct. 16, 1771. At the manor farm at Finstock memories of Wesley's visits linger, and among the traditions of him handed down through successive generations of Boltons is one of a five-pound note left behind to compensate the host whose hay-making he had delayed. A letter of his, in which Wesley speaks with pleasure of his visits to 'the habitation of peace' at Finstock, still remains in possession of the family. On June 14, 1775, the following was sent by John Wesley to Lord Dartmouth, who

was then Colonial Secretary: 'My Lord, We have thousands of Enemies, perhaps more dangerous than French or Spaniards. They are landed already, they fill our Cities, our Towns, our Villages. As I travel four or five thousand miles every year, I have an opportunity of conversing freely with more persons of every denomination than anyone else in the three kingdoms. I cannot therefore but know the General Disposition of the people, English, Scots and Irish, and I know an huge majority of them are exasperated even to madness. Exactly as they were thro'out England and Scotland about the year 1640; And in great measure by the same means: by inflammatory Papers, which were spread, as they are now, with the utmost diligence in every corner of the land. Hereby the bulk of the people were effectually cured of all love and reverence for the King. So that first despising, then hating him, they were just ripe for open Rebellion, and I assure your Lordship so they are now: they want nothing but a Leader. Two circumstances more deserve to be considered: the one that there was at that time a general decay of Trade, almost throughout the Kingdom; the other that there was an uncommon Dearness of Provisions. The case is the same in both respects at this day. So that even now there are multitudes of people that having nothing to do, and nothing to eat, are ready for the first bidder; and that without inquiring into the merits of the Cause, would flock to any that would give them bread. Upon the whole I am really sometimes afraid that "this evil is of the Lord." When I consider the astonishing *Luxury* of the Rich, and the *Profaneness*

of Rich and Poor, and doubt whether General dissoluteness of Manners does not demand a General visitation. . . . O my Lord, if your worship can do anything let it not be wanting! For God's sake, for the sake of the King, of the Nation, of your lovely Family, remember Rehoboam! Remember Philip the Second, Remember Charles the First!' This letter, inviting comparison between the condition of the English people in 1775 and that of their great-grandfathers more than a century earlier, is suggestive.

As to mental enlightenment. What has been in general said of the seventeenth century is true of the labourer of the eighteenth. In the *Spectator* of 1711 Addison wrote thus of the persecution for witchcraft of a certain Moll White: 'I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it.' In the year 1712 Parker made witch-baiting illegal in England, but the practice survived in our villages for, at least, a century. The gambling spirit pervaded national life. From 1760 till the end of the century are numerous advertisements of estates and horses to be raffled at Chipping Norton, Charlbury, Long Compton, and elsewhere. Public State lotteries figure largely in every portion of the *Journal*. In face of the fact that these were a Ministerial expedient for raising money we are reminded of Defoe's pungent criticism of eighteenth-century legislation, 'these are all Cobweb Laws in which the small Flies are catch'd and the great ones break through,' in reading the following on October 26, 1776: 'On Tuesday was committed to our Castle, by the Earl of Litchfield, one James Dent,

(who has for some Time past made his appearance at Several Places in this County, under the Honourable Profession of Merry Andrew to a Mountebank) for exposing to sale, by way of Lottery or Chance, Plate and various other Articles, upon a Public Stage in the Town of Charlbury; to the great disturbance of that Place and its Neighbourhood, by encouraging those already too predominant Vices, of Gaming, Idleness, Riot and Debauchery; contrary to a salutary Statute of the 12th of George IInd which inflicts the Penalty of 200£ on every person who shall expose to Sale, any Houses, Lands, Advowsons, Presentations to Livings, Plate, Jewels, Ships, Goods or other Things; or six months imprisonment; and likewise the Penalty of 50£ upon every person who shall become an Adventurer therein, by throwing up a Handkerchief, or other Thing, with a shilling; which is now become too general a practice.' Incendiary fires and deaths from intoxication are common. The churches, dirty and in disrepair, bear small part in the village life, they are often served, in so far as they are served at all, in couples, by a curate at a salary of forty to sixty pounds a year. In 1766, owing to scarcity of provisions, there was rioting in Oxfordshire, but altogether unorganized it was easily suppressed, the leaders being executed or transported.

The system of assessment of wages in the reign of Elizabeth had been based on the understanding that the labourer possessed many common rights, that his cottage was often rent free, and always accompanied by a strip of land. In the eighteenth century the landlords and employers of labour did not raise wages

in proportion to the rise in cost of the necessaries of existence, but merely supplemented a scale two hundred years old, out of public rates[1]. From 1765 there ensued a long series of bad harvests on which farmers and landlords grew rich. At the Restoration the labourer had been tied to the soil by the Act of Settlement, and of its working in 1773 we have evidence in the inquisition taken on January 16 of that year before William Johnson at Shipton-under-Wychwood, 'upon the bodies of a travelling woman and a child about a year and a half old.' They were found lying near the road between Curbridge and Witney, the child dying, the mother dead. 'The Jury returned their verdict That they both died through want of the Necessaries of Life, or from some bodily Infirmities unknown to the Jurors. It was supposed that the poor Creature with her helpless Infant had, in a dying condition, been inhumanly removed by the officers, beyond the district of the neighbouring parish, merely to save funeral and other incidental expenses.' On January 9, 1776, a notice is issued by the Clerk of the Peace for Oxfordshire calling attention to the Privy Council order for more stringent use of the existing laws against rogues and idle persons. Local magistrates are instructed to give orders to the constables of their districts to apprehend all persons found begging or without employment and, after punishment of whipping or branding, to return them to the parishes from which they came. Notices to this effect are to be affixed in public places and rewards offered to informers. More of what may be termed the landlord legislation of this

[1] See appendix to this chapter.

period is seen in the summer of 1775, when in the *Journal* begin game notices regarding 'unqualified persons,' and announcements of meetings to make arrangements as to village enclosures.

It is probably just to regard the opinions expressed by the editor of the *Oxford Journal* in 1770 as typical of those of the upper classes of our district, and to modern eyes his comments are somewhat curious. On October 27, of that year, he writes—'Last Saturday night a thoughtless girl, aged about nineteen, eloped from her Parents, with a person of the same Parish who had a wife and children. It is extremely unhappy when people in narrow Circumstances ape the Vices of the Great.' He writes constantly as though there were one moral law for the rich, another for the poor; he commends landowners who provide food for their labourers at times of famine, his sympathy goes out increasingly to physical suffering; but of equity and justice as principles between employer and employed he lacks all conception. Unless he had been a seer and a prophet it could hardly have been otherwise in a day when the penalty of conspiracy was incurred by all wage-earners who combined to sell or organize their labour.

Yet economists in writing of the later years of the eighteenth century, and John Wesley in his letter, appear to neglect a development that, from my localized standpoint, is not to be missed. The pages of the *Journal* between 1756 and 1800 undergo considerable modification, and the change is for the better. The Radcliffe Infirmary is built and equipped by voluntary subscription. Carnation feasts and village

flower-shows are instituted and become annual events; music takes a large and increasing place in local life; and, last, but by no means least, Sunday and Charity Schools are established. The following, December 14, 1793, is one of many such notices: 'On Sunday last a sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Kipling, Curate of Burford, for the Benefit of the Poor Children educated in the Sunday Schools established in that Town. There was a numerous Attendance of the Inhabitants of Burford and its vicinity; and by their very liberal Subscription of Thirteen Pounds, Eight shillings and nine pence, testified how highly they esteemed that laudable Institution.' In minor matters legislation was moving in the right direction. In 1791 the duties were repealed upon female servants, wagons, carts, and on windows in all houses that possessed less than seven. The great war which plunged England into the European struggle retarded home reform and embarrassed her by an enormously increased taxation. From 1793 to 1815 the smoke of battle lies heavy over the horizon, and it is very difficult to perceive unobscured detail whereby to estimate the rate of mental and moral development. But by 1816 we shall find there had arisen among agricultural labourers, miners, and artisans, a definite political consciousness leading to a measure of concerted action that would have been impossible fifty years earlier.

CHAPTER X

A CHARLBURY WEAVER

Of those we love all description is inadequate. We do not, indeed, attempt to describe a new friend to those of older standing. Nevertheless, if some fortuitous concurrence of events brings about a natural meeting we do not willingly forgo the joy of seeing them face to face and watching the mutual recognition of worth and beauty. Wise in love's wisdom, we realize that the fine flower of personality presides over all matters of virtue and talent. A stranger may say to me of her I love, 'How do you justify such an error, account for such an omission?' And I will have much ado not to laugh up in the speaker's face and cry, 'Is that the worst you have to say? The insight of love would show you sins of blacker dye.' Love knows these things absolutely, but discerns them for what they are, motes in the sunlight, specks on the surface of depth and purity. He who asks me to justify where I love is as one who should range an architect's plan with a picture of Turner's.

It is thus with what little I have to tell of my Charlbury weaver. Of George Fox it is recorded that he was 'a discerner of others' spirits, and very much

master of his own.' His follower William Jones attained a large degree of self-mastery, but except with dire and obvious poverty, the gifts of sympathy and insight were denied him. Living at Charlbury late in the eighteenth century, details of his life remain in fifteen rough volumes of his manuscript diary which have been lent to me by a descendant. Each volume is formed of sheets so roughly tacked into a brown paper cover that I suppose the stitches to be those of Jones himself. In place of fly-leaves, each book contains three opening pages on which are worked out the days and dates of the months throughout the year. Friday, presumably because it was Charlbury market day, is ever writ large.

One of these manuscript volumes has gone in and out with me for months, and my affection for its crabbed and inky pages has deepened. I am conscious of being face to face with a real difficulty in attempting to place its contents on a printed page, where so much must be wanting. Surely the feeling for manuscript is deep-rooted in the human mind, the page of the Artist Press lying as far from the illuminated missal as the poem in the lover's letter from the typed copy of the publisher's office. To see Jones as he appears to me, the reader must imagine the yellow leaves scrawled with ill-spelt words, picture the oddly introduced accounts and general aspect of effort in the performance of a task. Words that follow one another in quick and even succession on the printed page, straggle and falter, are distrusted, disappear, and are pressed into service again, in the leaves of the Diary. Once or twice, in the years, a

page is torn out, not because it has clerical errors and must be rewritten, but on account of matter the author wished to expunge. Evidence of this is contained in the pages succeeding those that have gone; they refer to what has been destroyed, and, though an attempt has been made to cross and blur the tell-tale words, they have come out clear across a century, and the sentences of which he was ashamed testify as ably to the character and quality of the writer as any penned in his pride. In so far then as is practicable, William Jones shall be spoken of in his own words, and typical rather than outstanding phrases will be chosen. Hardly, indeed, may it be otherwise, for it is just in his mingling of matters that ordinary men divide, in his adjustment of attention, that beauty lies. Uneducated, and of humble origin, for him the things of the spirit were those of vital importance. In temporal matters his outlook is narrow, and laughter has small place in his thoughts. He seems to have stepped from Bunyan's pages, and is ceaselessly at war with evil in his own nature.

Changes on the thrones of earthly potentates affect him little; national perils are viewed from a position of detachment. On March 6, 1787, he writes: 'About this time the Militia Ware drawn but the Friends of Charlbury Escap'd being Draw'd which may be looked upon as a great favour from the Almighty.' Ten years later, on March 1, 1797, he records that having been drawn as a militiaman, he has been to the head-quarters of the organization at the White Hart Hotel, Chipping Norton, to testify that he is unable for conscientious reasons to serve himself or employ another

in his place. Apparently this is not regarded by William Jones as an act of heroism, and any discussion of the merits of the testimony would be irrelevant here; but in the light of the flare aroused by the war in South Africa which has but now ended, we may image something of the current of feeling to which the weaver opposed himself. England was at war with France, Oxfordshire was alive with Voluntary Defence organizations, every town and village subscribing to Government funds. Dr. Tatham of Lincoln College was embracing dissenting ministers of Oxford 'in the great and common cause of defending our country.' So strong, among educated men, was the anti-French feeling that five years later, in the *Morning Post*, Coleridge wrote as a rebuke to Fox, who had praised the Revolutionists, that 'he had suffered himself to forget that they were Frenchmen.' Napoleon was pressing towards the point he reached at Boulogne in 1803, when he could declare 'let us be masters of the Channel for six hours and we are masters of the world.' In reviewing that situation Lord Rosebery has written: 'There was not the vestige of a barrier to oppose the universal domination of Napoleon, but the snows of Russia and the British Channel. Well might Pitt, in a moment of despair, roll up the map of Europe.' As background to this special feeling lay an amount of insular prejudice and detachment now difficult to estimate. Years later a foreigner spoke of Cobden as 'the first international man,' the founder of a political philosophy that was new, because based on the thought of national interdependence. Almost single-handed England stood against enor-

mous odds. Since the overthrow of the Armada no English call to battle could have worn so holy an aspect. There is an underlying truth in Mrs. Gaskell's allusion to the time wherein Miss Matty is made to say: 'I used to wake up in the night many a time and think I heard the tramp of the French entering Cranford. My father preached a whole set of sermons on the occasion, one set in the mornings, all about David and Goliath, to spirit up the people to fighting with spades or bricks if need were; and the other set in the afternoons, proving that Napoleon was all the same as Apollyon and Abaddon.' To the overwhelming consensus of feeling and opinion Jones had no arguments to oppose—with special pleading of national peril he had no concern. His testimony was against no particular application of armaments; it was against all warfare as unholy. Having made the statement in apostolic simplicity his part was to return, with what speed he might, to tasks awaiting his attention elsewhere.

Because, as I have already indicated, the Diary is chiefly valuable for the proportioning of its interests, and the mental outlook of the writer, I purpose to quote mainly from the volume which has borne me company rather than select special passages from a longer period of record. Its date is 1784, and it deals with the time when William Jones, as quite a young man, dwelt in his father's house, and divided his energies in weaving, driving and killing pigs, felling wood, fetching cheese from markets, and taking long walks to attend Friends' meetings. In the first days of January, 1784, the entries are mainly concerned with

the weather; the 1st is 'very cold,' the 2nd has only 'Resolution increased.' No entry that week is more than a line in length, and not till the 13th is there any further indication of mental feeling. Then we come on '13 strive for contentment,' and the 15th is entered thus: 'Windy and Cold. Tho it may seem hard submit unless some way opens clear,' and under this last phrase is bracketed 'unless something Extra.' The 16th is 'Windy and Cold. Cut up to pigs. Cannot set too great a guard on the Tongue. Tho one may seem ever so clear yet to be to Positive is rong the Yea or Nea is sufficient with any more words.' On the 18th it is chronicled that the hen begins to lay. On the 19th Jones buys 'another young one and a Pulett'; again entries on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd, record only the weather. '23rd, I'm very sorry for these three things in Particular amoung many others in giving to much Liberty to the Tongue letting in a Spirit of Discontent and Indulgence in things i knew to be rong when I seriously did Consid^r and gave no way to the Enemies Plauseable arguments which he would throw in my way for its being no harm.' All the next week the weather continues cold, visitors come, and Jones is busy helping, among other things, to bring home firewood from Ditchley. Familiar with his habit as a diarist I discern in the bare entries and short sentences of this season what he would have termed a 'dryness of soul.' On Feb. 6, he allows himself some latitude in expression, and the form of trial which provokes his tongue to unseemliness is indicated: '6 sharp frost again this morn the Tryal of my Patience appears very great and if F dose not go

to B sometime next week I do intend to strive at some thing Else if I am able.' On the 10th of February a flock of wild geese flew over Charlbury from the southward. On the 16th 'Cost 4*s.* to have my coat altered' is evidently noted in the Diary as a serious item, for it has already been entered in the balance-sheet of the period.

1784.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Jany 6th, in Box.	3	8	6
Do in Pocket		0	4½
11th Blader		0	0½
29th, „		0	0½
Curier gave		0	8
	3	9	7½
	0	4	8
	3	4	11½

Laid out	*s.*	*d.*
6th.		½
10. Gin b[r]		½
14. Do		½
20th. Do		½
Feby.		
4. Orange		1
6. Gin B		0½
10. Do		0½
13. a Rong Expression		0½
Altering coat	4	0
Mending shoes		3
	4	8

Feby 17th, in B.		5	6
in Pocket		0	8
Blader		0	0½
Mother gave		0	2
Uncle gibs gave		2	6
Curier Do.		0	8
Bladr			½
	3	19	7½
		6	1

Laid out		
22. qr b[r]		½
23. Hair cut	0	1½
gin[r] Brd	0	0½
ginr Brd	0	0½
Do	0	0½
March 3rd. spent		2
5th. Cake & nutts		2
Pair of Bree[s]		
Without y[e] making	5	6
	6	1

1784. April 20th. 'Put up chimney 5 Sides Bcn.

21st. A wet night but a fine day. I went in ye aftermorn to Lay's Rest to see ye Wood was Brot home vis 8 score 15teen fagots 40 Poles and some Burdens of Pea sticks.

22. fine Day made ye Edge to Hs garden warphd a y'd for one of Spelsbury.

23. fine morn and Day. H. C. here to Day from Stow.

24. Hail and Rain to night but fine morn and Day.

25. fine morn and Day. Aunt from Enstone and Cousins.

26. fine morn—In the day of Prosperity their's great need to walk humbly and circumspectly before God, Lest the love of the World and Friendships thereof should steal upon one at Unawares and draw the Minde from the Injoyment of the Pure Truth.

26. Father went to Banbury had the Excise-man's Horse.

27. Shower'y but more warm.

28. Got up at 5 very Clean morn help'd fetch 2 pigs from B. Es.'

During the succeeding months Jones takes many and long walks—sometimes with one or other of his numerous cousins he admires the beauty of Ditchley Park or Whichwood Forest, more often he goes alone 'in an Humble frame of mind.' The period of depression is long, and on July 31, 1785, he says, 'I think I never felt such distress of Minde as I have for several Days pass'd.' In August of that year he is enabled to lift his eyes to sorrows other than his own, and breaks forth thus: 'O: how the Poor are oppressed with hard Lab'r and low Wages theirby being deprived of a sufficiency of the necessaries of Life when they stand in most need of them, theirby the lives of some are Become very Sorrowfull, wile the Rich and full

are at ease takeing their Pleasure not suffering their Eyes to behold the hardships lest their Compassion should be mov'd and so Put them in minde of their Duty to God to Improve their gift which will make them willing to administer Relief and Comfort to the Needy and Distress'd.'

I am inclined to believe that William Jones must have been among the last of the cottage weavers of this district, and this idea is confirmed by an entry for June, 1784, 'fine a young man came to the window to see me work.' About this time he is much employed with his father in measuring land and placing stones in the furrows to mark the boundaries of different owners. As he digs and reaps and measures, William Jones is burdened by the heat, and jotted in days too busy for much writing is—'the desire of my heart is to the Allmighty that he would be Pleasd to give me strength in the Dificult and Prove-ing seasons to go through them without being to low as to give way to a Dezert state of minde.' As the autumn comes, he goes nutting in the forest, and the darkening evenings are occupied with 'twisting' and 'finishing a gear.' In 1786 he prays 'O that the affairs of the world may not hinder me from going to meetings.' If William Jones's other spiritual desires were granted in anything like the same measure as was that one, he attained in a degree allowed to few of his fellow mortals. Reference will be made later to the extraordinary extent to which he travelled the roads of our district in attendance at Friends' meetings.

At the outset I warned the reader that Jones's life found little room for laughter, that his interests were

narrow, yet in these early years there are indications that, in human companionship, he occasionally knew that uplifting of spirit in which 'a livelier emerald twinkles in the grass, a purer sapphire melts into the sea.' On October 24, 1786, we read, 'took a walk up in the forest wth Cous^{n} Temprance very Pleasant, Delightful. 25th, warping, fine. 26th, fine Sun w^{t} home with Cous^{n} to C. Norton left her very friendly and loving,' and in the Diary for those three days is unusual and vivid detail as to out-of-door sights and sounds. Through November and December of 1786 William Jones continues under 'Exercise of Minde' and the entries are chiefly of pig-killing. Early in December is, 'went to Witney and bought some Flax.' The 25th is entered thus—'the Day called Christmas tho Held in great veneration by some yet many shamfully abuse it by Drink-ing Feasting and abt this time gameing very much.' Jan. 8, 1787, is—'weav'd a little linen. Walk'd to Banbury for some work Father haveing spoken for some weeks before but the man was not so good as his word.' That is the sort of criticism of conduct, scathing in its simplicity, that this Diary hands down to us, but the form of embodiment is a testimony by no means slight to the writer's delicacy of feeling; in adverse comment names are never given and seldom initials, phrases such as 'a certain young woman,' 'a young man of that place,' being substituted. That this custom is born of intention is clear; Jones had no habitual squeamishness in speaking of his own failings and of the doings of the world in general around him: he shows a capacity for seeing things straightly and

naming them truly that is fairly startling. Of this clear vision is gradually and increasingly created a gift for forceful language. To the end he was unable to frame sentences, but his words and short phrases are a joy. January 29, 1787, is entered 'Wet *Dably* weather.' On February 25 he took a walk with a comrade with whom he had 'some *close* conversation.' March 18, 'O how discontented and unsettled are the mindes of many crying out if I had but this thing and that thing then I should be happy when also they have obtained it they are in a worse state than before in trusting in their vain imaginations, their mindes not being centered in the Pure Wisdom.' Rather later in life, when his constant attendance at different meetings of Friends leads to his often being entertained for the night, the hospitality is noted under one of three heads, namely, 'lodgd,' 'comfortably lodgd,' or 'lovingly lodgd'; surely they form a good basis for classification. In connexion with questions of marriage and affection his use of the word 'solid' is delightful.

Throughout the years of his sojourn in his father's house, when Jones enters 'Washing,' he seldom or never makes any further remark. Whether the omissions indicate absorption in fetching and carrying for his invalid mother, or whether they merely signify the household atmosphere in which meditation withered, they are horizon-giving. Light is thrown on a custom of the time by William Jones's entry for June 18, 1787, 'Rec'd a letter from Bristol Company of Snuff Manufactorys desire-ing not to pay the Bill to the man who tooke the orders there being a

disagreeing betwixt them whereas he had call'd and we had Paid him already which Put us into a great surprise therefore sent them a letter to inform them thereof and to trouble us no more.' From the Diary it is evident that travelling in the district at that time was mainly done on horseback. On September 19, 1787, is this entry, 'Went to C. Norton on Albright's horse and brought Hannah Albright home behind me.' In such fashion in after years William Jones carried his bride to her new home. Meanwhile the following incidents are recorded: Monday, 13th, 1791. 'Rose pretty early in the morning after breakfast having a desire to have an helpmeet and companion in this Life to help me on the way that leads to everlasting happines and Hannah Wells Daughter of Thomas Wells being a Sober virtues young woman I proposed to She to have she for an help-meet and companion if 'twas agreable to she and left it to her solid consideration after which I set out for Home.' Saturday, 17th. 'Warm and fine. Having got leave of my Parents to go again to Eden meeting and see Hannah Wells, set out from home about two o'clock called at Bloxham to see Aunt Midwinter who was very well and appeared glad to see me from thence to Banbury to see Uncle Nathan and the rest, found them all very well.' Monday, 19th. 'Very fine, got up betimes and after taking a walk after-wards enquired of Hannah Wells whether she had considered of that affair which I spoke to she of Concearning having a Help-meet and Companion in this Life to be a support and help to Her mind to go through the Tryals and Difficulties that we poor creatures

have to meet with here and to be an assistant to her Minde to lead and encourage her to keep in that Path that leads to Everlasting happiness but she signified to me that she should not chuse to change her situation in Life which satisfied me I having left it to Her own freedom to do as she thought best.'

In the spring of 1794 William Jones encompasses almost the whole of our district in his walks to meetings. On April 2nd of that year he walked from Charlbury to meeting at Stow, thence in the afternoon to Burford, where he 'lodged.' On the 9th he walked to Witney and was 'lovingly lodgd' there. On the next day, the 10th, there were meetings in the morning; with their quality he was not content, but of those in the afternoon he records: 'I think truth arose with more dominion.' Afterwards he walked home to Charlbury. On the 11th he walked to monthly meeting at Witney and home. On the 15th he took a walk to Sibford meeting; 16th, walked thence to Chipping Norton, was 'comfortably lodg'd at Cousin Fardon's.' On the 17th, 'Rose early walked home to breakfast.' These excursions are continued for years with undiminished ardour, and after June of that year, 1794, they are seldom solitary. Of June 6th we read 'this being the day appointed for I and Sarah Gilks to take each other in marriage' a meeting was held at ten o'clock, at which Jones first preached, and 'afterwards I and Sarah took each other in marriage in a very solid manner.' The bridegroom stayed with the bride in her father's house till the 9th, when they made their way to Charlbury, and for the 10th, the Diary has a really comfortable

and solitary entry, 'I and my wife were very busy a putting our goods in place at our new habitation.'

Beyond this point it does not serve my purpose to follow the pages of the Diary. Our last glimpse of the Jones household is obtained from a living source. Mr. John M. Albright, who is now eighty-six, well remembers an old house on the spot where to-day stands the chemist's shop of Charlbury. Inside the door on the left-hand stood a weaver's loom, and within lived William Jones and his wife. Himself a Quaker of the old school, Mr. Albright would not be struck by the characteristics of dress and speech that would appear peculiar to our generation. Yet any mention of William Jones brings to him an amused remembrance of droll stories heard in his boyhood. One is of a call made by the Duchess of Beaufort at a moment when William Jones had gone up the chimney to hang bacon, and his wife in embarrassed anticipation of his grimy reappearance, rushed upstairs and locked herself in her room, leaving him to descend, unwarned, on his guest. Of the after course of events is no record, but my wonder in the matter is how Sarah Jones's conventional-mindedness could so long have endured in her husband's company. Certainly she would receive no sympathy in her agitation. He was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of the good Duchess, whom it was his custom to address as 'Neighbour Buffet': his Diary in 1832 contains this entry, 'took a walk up to the Duke of Beaufort's, feeling a concern to speak to the Duchess,' and he more than once 'visited her to edification' in her London home.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER XI

NOTABLE MEN AND EVENTS

In endeavouring to imagine this district as it was a hundred years ago, I am reminded of the fairy tales of childhood, in which disaster followed the granting of the ill-considered wishes of mortals. Glibly we ask for quickened sympathy, more vivid imagination, little thinking how we might shrink appalled before the fulfilment of our desire. As I lift my head from this page I see across the valley what remains of the Jenkinson home at Walcot, and gazing, consciousness of the innumerable dead lies heavy upon me. My thought travels over the Chadlington ridge to a house where 1774 is cut in stone above a study window. I have known it for two years only and lived in it for one, yet I find the changes and experiences it has witnessed within that period, unthinkable, when multiplied by fifty. It is a little house, with two guest-rooms only, yet in recounting those who came and went in a twelvemonth, with such of their joy and sorrow as is obvious enough for my knowing, I travel a wide range, with the paradox of perpetual unlikeness and everlasting similarity in human experience, for companion.

In a village graveyard this pressure of the past is a weight hardly to be borne. Beneath the slabs and mounds and flattened grass-grown spaces, lie those who have dreamed and done and suffered; to each of whom his love, his work, his thought, has been as vital and essential as ours to us to-day, and each has set out devoid of all human companionship, into the dark, to be walled off, poet and peasant in apparent uniformity, by the insurmountable barrier betwixt the quick and the dead. Walcot was, for generations, the Jenkinson home; mention has already been made of Sir Robert of Jacobite activity, and the chancel of Charlbury church is paved with tombstones of the family. Sometime in the nineteenth century most of the Walcot house was destroyed, it is believed by fire, and the part that remains has long been used as a farm. The old garden, run wild and partly wooded, contains some notable flowers, among them the Jerusalem or Bethlehem cowslip. Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, was born at Charlbury in 1727, and educated at the Burford Grammar School. In 1761 he entered Parliament. He was made one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1766, and in Lord North's administration he was Secretary of War. A great financier, Jenkinson was the first English authority of his day on fiscal questions. In 1786 he was created Baron Hawkesbury, and in 1796 Lord Liverpool; his only son, Sir Robert Banks Jenkinson, then taking the title of Lord Hawkesbury. Robert Banks Jenkinson, second Earl of Liverpool, was nominated by Pitt in 1793 to a seat on the East India Board; from this date till his retirement in 1827, a period of thirty-four years

except for a few months, he held office continuously. From 1812 to 1827 he was Prime Minister. Mr. Morley, in his review of the Life of the second Earl of Liverpool, by C. D. Yonge, has carefully weighed and set aside his claim to great statesmanship. 'The politicians of stationary periods,' he says, 'do not survive in the memories of men.' Lord Liverpool came into English political life at a time when progressive home legislation was completely checked by the cost of a great war. He and his administration met the distress of 1817 and subsequent years with coercive measures only. It does not indeed seem to have occurred to him or his followers to ameliorate or remedy social conditions—they dealt merely with signs and externals. With the Tory party of this time, represented by Lord Liverpool, it is extremely difficult to come into sympathy; in part their power represented English reaction at sight of the excesses of the French Revolution, in part they seem to have continued in existence by virtue of inaction which was the result of incompetence. Conventionally, we cannot afford to neglect mention of the only Prime Minister nearly connected with our district, and in reality the details of his administration have a special value in our survey, even though they be of a negative nature; as well might the historical student begin investigation of the French Revolution at the year 1789, as we talk of Radical enthusiasm and Whig zeal, without realizing the barren period of the rule of Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh.

In the year 1801 was issued a prospectus of a forthcoming work on the Natural Order of the Geological

Strata of England and Wales. Its author, William Smith, was a man whose scientific opinion was sought by Arthur Young, William Crawshay, and Sir Joseph Banks. Smith was born at Churchill in 1769. His father was a local mechanician and his mother a native of Long Compton; he was educated at the village school in Churchill, and was known among his fellows as an ardent collector of fossils. By the age of eighteen William Smith was qualified to become the assistant of a surveyor at Stow-on-the-Wold. Beginning with a knowledge of the soils and rocks of Oxfordshire, he extended his field of geological inquiry, and was later employed as the engineer of the Somerset Coal Canal. By the year 1806 he was the leading English authority on drainage and irrigation; he was constantly travelling, sometimes covering ten thousand miles in a year, and this when there were no railways in existence. From 1800 to 1809 he was chiefly engaged in draining and stopping the inroads of the sea in the marsh land of East Norfolk; in 1810, when Bath was threatened with disaster from the failure of its hot springs, Smith discovered and remedied the leakage and left the supply more abundant than before. In 1831 the Council of the Geological Society made to William Smith the first award of the Wollaston Medal, presenting it to him at the second meeting of the British Association, held at Oxford. At the same date the Government granted him a pension of £100 a year, in consideration of his scientific services. On entering Churchill from the Chipping Norton road, where three ways diverge, one sees a triangle of open green; on

this stands an obelisk in memory of 'William Smith, the father of English geology.'

Early in the nineteenth century the *Oxford Journal* contains references to ploughing matches between Scotch and Englishmen at Great Tew, which place in 1808 and 1809 attracted much attention on account of agricultural experiments being conducted there. John Claudius Loudon, the son of a successful farmer near Edinburgh, was born about 1783. As a child he showed considerable ability for landscape drawing in connexion with gardening, or as he preferred to call his pursuit, landscape husbandry. After some horticultural training, he went to London in 1803, was welcomed there by Jeremy Bentham and Sir Joseph Banks, and in his twenty-first year was lucratively employed in landscape gardening as a profession. To a paper of Loudon's, published in 1803, we are largely indebted for the spring beauty of London squares. At that date these were almost entirely planted with evergreens, on which the grime of years had accumulated, and he proposed their destruction and the substitution of deciduous trees with their power of annual renewal. In his twenty-third year Loudon began to inspect English methods of farming, with the result that he decided they were much inferior to Scotch. In the year 1807 he persuaded his father to move from his Edinburgh home to an unoccupied farm at Pinner. About this time Loudon's publications on farming came to the notice of Colonel Stratton, who persuaded him to take up part of his estate at Great Tew at a nominal rent, and manage the whole under the Scotch system. Loudon took up his residence at

Tew Lodge, and effected so much improvement in the land as to raise the rental from thirteen shillings to over two pounds per acre, while the tenant was even more benefited than the landlord. He believed that the good farmer must beautify the land on which he worked, and that all agricultural improvement should be based on a union of beauty and utility. Great Tew to-day is a testimony to the manner in which Loudon's work met his thought. On every side the village is encompassed by belts of woodland and plantation in which trees are grouped in real affinity and relationship. Loudon had decided that evergreens were unsuitable in London: in the pure Oxfordshire atmosphere he planted them unsparingly, and they clothe the nakedness of our winter. At every point he exercised his gift of finding realities and acting in the light of them: a true lover of nature, for the exteriors of English homes he wrought what William Morris has effected within their walls. At Great Tew he reformed and remade hedges and roads, reclaimed land and exterminated pollard willows. He also started there an Agricultural College for farm bailiffs, and tried roofing buildings with a preparation of paper. The account of these things and much else that was effected on his model farm is given in a publication of 1811. He provided his labourers with good lodgings and cheap fare, and a writer in *The Garden* in 1872 says, 'If Loudon's principles in regard to plenteous fare and good lodging of the labourer had been carried out by the succeeding race of landlords and farmers, we should not have had to contend with the inconvenience and ruinous waste caused by

a "strike" among the agricultural labourers in this year, which is likely to lead to the gravest consequences, and an exodus of English muscle and labour to other parts of the world.'

Henry Rawlinson the Assyriologist was born at Chadlington in the year 1810; in 1827 he sailed for Bombay as a cadet in the East India Company's service. A remarkable linguist, within a year from his arrival he had acquired a large knowledge of Persian and Indian vernaculars and was appointed Interpreter. In 1843 he was given the important position of Political Agent for the East India Company in Turkish Arabia, and in 1844 he was made Consul at Baghdad. In 1835 he had begun deciphering the cuneiform inscription of Darius Hystaspes on the rock face at Behistum. After years of labour he was successful in making a complete transcription, of which particulars are given in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1846. To Rawlinson belongs the great distinction of being practically the first successful decipherer of cuneiform writing.

In the *Oxford Journal* for 1817 are two entries which, though they do not belong to events in our locality, must surely have aroused much interest within it. 'May 28th, 1817. It is again reported, that there is a very deep and widely extended plot to effect the escape of Bonaparte. There are said to be enormous deposits in the Banks of every government in Europe belonging to Bonaparte himself, his brothers, sisters, and relatives, and adherents of various descriptions and under various names, which, it is added, are intended to be employed in every possible

way to deliver him from his present situation, and to embroil all Europe in the attempt to restore him to all his former power.' It is easy to imagine the consternation such a report would cause and the anxiety with which the next issue of the paper would be awaited. Only two years earlier the struggle had closed and the mail coaches decked with laurels had brought down to our villages that 'Roll of the dead at Waterloo, which began with the Duke of Brunswick and ended with Ensign Brown.' The newspaper readers now found themselves called on to suppose that that victory might not have been the final act in the drama, and they bethought themselves and gossipped in the inn parlours of the night in January, 1803, when the Berwickshire beacon announcing that Napoleon had landed, was lighted, and the signals had responded on the hill-tops. Nothing that I have ever read or heard has so impressed upon me the part which this struggle had in the life of the nation as the talk of a Charlbury cottager. Richard Kibble is now a feeble old man and it is difficult to arouse his interest and intelligence on any subject except the battle of Waterloo. Of that he delights to give a detailed and technical description. Not because of professional interest—he has never been in the army—but merely because he was born in 1815, and heard so much from his parents in after time of the event that made memorable the year of his birth. Doubtless, for long after his banishment to St. Helena, Napoleon remained as the bogey-man of English village life, and, even now, mentions of Frenchmen awake suspicious allusions to 'Bony.' I have, how-

ever, been much interested in hearing of the use of a rhyme indicating that the leaders on both sides were pressed into the service of nursery morality :

'Baby, baby, naughty baby!
Hush you squalling thing I say!
Hush this moment, or it may be
Wellington will pass this way.'

The second extract concerns a suggestion, under consideration in December of 1817, that the city of Oxford shall be lighted with gas, and in the comments thereon we find this statement. 'The first application of coal gas in Great Britain to the purposes of illumination was by Mr. Sadler, late Inspector-General of Chemistry to the Admiralty, about thirty years since, at the Town Hall, Oxford.' In this, the day of electricity, it may be difficult for the reader to realize the boon of gas-lit streets. I, who have wandered in hopeless perplexity across the village green at Kingham in the darkness of November nights, have distinct feeling for the horrors that were escaped, the ghosts that were laid by the kindly lamp-posts.

Consideration of the building of the Roman Catholic Church at Chipping Norton, early in the nineteenth century, opens an alluring range for inquiry. After recounting the Catholic persecutions in Oxford during the reign of Elizabeth, Mr. Meade Falkner in his *History of Oxfordshire* makes the following statement: 'It is small wonder if the Romanist creed was gradually battered out of Oxfordshire under such assaults as these.' Mr. Falkner refers to a return of recusants made by Protestant rectors of Oxfordshire in 1706, and now preserved at Stonyhurst; in this

list ninety-six parishes are mentioned; in sixty there are said to be no Papists, and in sixteen others only one apiece. I do not know whether Mr. Falkner has based his conclusion on this return, which is manifestly of little value, but I am quite convinced his opinion is erroneous. It is impossible to dwell in North Oxfordshire without realizing the continued existence of pre-Reformation Catholicism: to many estates such as Heythrop, and the Fermors at Idbury, Roman priests were attached till late in the eighteenth century, and I am acquainted with cottagers' families attending Mass at Chipping Norton that are without memory or tradition of conversion from any other form of faith. Within the churches of Fifield and Idbury the Sanctus bell remains in its original niche, and I am told by Father Sole of Chipping Norton that he has little doubt that the curious custom of ringing the congregation out of church on Sunday morning in Charlbury is a survival of the mid-day Angelus. Inquiry under this head has led me to the conclusion that in Oxfordshire there remain more vital links with the religious past of England and Rome of to-day, than are to be found in any other county of the Midlands.

The later history of the Shrewsburys at Heythrop is in the main the tale of a religious dispute. Heferman, the last priest there, died in 1858, and his body has been removed by Father Sole to Chipping Norton. In February of 1831, during the time the house was let by the Earl of Shrewsbury to the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Heythrop was burnt to the ground. The story runs that the catastrophe was

caused by the servants' fear of entering certain haunted rooms after dusk. Fires had been lit by the housekeeper in all the bed-chambers on the morning before the Duke and Duchess were to return after a long absence ; in the evening maids were sent to see that all was safe, but they purposely omitted the haunted rooms on their round, and in one of these the fire originated. This Duchess of Beaufort, friend of William Jones, locally known as 'the good duchess,' was wife of the brother of Lord Raglan of Waterloo. With the last named we are intimately connected, for he left the house now known as Lower Court, Chadlington, for the Crimea. Born in 1788, in 1807 he accompanied the British ambassador to Constantinople, and became aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. At Waterloo he lost his right arm, and after the battle was created colonel and K.C.B. He was in command of the British forces at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and died before Sebastopol.

Till the close of the nineteenth century the house and estate at Cornbury remained in the possession of the Churchill family, and on Friday, December 28, 1900, the white-washed chapel at Finstock witnessed an impressive ceremonial. Jane, Baroness Churchill, who had been for forty-six years in waiting on Queen Victoria, and had died suddenly at Osborne House on Christmas Day, was brought home for burial. Lady Churchill was the 'Jane' of the Queen's *Memoirs*; no one else at Court was so intimate with the sovereign or so fully knew the details of her private life. Surrounded by wreaths from the Queen and members of the royal family, the coffin was taken from Osborne

to Southampton on board the yacht *Alberta* and then to Charlbury by special train. At Finstock representatives of foreign Courts, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord William Cecil, and other members of the royal household, mingled with the villagers, who also mourned a friend. The Queen herself sent a wreath, with a card in her own handwriting, bearing the inscription, 'A mark of most loving affection and grateful remembrance from her devoted friend, Victoria, R. I.' One from the Prince and Princess of Wales was marked, 'For auld lang syne,' another from the Empress of Russia, 'A message of loving remembrance.' Three weeks later England mourned her Queen — the mistress had followed the servant and lifelong friend.

CHAPTER XII

THE MAIL COACHES AND THE COMING OF THE RAILWAYS

'THE modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail coach systems in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity—not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon alien evidence: as, for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience; or upon the evidence of a result, as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion, or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was not "magna loquimur," as upon railways, but "magna vivimus." We do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeurs, we realize our grandeurs in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies

that had no sympathy to give, but was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest among brutes, in his dilated nostrils, spasmodic muscles, and thunder-beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the maniac light of his eye, might be the last vibration of such a movement; the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them, that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rapture of the fiery strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse. But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trafalgar has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam-kettle. The galvanic circle is broken up for ever; man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse; the inter-agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mists that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes that awed. Tidings fitted to convulse all nations must henceforth travel by culinary process; and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart-shaking when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot-wallopings of the boiler. Thus have perished multiform openings for public expres-

sions of interest, scenical, yet natural, in great national tidings — for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of gazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water, and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.' De Quincey's Essay, from which the foregoing sentences are taken, has set forth in a manner unequalled the poetry of the mail coach; it has a special value for us because the mental standpoint from which it is written is Oxford. Speaking of his college days, De Quincey reminds us that Oxford students keeping the short terms of Michaelmas, Easter, Lent, and Act, made eight journeys to and fro in the year, and in consequence no city outside London had so intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Palmer's Mails.

In 1783 Palmer was manager of the Bath theatre, and suffered constant and serious inconvenience from the irregular arrival of the coaches. In that year he put before Pitt a carefully drafted scheme of reform in the conveyance of the mails, and, spite of official opposition, it was adopted in 1784. So great was the improvement effected that in 1789 most of the mails were conveyed in one-half of the time in which they were carried in 1783. For eight years Palmer personally superintended, as Comptroller-General, the running of the new coaches with their armed guards and exact time-table. By 1820, coach travelling had vastly developed, and it is said that three

hundred mail coaches passed Hyde Park Corner daily. Under Palmer's rule, the evening mails out of London all left the old post office in Lombard Street at the same hour. De Quincey has described the sight of the coaches, horses and men impatient for the journey which should spread the news of Salamanca and Waterloo through the expectant land. Dickens too, in his story of *The Bagman's Uncle*, has reinvested the coaches with something of the power of their past, but, spite of such aids, we are slow to imagine the glory of their day. Before the coming of the railways, 'by guard' was the most expeditious method of correspondence between distant points; by this means, results of country elections, requests for help in quelling mob riots, reached the Ministry in London. Coming from town, the mail guards shouted items of news to expectant people gathered along the route; during the trial of Queen Caroline, near every centre of population crowds awaited the passing of the coach. In the early years of the nineteenth century, accidents were common. In the *Oxford Journal* for July 26, 1817, we read—'On Thursday last Spencer's opposition Gloucester Coach on its way to London, was overturned near Burford, by which accident Mr. Thomas Heath, of this city, victualler, who was an outside passenger, had his leg so dreadfully fractured as to be obliged to suffer amputation; there were four inside and three outside passengers, most of whom were seriously bruised, and the coachman (Bishop) was left in a dangerous state. We cannot deprecate in too strong terms the present infamous practice of coaches racing

with each other, whereby the lives of the passengers are put in imminent danger, merely from the caprice of the drivers. The above coach was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour.' Thomas Gray, writing in 1824, says that the system of English road management remains the same as for half a century past, that carriages are beyond comparison more heavily loaded than formerly, and that, therefore, increase of speed has been gained at the expense of merciless overdriving; he continues, 'In a cool and statistical estimate of the facilities of intercourse enjoyed in this country, contained in a recent publication (*The Edinburgh Review* for January last), it is, without comment, related, that "a public carriage was established not long since on one of our southern roads, to run twelve miles per hour; but seven horses having died in three weeks, the rate is now reduced to ten miles per hour." The casualties attending this cruel experiment were, doubtless, more than usually numerous, but if inquiry is made of them, the most merciful of modern stage-coach proprietors will acknowledge that they average not more than three years' labour from their horses; upon some roads even not more than two.' Road guides, analogous to our railway time-tables, for travellers, were issued with the sanction of the Postmaster-General. One of these, *Cary's Itinerary* of 1802, has been lent to me. It contains lists and maps of the main and cross coach-roads, particulars of fares, distances, market days, and country residences. My great-aunt, to whom this copy belonged, has written in it '11th month 1802, cost 7/6.'

The modern lover wofully repeats the line, 'Thus

far the miles are measured from my friend,' but the sonnet lacks the force and fitness in quotation it held for our grandparents on coach and horseback travel. Sixty years ago, a great-uncle of mine came by the Worcester coach to Enstone, and thence on horse or foot to Charlbury to pay week-end visits to his wife to be. Tales of his early setting forth, and of the sights he saw by the way, have pleased the childhood of his descendants, and they have realized how such journeying quickened his love and knowledge of natural things to a point unequalled in his grandchildren. He travelled where we are transported. Valuable in this connexion is the speech of our villagers: with them to-day the primary meaning of 'travel' is to walk, and all tramps are known as 'travellers.'

Till 1835 there was no railway out of London, and in 1840, at the institution of the Penny Post, no line was completed for a continuous length of a hundred miles. The greatest opposition, chiefly by Eton College authorities, was made to the construction of the Great Western; our portion of it, Oxford to Worcester, was not opened till 1852. My father tells me of a walk along the unfinished line from Chipping Norton Junction northwards. From these, and kindred reminiscences, I am able to image the conditions of life in North Oxfordshire at the end of the mail coach period, and it has seemed to me valuable to fix on one particular place and inquire how, and how much, its neighbourhood has been affected by the coming of the railway. Many in this generation look backward with longing eyes to North Oxfordshire as Shelley loved it, and feel scant sympathy with modern

modes of transit. The uncommercial nature of our district, that the poet discerned to be its leading feature, remains to this day; less than almost any other English area of equal population are we affected by the paraphernalia of business life. The social historian who travels from Paddington by a train stopping only at Oxford, to Chipping Norton Junction, need walk but a mile to the right or left of that station to satisfy himself that the influence of a main line is narrow still. Bledington and Kingham slumber in undisturbed self-sufficiency and importance. Many villagers living a few miles from a station have still vague notions as to railway systems and arrangements. One woman at Finstock confessed to me the awe in which she held the moving train—'You mean when you see it coming into the station at Charlbury?' I said. 'Dear me, no,' she replied; 'us don't go to no station, we'm afeard her'll run up into Finstock some night.' To determine the effect of the coming of the railway to such a place as Charlbury, two things are necessary—a knowledge of Enstone in the days of the coaches, and of Charlbury as it is at present. In Enstone to-day the Lichfield Arms stands a gaunt monument to glory that has gone. Many-eyed but sightless, its rows of bedrooms look on a silent street. Living men tell of evenings in their youth when the band played nightly from a platform set in a yew-tree beside the famous fountains, and the six inns were ever filled with travellers. Middle-aged persons in Charlbury talk of heading their letters 'Near Enstone,' for fuller safety and dispatch, and now the town slumbers, forgotten, in the hills. Streets that

echoed to the sound of the horn and the horses' hoofs, stand unbroken in stillness; the living tide that channelled through the village has sought and found another course. In the *Oxford Gazetteer* of 1852 I find, under Charlbury, this reference to the coming of the railway: 'the new station when erected will add much to the general appearance of the town.' There are no words in which to discuss the strangeness of that belief. Standing to-day in Charlbury and looking down the steep hill the visitor is grateful for the unobtrusive nature of the toy house set in incidental fashion amid the woods and meadows, but those who looked to it for positive embellishment of their district must have been sorely disappointed. From the standpoint on the hill it is easy to realize how much the picturesqueness of the town was injured by the railway embankment; before its coming the forest road fell down to the level of the river, which was crossed by a quaint bridge, Charlbury rising abruptly from it in the way of Burford. That levelling is a loss, but I am inclined to think it is the chief one consequent on the railway at this point. Where of old the wealthier inhabitants of the country-side drove to Enstone for the coach, they come to Charlbury for the train, but the rapidity of transit has prevented need for sleeping accommodation, so that change has not led to an increase in the size of the town. For our poorer folk the railway means chiefly a cheap and easy connexion with the Infirmary at Oxford, and as such it has had many a sufferer's benediction. What it all comes to is this, within the past fifty years, that is, since the coming of the rail-

way, Charlbury has increased slightly in size, Enstone has decreased considerably. But the Enstone population was analogous to that of Hastings and Brighton to-day, being composed in the main of visitors and those who lived upon them—economically, such are not a real factor in national wealth. Emigration and migration to the towns from our villages had gone very far before the coming of the railways, and I doubt whether, in this district, their opening to any great degree augmented depopulation of the country and growth of the towns. Overcrowding in Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, and Birmingham has surely never been proportionately worse than in the times of the Chartist risings. Further, the rustic in search of employment does not travel by train; any and every day he is to be seen drifting up to town by the highways and hedges. In an earlier chapter I have shown that difficulty of transit in the eighteenth century was the chief reason that the steam factories became at once coincident with the coal-fields. Of the capitalist greed of gain that despoiled the peasant till he was willing to allow his wife and daughters to work in the mills of the North, no words are strong enough to use. In deep disgust at the evils wrought by this lust of gold, in many minds to-day the reaction against the whole paraphernalia of commerce is strong. It is not always wise. Those of us who most ardently desire a return to the domestic system of production, must realize the impracticability of putting our finger on any one development of modern life and saying—here is the canker, remove that and the nation will be whole. Before we estimate the railways it is right to

image exactly the conditions that brought them into being. The wise man will not commit himself to criticism of one such development without a basis of knowledge of the economic conditions of the last two centuries.

Motor cars are occasionally to be seen in our country. I wish them speed on their journey in the spirit of the toll-gate keeper of whom Coleridge tells. Trevethick, in 1802, was taking his newly-invented steam engine along a Cornish road for shipment to London. It came at high speed to a toll-gate which was thrown open before it by an agitated keeper—'What have us got to pay?' demanded Trevethick's cousin. 'Nothing to pay, nothing; my dear Mr. Devil, drive on as fast as you can, *do*,' was the countryman's rejoinder. Much may be said for the beneficence of steam horses within the rigid limit of their iron rails; nothing for letting them loose to the terror of man and beast upon country roads.

If tidings of national welfare and disaster are mechanically conveyed, the romance of the road still bears part in our private concerns. The night mails from the Chipping Norton, Enstone, and Charlbury districts are taken to and from Oxford by coach; night letters from Oxford travel ten and a half miles of their journey to London by road. It is worth while to see these mail carts start and know their routes, thereafter we speed our tidings on conscious travel to our friend where before we had committed them for resurrection to an alien and inanimate system.

CHAPTER XIII

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER AND JOSEPH ARCH

THERE is, of course, no real dividing line between the centuries; the *Journal* of 1801 is not obviously different from its forerunner of 1799. The Act of Elizabeth, by which local magistrates fixed the rate of wages in each district, continued in force till 1812. By 1856 the labourer's wages were, in many parts of England, lower than they had been in 1750, in spite of the facts that rents had risen and almost every necessary of life was dearer than a hundred years previously. Throughout the progress of the continental war landlords and farmers grew wealthy, but the labourer had no share in the increase of prosperity. After the battle of Waterloo in 1815, wages had reached their lowest point. Meanwhile, for the first twenty years of the century, wheat averaged ninety-eight shillings a quarter, and in 1817 it reached one hundred and twenty-six shillings[1]. The Factory Act of 1802 made a first attempt to control child

[1] This statement is quoted by Gibbins from Thorold Rogers, and on such authority I am obliged to accept it, though it does not tally with the price of the year given in the appendix.

labour in the great centres of industry, but almost another century was to elapse before this protection was extended to children working in agricultural gangs. General distress in the early years of the nineteenth century was increased by the depreciated paper currency; by 1813 the premium on gold, the loss therefore on paper, was thirty per cent. The laws against combinations of workmen remained in force till 1824. In the *Oxford Journal* of May 27, 1809, we read, 'On Thursday last Peter Burton, a journeyman shoemaker, was convicted, before the magistrates of this city, under the statute passed in the 39th year of the present king, "for preventing unlawful combinations of workmen," of wilfully and maliciously decoying, persuading and soliciting John Savage, a journeyman shoemaker, to leave the employment of his master, Mr. John Holmes, for the purpose of obtaining an advance of wages.' Detailed information as to the domestic life and housing of the people in the first half of the nineteenth century will be found in reports of the medical officers for health in 1864, and those of the Commission on the employment of Women and Children of 1867.

To our generation, what consciousness we possess of the poverty and degradation of the English labourer in the first half of the nineteenth century, has come to us chiefly through the writings of Charles Kingsley. As a schoolboy in Bristol he had witnessed the desperate rioting of 1832, and the degraded mob and the brutality of its suppression made on his mind an impression destined to be the chief influence in his life and writing. Before 1848 he had preached to his

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people at Eversley on emigration, poaching, and political risings. So wide is the divergence between the part played by the Established Church in the life of the people then and now, that I despair of words forceful to carry, in the ears of a generation accustomed to the practical Christianity of the modern cleric, the just value of that statement. November, 1830, witnessed organized machine riots in this district. Threshing machines were destroyed at Chipping Norton and at Banbury; at the latter place the Yeomanry being ordered out to subdue the insurgents. Eighteen years earlier, in various places in the country, weaving and lace frames had been destroyed by the people, and death penalties had been exacted. At that time the skilled artisan, the hand-loom weaver, had suddenly found himself deprived of the means of livelihood, or, at best, degraded to the level of the unskilled and child worker, and in 1830 a similar fate seemed about to befall the agricultural labourer. There was rioting as to the enclosure of Otmoor in 1830. Naturally these mob risings accomplished nothing, years were to elapse before our villagers sought and found, in combination, their strength. The Chartist Union of town workmen, which reached its head in the monster petition of 1848, was growing in power; and of a social remedy tried by one of its leaders I shall shortly have to speak. Meanwhile, for general ideas as to the conditions of the labourer at this time we cannot do better than fall back on *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and the sermons and poems of Charles Kingsley. In a day of material remedies, when no thought was given to national education, he it was who

said the true word, indicated the underlying fallacy of outward and non-educational schemes. 'Men will never be joined in true brotherhood,' he says, 'by mere plans to give them a self-interest in common as Socialists have tried to do. No: to feel *for* each other they must feel *like* each other. To have sympathies in common they must have not one object to gain, but an object of admiration in common.' In his poems about 1842, during the time he was curate at Eversley, Kingsley's poaching sympathies are clearly marked. Our game laws of to-day at least make a distinction, at that time unknown, between preserved and ground game. Any who are interested in this subject should read the report of the evidence given by Joseph Arch in 1873, before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in which he claims that ground game is not the property of the landlord. The suffering of the English peasant, in the unnatural conditions resulting from the preservation of hares and rabbits, is wonderfully given in Kingsley's *Bad Squire*—

> 'The merry brown hares came leaping
> Over the crest of the hill,
> Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
> Under the moonlight still.'

while the poacher's widow wrestled in spiritual agony with the powers under whose rule her children were reared in starvation and shame. It has been said that, from a literary point of view, Kingsley has here marred what might have been a lyric poem, in devotion to a cause. In reviewing the circumstances under which it was written, I cannot suppose 'Parson Lot' would have been affected by that criticism; I am not

sure of its truth. The anguish of spirit through which the writer reached sympathy to voice the impotent agony of the woman who has 'had thirty years of repining, as an English labourer's wife,' is surely one with vision of the dramatic irony of the capering hares who reck nothing of starvation, and blood-stains on the clover. So awful is the woman's indictment of the squire and the 'mealy-mouthed rector,' who cause these things to be, that it would seem the heavens hardly could hear and keep silence. Yet the force and reality of the situation lies in the remoteness of divine or human help.

'She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.
But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill.'

Such frame in which to set speech of the Oxfordshire agricultural labourer early in the nineteenth century has seemed to me necessary, from my own experience of dull-heartedness. I had, years ago, read *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* with a stirring of the senses I had mistaken for sympathy, but my true initiation lingered late and reached me from afar. In her kitchen in New South Wales a brave-hearted old woman talked to me of her girlhood 'at home.' She had lived in Australia forty-five years, and from her I learned the worth and wonder of the tie that binds the colonist to the mother-land. In Northumberland dialect she has told her children through the

years of the English springs, and her simple soul harbours no remotest grudge against the conditions of her youth. Yet one, the age of her grandchildren, listened to her talk with overwhelming sense of shame and humiliation. I had looked with critical eyes on the workers' homes in this new land, and wondered with bewilderment in what respect of true wealth their inhabitants could suppose they had bettered their old-world conditions. Through this woman's speech I learned that the England of her memory and my love, were differing places. She spoke in complete unconsciousness of change, of conditions she supposed still to obtain. Apprenticed to a cruel master, almost in her childhood, she had worked in the fields, hoeing, and weeding, and planting, from dawn to dark, leading a life which would now be considered one of intolerable hardship. Hers is a beautiful and childlike soul, and so in some mysterious manner she has passed on to her children only love and reverence for the old land. But this is not always the case. When I expostulated with one of my own generation, from the same district of New South Wales, for insanitary habits, she replied that her mother said miners' families in England lived in one room ; and by no means could I convince her of the changes in decency and comfort wrought during the last fifty years in the homes of the English workmen.

Feargus O'Connor, the Chartist, was born in 1794. In 1834 he was elected Member of Parliament for Oldham, and in the year 1843 he induced the Chartist Convention to adopt his scheme for settling the surplus population of Lancashire towns on the land as

peasant proprietors. On October 24, 1846, was formally inaugurated the Society later known as the National Land Company. The scheme was received enthusiastically by those whom O'Connor desired to benefit, and an initial difficulty of the enterprise was that shares in the Company were taken up more quickly than suitable estates could be acquired. Within three years seventy thousand persons became subscribers, and by the midsummer of 1848 ninety thousand seven hundred and fourteen pounds eighteen shillings and threepence had been raised. In 1847 the Society purchased a farm of two hundred and ninety-six acres at Minster Lovell, three miles from Witney. This was divided into eighty-one divisions, of two, three, and four acres respectively, and a house, stable, and pig-stye was set up on each allotment. These small holdings were then balloted for by the mechanics who were to be the settlers, the land was ploughed at the cost of the Company, and thirty pounds were advanced to each occupier as working capital. A share of two pounds ten shillings qualified for a two-acre lot, of three pounds fifteen shillings for a three-acre, and of five pounds for a four-acre. The rent charge for four acres was ten pounds ten shillings. The original artisan settlers at Minster Lovell were entirely without training or qualification for agricultural life, and stories of their ignorance are still related in the district. One in particular has survived, of an owner who chastised his pig for noisiness when it was squealing to make known its hunger. The whole story of the Land Company is a long one, but, as regards these first tenants at Minster Lovell, the

experiment was a failure and all but two of them drifted back to the towns. But the point of present interest lies in the fact that the holdings are now a success, being all occupied by agricultural labourers who pay rates, taxes, and rents varying from eight pounds to fourteen pounds. In the allotments strawberries are grown for the Oxford market, and very good potatoes that are sent to Bristol. With regard to the growing of the latter crop, Arthur Young in his *Oxfordshire Report*, published in 1813, says that a few years previously the cottager had no potatoes and ate cabbage only with his bacon, but that then the root was grown in all gardens.

The life of Joseph Arch, written by himself, with a preface by the Countess of Warwick, gives a vivid picture of the conditions of the Oxfordshire and Warwickshire peasant from 1835 till the institution of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union in 1872. Arch, himself a Warwickshire labourer, was born in 1826 at a period when, as he notes, though wheat was dearest and land most valuable, the lot of the peasant was worst. With simplicity and force, Arch describes the barren home of the cottager in 1835, when he was old enough to realize that the famine price of bread was caused, not by scarcity of corn, but by unwillingness of those who held it to sell at any but the highest price. This understanding, combined with the petty tyranny of the curate and his wife, under which his mother's sufferings were increased, and the social division between farmers and labourers reaching even to the Communion table, awoke his indignation, and from that time, he tells us, the iron entered into his

soul. Of educational facilities for the labourers' children, Arch tells us that a child was not allowed to attend school till he reached the age of six, that at nine, boys such as himself were set to work in the fields scaring birds at fourpence for a thirteen hours' day. A few years later they would be promoted to a ploughboy's position at three shillings a week. In time, Joseph Arch became 'Champion hedge-cutter of all England,' and henceforth he moved about the Midlands and South Wales taking hedging and mowing-contracts. To use his own phrase he travelled with open ears, and made continual comparison between the conditions of the Welshman and that of the labourer of the Midlands. In England he found men living in hovels hardly fit for pig-styes and unable to secure land for their cultivation. But, to a man of his nature, more intolerable than greater grievances was the want of freedom and privacy of the labourer's home life. On one occasion he had bought his little girl a beaded hair-net; when she appeared with it in school the vicar's wife said it was unsuitable to her position and she must not wear it again. Arch appears to have realized that the farmer's treatment of his labourer was often merely the consequence of the landlord's attitude to the farmer, and he constantly tried to point out to his followers that the interests of the master and workmen were finally and indissolubly one. Yet he saw clearly that the typical farmer did not go the right way to get the best attainable from his workmen. About the year 1869 Arch had in his own employ twenty-five to thirty labourers, and he found it served

his interests to appeal to their co-operation by telling the poorer hands among them to remember that the wages he gave were not to be obtained elsewhere, and they would serve themselves and him best by learning to do their work well. In February, 1872, when Arch was in his forty-sixth year, there came to him the call he had long anticipated. Two workmen came to see him and ask him to start a Labourer's Union. He believed that the time was ripe, yet he would not undertake the responsibility without warning them of the suffering a united struggle, even if finally successful, must entail, and of the consequence of failure. He spoke of Hammett who had started such an Agricultural Union in Dorsetshire, and who with five comrades, had been tried and transported. But the men who sought in Arch a leader, had counted the cost and were not to be daunted. That night nearly two thousand labourers gathered in pitch darkness under the chestnut tree at Wellesbourne; not a notice or handbill had been printed, but word had gone forth from mouth to mouth. The meeting was lighted by village lanterns hung on bean poles. Within the following week hundreds of men joined the Union, which served notices on the farmers asking for an advance of wages from twelve shillings to sixteen shillings [1], and bound its members who should be refused to strike work, with a week's notice to the employer. Almost immediately hundreds of

[1] In 1756 the labourer's nominal wage averaged 8*s.* to 10*s.* a week, and his earnings were augmented by common rights of pasturage and fuel. In 1830 the average was 10*s.* to 12*s.*, and this sum represented, spite of famine prices, all his income.

Warwickshire men were without work, and meanwhile Arch was busy rallying other counties, eight in all, to the standard, and Oxfordshire was among them. The *Oxford Journal* for March 30, 1872, gives a long notice of the 'Strike of Agricultural Labourers'; the men were out, spring work was waiting and the farmers were alarmed. In May, enthusiastic meetings, addressed by workmen, were held at Swinbrook and Milton-under-Wychwood. On into the summer the Union stood out, and in watching the temper of its quiet resistance, wise men in the upper classes began to marvel at the strange difference between this organized movement and the 'Swing Riots' of forty years earlier. The *Oxford Journal* for May 25, 1872, contains an excellent speech made by Mr. Henley at Thame on the behaviour of the Oxfordshire men on strike. At a meeting on October 26, addressed by T. H. Green and Thorold Rogers, the latter stated that in the history of social risings he 'knew of no combination so temperate, so hopeful as the present.' On July 1 of that year a meeting at Milton-under-Wychwood, at which two thousand persons were present, was addressed by Arch. At this point, a question may arise as to the mental attitude of his hearers. Most of them were far behind their leader in intellectual development; what force had been at work preparing them for combined action? What had awaked their scanty intelligence, kindled their enthusiasm for the general welfare? It cannot be too strongly emphasized that a religious revival was at the back of the social movement. For half a century Methodist local preachers had been appealing to the

remnant of militant puritanism in the people and the dry bones had arisen. Chief among the practical elements that made for success in the growth of the Union was the use of labour songs, and, without exception, these were sung to hymn tunes. Through the spring and summer of 1872 the Union increased by leaps and bounds till it numbered fifty thousand members. Archibald Forbes, as *Daily News* correspondent, rendered yeoman service to the cause, and as the facts of the struggle became known funds poured in. But, to the honour of Arch and his followers, it should be remembered that when the lock-out commenced the labourers' organization had only five shillings in hand. That spring witnessed a struggle between authorities and people as to the right of public meeting. All buildings were closed against the Unionists and they met in the open. The landlords and farmers prosecuted on the ground of obstruction and the matter was brought to a head in a trial at Faringdon. Arch had mustered his forces to fight the case and his counsel clearly proved that the Unionists had scrupulously avoided obstructing or blocking public ways, and the legal decision was in their favour. In May of 1873 the eyes of England were turned to our particular locality. The *Times* and *Daily News* sent special commissioners to Ascot-under-Wychwood and Chipping Norton, the names of our villages from day to day were heard in question and answer in the House of Commons. At Ascot the Union men were locked out. A farmer, Hambridge, had added fuel to the popular excitement by summoning and obtaining costs from a carter who,

in going out, had neglected the technicality of giving the full week's notice. When Hambridge had procured non-union men from a distance, and they were coming to work, the women of Ascot, armed with sticks, marched out to meet and threaten them. For this offence sixteen women concerned were arrested and taken to Chipping Norton for trial. Little evidence was given, there was not the slightest proof that more than threats had been used, and it was shown that the men had afterwards gone to work on the farm. The magistrates on the bench, from a mistaken sense of duty, sentenced the sixteen women, seven to ten days' imprisonment with hard labour, nine to seven days' with hard labour. The Union authorities, regretting the unwisdom of the Ascot riot, were prepared for the infliction of fines, which they had a delegate in court waiting to provide, but for this sentence of wholesale imprisonment without option, they and the public were totally unprepared. Wild excitement prevailed in Chipping Norton after the trial, an attempt at rescue was organized, and the police telegraphed for military assistance. The prisoners were taken into Oxford before daylight in brakes and lodged in gaol by six o'clock next morning. While the women remained there in prison, news of these events spread throughout England, and the struggle between masters and men assumed a national importance. Such publicity did much to determine an issue favourable to the Union, and without doubt the rise in wages to their present average of twelve shillings to sixteen shillings is largely due to this agitation. The case for the

farmers in the Ascot affair is to be found in a letter sent by them to the *Times* of June 2, 1873, and reprinted in the *Oxford Journal* for June 7. Of this, the employers' side of the question, it has been my fortune to hear a good deal. Arch, they say, broke the tie between men and masters, rendered impossible a continuance of agricultural festivals. For a list of these in 1872 I am indebted to a friend who spent her girlhood at Bruerne Grange. First in the year, on Shrove Tuesday, was the pancake supper, when the shepherd and all who had helped him through the lambing season came into the farm, and for fully an hour the cook would be busy frying them pancakes on the open hearth. In April, directly the spring corn was in, came the plum pudding supper given to the carter and his boys. On an evening at Whitsuntide it was customary for the farmers to dine at the men's club in the village. During haytime, when the fields nearest the house were cut, there was a women's hay tea, at which the mistress of the farm presided in person. Chief event of all was the harvest-home, held when the last load of corn was in the rick-yard. In preparation for this, the farm kitchen was cleared of superfluous furniture, long tables were arranged with pewter and candles. At these the labourers with their wives and children were seated, and a feast of roast beef, Yorkshire and plum puddings was spread before them. All this is very charming, but such occasional festivities strike the impartial observer as inadequate to the needs of the situation. In insistence on these arcadian festivals I am reminded of a remark I once heard

on a social reformer. 'William Morris,' said the critic, 'his remedy for the ills of the human race is a chronic and affectionate picnic!' Also before estimating the value of these occasional joys in the labourer's life, it is well to read what Arch has to say of the moral effect of the harvest-home and the harvest frolic.

In 1872 the price of meat was high and England was on the eve of a potato famine. At this time began the importation of Australian meat, and its cheapness provided an additional argument for the emigration agents who were busy in our towns and villages. In the *Oxford Journal* of April 12, 1873, is a letter from an Englishwoman, setting forth in glowing terms the allurements of life in New Zealand. In 1874, Arch became alarmed at the rate of emigration and warned people and Government of the danger of a policy that was robbing England of the best of her rural population. But the tide had set and was not to be stayed. Robbed by the Acts of Inclosure of his stake in the country, the more intelligent labourer reflected that his lot in a new land might be better, and hardly could be worse, than his position in the old. There is something that compels the imagination in this general setting-forth from the restricted village life to travel 'beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down,' and the attraction increases as the source and bourne of the wayfarers are alike realized. Whatever truth of vision underlies this chapter, comes from the linking in thought of our Oxfordshire labourer of fifty years ago with the Australian workman of to-day.

Without doubt the most enterprising of our villagers who had not set forth for the colonies, have, throughout the last fifty years, been drifting into the towns, leaving the physically and mentally incapable behind them; probably also it is impossible to estimate the virtues of one's own generation, but certainly for grace and individuality of character the palm must be given to the aged rather than the youth of our villages. The clothes and education of to-day belong alike to a transition stage, and sit uneasily on the wearers. Both are cut on a pattern drawn for other conditions, and the result of village adoption is an unhappy affectation of things alien to reality and fitness. A few old people remain with us whose memories go back to the ending of the great war. Richard Kibble of Charlbury, who was born in 1815, talks to me of the days of his youth, when the cottagers lived on barley bread and potatoes and seldom tasted meat. Days when he and his fellows 'wore smocks white as milk of a Sunday' and the women walked in pattens. At Fifield, a woman of seventy-five draws, from a chest where they lie folded with lavender, garments she made from material bought at Witney sixty years ago, and homespun linen used for her husband's smocks. She lives alone and does much to keep her garden in order—outside the gate, on the roadside, she has made a border and keeps it bright with flowers. 'I had to,' she says, 'for there war nettles there, and I can't abide nettles.' Whatever be the balancing gain in independence of action, the young have lately lost in reverence for authority, and the unloveliness of the loss is nowhere more apparent

than in their attitude towards the old. An aged and infirm woman at Enstone lays the roughness she experiences to the doors of a cheapened press. 'Folks, she tells me, 'were neighbourly in my young days; they had need, when the paper were sixpence,' and lent from hand to hand.

CHAPTER XIV

EDUCATION

At the accession of Queen Elizabeth the Speaker of the House of Commons is found lamenting the ignorance which, he says, has prevailed in England since the destruction of the 'Monastery Schools.' Modern historians would take exception to the vagueness of his term. Mr. Arthur Leach, in *English Schools at the Reformation*, points out that the three hundred grammar schools in existence before 1535 belonged to seven classes—those connected with cathedral churches, monasteries, hospitals, guilds, chantries, and collegiate churches, and the independent schools. From the general idea that pre-Reformation education was restricted to monasteries and convents has arisen the error of attributing to the reign of Edward VI the foundation of schools dating from an earlier time. In our own district we find mentions of the Grammar School at Witney in 1331, the one at Deddington in 1445, Chipping Norton 1451, and Burford before 1507. In the appendix to this chapter will be found the portion concerning Oxfordshire, printed by Mr. Leach from the Report of the Commissioners of Edward VI ; the extracts are not placed in the body of the book

because they concern a date prior to that under consideration, but their information is invaluable in the history of local education.

With regard to the teaching of girls at the beginning of our period, the evidence is somewhat conflicting. Probably in the sixteenth century many of the gentlewomen of our neighbourhood were educated in the Nunnery at Godstow. This was one of the religious houses found on inquiry to be so well conducted that the Commissioners themselves were constrained to intercede for its continuance[1]. Writing in the seventeenth century, after praise of Godstow, Fuller says, 'Nunneries were good she-schools wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein—I say if such feminine foundations were extant now-a-days, haply some virgins of highest birth would be glad of such places: and I am sure, their fathers and elder brothers would not be sorry for the same.' This criticism was penned at about the date when Lettice Falkland was concerned to provide schools for gentlewomen. Surely more than Fuller supposes must have been taught to the scholars at such places as Godstow, for the sixteenth century was the special period of learned Englishwomen. 'Reading, work and a little Latin" do not cover the attainments of Margaret Roper, Lady Burleigh, Anne Killigrew, Anne Countess of Pembroke, and Mary Countess of Pembroke, the sister, with whom, at Wilton, Sir Philip Sidney passed the happiest years of his life in the

[1] See letter of Katherine Bulkeley to Thomas Cromwell in Dugdale's *Monasticon*.

writing of *Arcadia*, 'done on loose sheets of paper most of it in my sister's presence, the rest by sheets sent to her as fast as they were wrote.' Among learned women in our district in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we find Anne Wharton, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, and Lady Elizabeth Tanfield of Burford Priory, mother of Lucius, Lord Falkland. The latter spoke French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, and Latin, and made translations from Seneca at an early age. Locally, with the exception of Lettice Falkland's unrealized project, from the suppression of the monasteries till the advertisements of boarding schools for girls in the newspapers of the eighteenth century, I have been unable to discover any organized arrangements for the education of gentlewomen. Advertisements of schools for young ladies at Chipping Norton, Burford, Deddington, and all the towns of our district in the eighteenth century are many and curious; in return for fees varying from thirteen guineas a year, is promised moral and mental tuition covering a range beyond the wildest dreams of a High School curriculum, but 'writing, preserving and pickling' are 'extras.'

At a date when the State made no provision for elementary teaching, and all foundation schools were Latin schools, the Dame schools came into being. In these, at the end of the sixteenth century, horn books were in general use. These were handled oaken tablets (the shape of butter-hands) on which were pasted the alphabet and Lord's prayer, the printing being protected with a thin sheet of horn. Apart from its historical interest, Tuer's *History of the Horn Book*

should be seen by every lover of good workmanship: in a depression inside the cover are to be found facsimiles of early English horn books. In these wooden tablets were three grades, and when a boy could read the Psalter without spelling the words, he was promoted from the dame to the grammar school, where the next eight years of his life were devoted to Latin. It is clear that the use of the horn book was not confined to England; Corregio and Da Vinci have both painted pictures in which boys are reading from these. Samplers, of which I have seen some beautiful eighteenth-century specimens in North Oxfordshire, were simply women's horn books.

With the increase of trade in the seventeenth century, writing, or 'inferior schools' came into existence. In these, boys were taught writing and accounts; such were never endowed, but were private ventures on so insecure a footing that no discipline was enforced.

The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, formed in 1698, made from the first an effort to meet the educational needs of the English poor. The second resolution at the first meeting of the Society in March, 1698, concerned the erection of schools in each parish in and about London. Very shortly after the issue of the first number of the *Oxford Journal*, advertisements of the Society's meetings in Oxfordshire make their appearance. In the appendix to this chapter is a list of the Oxfordshire Charity Schools existing in 1712. In considering the history of primary education in this country a place must always be given to the institution of Sunday schools by different persons in various parts of England, from the

earliest, in 1763, to the consolidation of the movement by Robert Raikes in 1780. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, primary education began to be felt as a national need. Adam Smith spoke of instruction as an economic factor, and thus secured the attention of commercial England. With the growth of evils consequent on the sudden flocking from the country to the towns, the minds of benevolent persons found the educational problem thrust upon their notice. The British and Foreign School Society was founded in 1808, and the National Society for the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church in 1811. In 1833 began the annual educational grants from Parliament, but for some years this money was entrusted exclusively to the two societies just mentioned, for expenditure.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons on Education reported in 1837, 'There appear to be no returns to Parliament of any authority on this point (the present state of education of the humbler classes), nor indeed are there at present adequate means of making them. The returns made to queries sent out by the Committee of Education in 1835 are found to be incorrect as well as defective.' Yet among all the sources of information on which I have come, I have found none more fully repaying research than these Charity Commissioners' Reports of the early nineteenth century. In the digest of the Twelfth Report is given a long and detailed account of the school and other charities of Great Tew, based on an indenture between Thomas Edwards Freeman of Batsford on the one part, and Thomas Edwards Freeman his son,

Francis Penyston of Cornwell, and George Stratton of Great Tew. The Report on the school ends thus: 'At present the schoolmaster receives £12. a year, he keeps school in a building close to the vicarage house, in Great Tew, erected on land now belonging to Mr. Boulton, to whom the schoolmaster pays 10/- a year for it. Ten boys and ten girls, appointed by the trustees, are taught free, for the salary: the girls, reading, writing and work; the boys reading, writing and accounts. The master and mistress take other scholars, who pay: and also have £15. or £16. a year, which is raised by subscription for a Sunday school; books are supplied for the school from a collection made after an annual sermon. The children are taken from about six years of age and remain till ten. The number is always full. The vicar inspects the schools, as directed by the trust deed, and is satisfied with the attention of the master.' Such was the state of affairs about 1837. The final sentence carries us with a bound into the first half of the seventeenth century: 'It may be right to state,' say the commissioners, 'that there was an ancient school-room in Great Tew, built against the tower end of the church; it was pulled down about the year 1778, being out of repair. It is not known that there was any endowment to it.' That last phrase provokes a smile. Lettice Falkland's arrangements did not run to paper and parchment, and since in Skelton's *Antiquities* I came on a reference to the taking down of this room, I have had no doubt of its being the school for poor children of Great Tew to which John Duncon alludes. Anne Walter, daughter of Sir William Walter, by her will of 1705 left six hundred

pounds to be invested for the maintenance and teaching of poor girls of Sarsden and Churchill. In 1715, land in Churchill was granted to the trustees of this will on which to erect a schoolhouse. At the date of the Commissioners' Report, 1825, the foundation was applied thus: 'A salary of twenty guineas per annum is paid to the mistress, and about £20. per annum is applied to the purchase of clothes for scholars. There are always twenty-four girls in the school, who are admitted at the age of from seven to nine, and are allowed to remain four years. They are taught reading, writing and accounts, with knitting and needlework, and are supplied with gowns, bonnets and other articles of clothing. They are also supplied with Bibles and Prayer-books on leaving school and are confirmed when of proper age.'

The Report of the Education Commissioners of 1837 speaks of the inadequacy of the dame schools, owing to the ignorance of the teachers, the bad buildings, and lack of books. 'One of the best of the Dame and Common Day Schools,' says an inspector, 'is kept by a blind man, who hears his scholars their lessons and explains them with great simplicity; he is, however, liable to interruption in his academic labours, as his wife keeps a mangle and he is obliged to turn it for her. Very commonly the dames are sensible of their deficiency. I have met with instances of them saying, "It is not much they pay me and it is not much I teach them." The teachers generally speaking, are totally unqualified: very few, if any, have ever had any previous education for the purpose. A great proportion of them have undertaken it in consequence

of distress, and also because they are getting too old for anything else. The masters and mistresses are generally obliged to follow some other occupation for a living. In one instance a woman was washing while she was teaching the children.' Dame schools of the old order existed in Charlbury as late as 1852. About that date the mistress who was in charge of a well-conducted school at Fawler was asked by Mr. Albright what she taught the children ; 'To read and to sew, and the Belief and the Commandments and them little things,' was her reply. Many of these schools turned out scholars really equipped for their vocations ; the girls sewed exquisitely, and there are old men at work on our farms, who, though they cannot put pen to paper, are not to be caught out in complicated mental reckoning. Certainly there is another side, in country districts, to the judgement on the dame schools given in the Report of the Commissioners in 1837.

The history of the Elementary Education Acts from 1833 to 1870 need not be written here. In some of our towns and villages there are now Board schools ; in many others voluntary Church schools remain. Whatever the authority, in all but the smallest, there exist a fixed standard of attainment and real system of inspection. Yet in the most out of the way villages there linger teachers and teaching strange beyond the imagination of modern educationalists. There are secluded hamlets where the sole qualification of the school mistress is the fact that her mother filled the position before her, and teacher and taught pursue melodious days in ignorance of the existence of codes and examiners.

CHAPTER XV

EASTER IN WYCHWOOD

BEFORE the middle of April, Oxford fruit-trees were in bloom, and in Balliol garden the chestnut leaves spread wide. In the keener air of our heights, spring works more slowly; indeed for many days this month she seemed to have fled and forgotten us: days when the old men shook their heads and quoted their favourite saw—'If May-day come early, or May-day come late, 'tis certain to make t'old cow to quake.' 'Tis always the wind o' April that takes holdt,' they say. But, at last, our 'blackthorn winter' seems over and gone. It is not yet mid-day, April 24, 1902, and working out of doors I have had to seek the shelter of a straw rick to escape the sun, in a field between the high road and the copse where yesterday I found my first cowslips. This copse is part of a belt of woodland, five minutes' walk from Charlbury Station, and worthy of notice because, in position and nature, it is typical of our country. The briars and alders are out, the elms in tiny leaf. The naked branches of the oak and ash are still purple against a summer heaven; in another month their leaves will shut out the sky and beneath will be carpet of blue. Underfoot now, dog-mercury and bluebells are high above last year's leaves; every-

where is quickening and calling of birds. The hawthorn hedge is green patched, and the later palms show splashes of pale gold. Here, as indeed on this whole slope from Chadlington southward, for weeks past primroses have been plentiful, and they linger yet. Wood anemones star the red-brown sides of the brook and, where it widens, kingcups are aflame. In a neighbouring field is a cuckoo, in his voice that freshness of delight which wanes with each succeeding month. His regular note is broken by the sounds of the night-jar and chiff-chaff, the coo of wood-pigeons, and the strange cry of the pheasants. On the path close by me is a squirrel, not more than eight inches long, and looking, with its short fur and tail, so unfamiliar, that I was not sure of its nature until it sat up, as only a squirrel sits. It is possible to come to the woods later in the year with dull heart and unseeing eyes, not so to-day, for the miracle of the new creation is plain, and whoso runs, must read. Avenues of oak and ash, stone-coloured here, and purple in perspective, stretch south and west, overtopping the lower network of gossamer green. Over all things hovers the radiance of a new and scarcely realized joy, in which no thought of decay or disillusionment can find remotest place.

This copse is one of many, but the point to be noted is that here we are only half a mile from the centre of a town of thirteen hundred inhabitants, and a much shorter distance from a main line railway station within eighty miles of London. Men journey long hours by train and coach and find no fairer places, while here the life of a prosperous little town

is touched, encircled on all sides by country of which my woodland is only typical. Yesterday, a Londoner discoursed to me of spring in Kensington Gardens; far be it from me to hold lightly that which Matthew Arnold has sung, but surely it is strange perversity that chooses horticultural triumph of man-made park rather than these untrammelled uplands.

On the higher ground round Idbury, Fifield, Bruerne, and Shipton, the primroses are now at their best; where the trees have been cleared in Bruerne wood, they cover the ground. From there to Kingham the hedges are gay with blackthorn, wild cherry, and gorse. And on from Chipping Norton Junction to Charlbury the banks of the railway, which follows the course of the Evenlode, are yellow with cowslips. Chipping Norton Junction is absurdly named, being really a station almost equidistant from the villages of Kingham and Bledington. In glancing at the Ordnance Map an experienced eye will realize the lie of the hills from the direction of the river, and understand the circuitous route of the railway, from the Junction to Charlbury. There are few better ways of learning to know this district than in following the Evenlode on foot from the point near Kingham, where it enters Oxfordshire, to its junction with the Thames at Cassington. From Kingham, it flows by Bruerne Abbey and Shipton-under-Wychwood, to Charlbury. Here it is joined by the forest streams and winds on through wooded slopes to Handborough, so sinuous being its track that in six miles it is crossed nine times by the railway. The willows along this part of the course are being pollarded. On the Spelsbury Road,

at the bottom of the steep hill entering Charlbury, the stream widens as it bends. Above this bend, and behind the line of firs on Sarsden height, sets the winter sun. From this point, on many evenings last February and March, the sentinel willows tapered sharp against a crimson and purple sky, and witchery was in gliding, shadowed water. Up the stream from here to Walcot is gathering-place of birds. The crying of the peewits is a characteristic of this district, and by the river it is heard early and late. The flight of birds, and the flowing of water; to the seers have not these always had special soul-significance? From the twilight of our nation comes the simile, 'out of the darkness into the darkness,' seized from the flight of the stranger sparrow over the heads of the Fathers in Council. Angels, what are they to our best imagining, save Dante's 'birds of God'? And a master mind has left us this as creed of his most daring creation—

> 'I go to prove my soul!
> I see my way as birds their trackless way—
> I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
> I ask not: but unless God send His hail
> Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,
> In some time—His good time—I shall arrive:
> He guides me and the birds.'

Many of us have taken comfort in the saying of Goethe, that we are not parted from our friends while the streams flow down from them to us.

Among the five great forests mentioned in Domesday Book is Huchèwode. Holinshed speaks of woods of beech 'greatlie cherished in Oxfordshire.' In the Perambulation of 1300, the Forest of Wychwood was determined as extending north and south from Chadlington to Witney, east and west from near

Woodstock to Gloucestershire. In the seventeenth year of Charles the First, an Inquisition taken at Burford decided the bounds of Wychwood as being the same as those taken the twentieth year of James the First. 'Beginning at a place called Wittall, in S. corner of Walcot Field, near the wall of Cornbury Park, and proceeding thence by the said wall to a place called Patchill-gate-corner, and so by the said wall to a coppice called Padise Coppice, and so by the hedge and ditch called Padise Hedge to the field called Lurden Field; thence to Eight acres, Rode-gate, Bene Hedge, otherwise Bennett's Hedge and Gaddingate. Thence by the King's way to Ramsden Heath, otherwise Hulwerk, leading from the town of Woodstock towards Burford to the lake called Duckpool; and so by the way to the place called Five Oak or the Wyseoak, to Dock Slad, Bynett, or Dock Slad end; and so by the way to the entrance of the village of Field commonly called Studlye or Stodlye. Thence to Little Sarte, to King's Sarte, Grasseclose, and Hatchinglane Gate, and so by the ditch to Hollow Oak Close as far as Hasill Style. Thence to Holland Lane, Field Green Gate, Cow Close Corner to the Hore Stone in Gadley. Thence to Cleysart Corner, and so by the boundary and ditch called Cleysart Hedge to Gadley Gate, and so by the ditch to Watcham Sarte Hedge to Loborow or Loneburie Corner. Thence by road between the wood of the king, and the copse called Loborow or Loneburie to Lillies Cross. Thence to Fordwell Bottom, or Duckpool Bottom or Luke dene, by the ancient boundary stones. Then by the way leading to Burford, to Puntus, or Punbas Corner; and so by

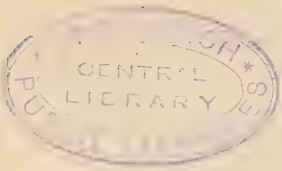
CENTRAL

Bledington
Sarsden
HAWK STONE
TUMULUS
Cheddington
Spilsbury
LYNSHAM BARROW
Padlock Copse
Evenlode River
Shorthampton
Walcot
Chilson
Walcot
Station
Idbury
Milton Heath
Fifield
Ascot
Longley Mill
Shipton
Goldwell Brook
Cold Well
Boynal
Priest Grove
Smallstones
Swallentree Plain
Knighton Copse
Wittermans Lodge
Hazlewood
Corsbury
Park
Newwell Plain
Buckleap
Cornhill Corner
Cop Hill

MAP SHOWING THE LIMITS OF THE FOREST OF WYCHWOOD

(*From John Yonge Akerman's 'Wychwood Forest.' Archaeologia, Vol XXXVII*)

The places underlined are named in the Perambulation of the 28th Ed. I.
The area in darker tint shows the limits of the Forest temp. James I, and at the time of its disafforestation.


CENTRAL
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the way called the Mere way, between the wood of the King and Westgrove Coppice to Roustidge Corner. Thence by the way called Roustidge way, between the wood of the king and Roustidge Coppice, and the wood called Hengrove to the Elder Stump and Ladyham Corner in Hengrove. Then to the cross in South Lawn called Tudrin, or Tudhill Cross, and so between the woods called Tainton Woods and the wood of the king, including the house called Burford Saunde Lodge. Thence in a direct line to the stone called Frithelstone, and so far as the gate called Frithelstone Hatch or Shippen Gate. Thence to the angle commonly called Langley Corner by the wall called Langley Wall, as far as the place called Langley Pound. Thence to Langley Gate, Furfield Corner, Forsakenhook' (Young says this is the Forsaken Oak of the older Perambulation), ' or Cutchatch Gate. Thence to Priestgrove's Corner and Priestgrove's End to Ball's Acre, excluding all the bounds and metres last mentioned on the left hand. Thence between the wood of the king called Shakenhoe, and the copse called Priestgrove, to the Hore stone, and so to Woofield Green, otherwise Priestgrove Lawn, between the wood of the king called Bunstock and another wood of the king called Kingswood, and a wood called Boynall, to Kingswood Stile ; and so far as the place called Braswell, or Brastenhale Point, or Corner ; and so between the wood of the king and the field of the village of Ascot as far as the Braswell Gate to Smallstone Corner and Smallstone Stile. Thence to Hankewell Bottom, and so by the hedge and ditch of the field of Chilston to Waddon Green ;

and so between the wood of the king and Kington Coppice. Thence to Cockshoot Hill, to the angle called Cockshoot Hill Corner; then by the hedge to Nighton Coppice thence by the way called the Mere way, between the wood of the king and the said coppice called Nighton Coppice to Biggersden Gate, New Cross Gate, or Dampoole Gate, Littlewade's Gate or Walcot Gate; and so by the hedge and ditch to the place first named, namely Wittall Stile.' In our district during the Civil War there was much burning of timber, and the relaxation of forest regulations under the Protector accounts for further clearing. At the Restoration, British forests were still able to supply all the wood needed in England, but the authorities were beginning to be anxious as to the store of oak required for the Navy. In consequence of their fears, the Royal Society was commissioned to persuade some authority on planting to lecture on the subject. John Evelyn was asked, and in 1662 he read his notable treatise, *Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees.* By 1812, nine editions of this had been published, but not yet is the author's purpose fulfilled. Enumerating the beauties of England, Evelyn says, 'who has not either seen, admired, or heard of'—and then follows a list of country houses, in which Cornbury finds place with Haddon, Deepden, and Penshurst. He moans over the 'inexhaustible magazine of timber, destroyed by the Cromwellian rebels, through all England,' and an exhortation to renewed activity culminates thus: '*let us arise then and plant*, and not give it over till we have repaired the havock our barbarous enemies have made: Pardon then this zeal, O ye lovers of

your country, if it have transported me! To you Princes, Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, Noble Patriots, as much concerned, I speak, to encourage and animate a work so glorious, so necessary.' It is clear that it was not anxiety as to England's fuel that woke John Evelyn's ardour for forest-planting, for in his day coal was in sufficiently general use in London for him to write a pamphlet urging the suppression of the 'smoke nuisance' by Act of Parliament and auxiliary means.

On going through some fifteen volumes of the manuscript diary of William Jones of Charlbury, written in 1774 and succeeding years, I find such constant entries of wood 'clefted' and 'clave,' and loads of faggots brought home from the neighbouring copses, that I have wondered, supposing the Jones' to be a typical household, that there is any large timber in the neighbourhood! In this diary are many passing allusions to Wychwood—such as, on March 17, 1784, 'I with my sister went to the sider wells up in the forest to get water crase at ye pools.' Until well within the memory of persons now living, there were charcoal-burners in Wychwood. Earlier there seems to have been a gipsy settlement there, and it is probably to a member of that, this entry in the Charlbury Register refers, 'Nov. 16th, 1735, buried Sarah Hands of ye Forest.' In the *Oxford Journal* of February 17, 1766, are two long letters, one written from Witney, the other from Woodstock, giving a similar account of an extraordinary occurrence in the Forest. The first is written on February 16, and describes the country people living in the neighbour-

hood of Wychwood as being busily employed in collecting hundreds of loads of fallen timber. The Woodstock letter written on February 17, describes the circumstances in detail thus: 'Being at this severe Season, upon a visit in that part of Oxfordshire, which borders upon the Gloucestershire Hills, I was an eye witness to a winter Scene, which those who have lived all their Lives in London will hardly Credit, though Thousands in this part of the Country, must readily attest it. After several Days Rain and Snow, on the 13th of February we had a very cutting North-East Wind, accompanied with a kind of Sleet, which hung about every Tree and Plant and froze to them as it fell. The same weather continued all the Night, so that on the 14th, in the morning, the whole Vegetable World was clad in Crystal: every Herb of the Field being under a thick Incrustation of transparent Ice, the appearance of which resembled the Figures under Dishes of clear Jelly at a City Feast. But though the Scene was beautiful indeed, and such as had never been beheld before by the oldest Man living, yet had not the wind got round to the South the next Day as the Rain still continued, every Vegetable must have sunk under its Burden. For the Body of Ice collected about each Plant, by one Night's Frost, was found upon Experiment to be twenty Times heavier than the Plant itself; so that the arms of huge Oaks and Elms lay scattered all over the Country, and the humbler Plants, were equally subjected to the severe attack and quite bowed down to the Earth. If you walked upon the Smooth Turf, you seemed to trample upon a bed of Bristol Stones;

if in the Fields where the grass was longer, you might be said to walk upon Daggers, with the Points upwards; and the continual breaking off of the Icy Branches of Trees made it very dangerous to walk under them.'

In February, 1791, William Souch of Ramsden, and James Bowerman of Finstock, were committed to the Castle in Oxford on convictions of killing and destroying fallow deer in the Forest of Wychwood. Reference has been made to the landlord enclosure movement of the latter half of the eighteenth century and the increased strictness in game-preserving of 1790 and succeeding years. The *Oxford Journal* for 1792 contains many notices as to certificates and a long list of appointed gamekeepers. About this time poaching frays became common in the neighbourhood of Wychwood. On March 25, 1812, Thomas West, living on the border of the Forest, was committed by F. C. Stratton, Esq., to the county gaol for one year 'for having in his possession a slip or noose for the unlawful taking of deer.' In his *Oxfordshire Survey*, published in 1815, Young pleads earnestly for the enclosure of Wychwood, adding ethical persuasions to agricultural reasons. 'The morals,' he says, 'of the whole surrounding country demand enclosure imperiously. The vicinity is filled with poachers, deer-stealers, thieves and pilferers of every kind: offences of almost every description abound so much, that the offenders are a terror to all quiet and well-disposed persons; and Oxford gaol would be uninhabited were it not for this fertile source of crimes.' As an agriculturist, Young's authority is great, but when he strays outside his own domain

his own conclusions are curious. That enclosure was a remedy for the state of things he describes it is difficult to believe. In June, 1824, James Millin, assistant gamekeeper to Lord Churchill, was shot near Asthall, in mistake it was supposed, for his brother who had been specially active in the detection of poachers. The Crown offered a reward of two hundred pounds for the apprehension of the murderers. William James and Henry Pittaway were arrested and put through a form of trial, in which from the first it was evident that the Crown had determined to secure a conviction. They were sentenced and executed in Oxford before a vast concourse of spectators, having on the previous Sunday been preached to by the Chaplain from the words, 'Ye know that no murderer hath eternal life in him.' To the last they declared themselves not guilty of the crime laid to their charge, and a few years later the confession of the murderer testified finally to their innocence.

Arthur Young, in his *Survey of Oxfordshire*, published in 1815, gives this abstract of

WYCHWOOD FOREST.

	Statute Measure.		
	A.	R.	P.
King's coppices	1649	2	10
Baron's ditto (Duke of Marl.)	1041	3	17
,, (Mr. Fettyplace etc.)	346	0	33
Keepers' lodges and lawns . .	134	0	23
The open Forest	2421	1	15
	5593	0	18
The chase woods	487	3	4
Blandford park[1]	639	2	17
	6720	1	39

[1] Combury.

In the possession of Mr. F. Madan of the Bodleian Library, and lent to me by him, is a manuscript map of Wychwood Forest and Blandford Park, 'drawn by J. Underwood in 1813 from Pride's Survey of 1770.' Either this is the very map, made by order of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Warden of the Forest, for Young's use, or Young has taken his particulars from Pride's *Survey,* for in the corner of the manuscript map the abstract just quoted as Young's is word for word and figure for figure. It is drawn on a large scale and variously coloured to show King's Coppices, Baron's Coppices, Private properties, Chase Coppices, and Keepers' Lodges and Lawns. Owing to a size allowing of much detail, the whole presents a mine of interest, and I greatly regret being unable to reproduce it. The rights of Common upon the forest are, Young says, for horses and sheep only, 'No cattle or hogs, but the number of both by trespass is very great.' In the *Oxford Journal* of May 10, 1817, appears a notice headed 'Whichwood Forest,' to the effect that any cattle thereafter found grazing in the forest without being marked by the regular marksmen, and belonging to strangers, will be impounded. The bounds of Wychwood determined by the Burford Inquisition of James the First, remained the same until its disafforestation in 1853.

Within Cornbury Park is a magnificent avenue of beeches, said to be the finest in Europe, and certainly hardly to be equalled in England. It is supposed that the trees were planted, or at any rate planned, by Evelyn. In his day, the house in Cornbury Park

had been lately built by Henry Lord Danvers, later Earl of Danby, who gave the Physick Garden to the University of Oxford, encompassing it with a wall that cost five thousand pounds. In 1736 Linnaeus the great botanist visited Oxford in order to see this Physick Garden. There he was received in a friendly spirit by Doctor Shaw, who said he had read the *System* with great pleasure. 'The learned Dillenius was at first haughty, conceiving the Genera to be written against him, but he afterwards detained Linnaeus a month without leaving him an hour to himself the whole day long: and at last took leave of him with tears in his eyes, after having given him the choice of living with him, till his death, as the salary of the Professorship was sufficient for them both.' I wonder, while on this visit, did Linnaeus see our gorse at Fifield and on the road between Oxford and Enstone? For surely it is there as beautiful as it could have ever been on Putney Heath, the traditional place of his rapture. Within a five-mile radius of Charlbury, there is said to be a greater variety of wild flowers than in any other such area of the United Kingdom. An enthusiastic visitor there, found in one week in July, three hundred and seven different kinds of flowers in blossom. But such detail is sordid, in face of the wealth of bloom we know and love. What talk of bluebells can carry two to three acres of sheen, of purest, clearest colour? And last year such sheet of blue lay over a Ramsden field, and shimmered in the air above it.

In July the main road through the Forest, from Charlbury to Leafield, is a wonderful sight. Below

BEECH AVENUE, CORNBURY

the hedgerows, bound and wrapped with traveller's joy, flaunt purple teasels, scabius, cranesbill, ragwort, and poppies, while trefoil and clover fringe the roadway. Where the hedges give place to forest fences, the space between wire and paling is filled with meadow-sweet and yellow and white bedstraw, and their honeyed scent is on the air. At this season, when the colours are gaudy on the fields, Wychwood is carpeted with gold; three feet high stands the yellow mullein overtopping the ragwort, and close and low along the ground is the rock cistus. Only in the deepest patches of bosky undergrowth is the colour wanting; in the wide spaces where is nothing between the oaks and the sea of bracken, and on the open heath, it spreads. All through the days of July Wychwood is undisturbed, and in its wide spaces you may wander from dawn to dark with only pheasants and rabbits as your fellows. In the broad lights and grass rides you may come on a stray human being, but following the foot-tracks, the courtesy of breast-high bracken must be solicited for entrance, and green branches swing to again as you pass. Beautiful at all times of the day, Wychwood is most marvellous at the hour of sunset. Then the beeches and bracken, shelter of pixies and dwarfs, darkly fringe green roads giving straight on the golden west, and every alley and byway is the poet's open avenue extending to a far horizon. Later, when the moonlight floods over the clearings, and streams in rivulets through the branches, the magic that slumbers in the daylight woods moves abroad hanging gossamers on the night. Onward through the hours till daylight

a mortal there knows himself an alien, on sufferance in an enchanted land; certainties held by habit have slipped anchor, material things have fallen away, and familiarity only partially returns at dawn when he wakes and wanders, to see the mists unhung.

No man has written of woodland as Richard Jefferies wrote. Under trees he sought that fuller life of soul for which he prayed. 'By day or night,' he says, 'summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit, found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought.' I have wondered whether the secret of such learning may not have lain partially in the learner's neglect of travel, his reverent revisiting and watching of the same places at differing times and seasons. In a wood, with a mind like still water, much is to be seen. When gipsies profess second sight it is not altogether wise to disbelieve them; wood-lovers can be so still in body as to disarm wild creatures, and when one is habitually quiet, under the trees, the mind images what is commonly unseen. Dwellers upon thresholds and margins, tenants of strips of wayside grass, are naturally more imaginative than people who live in boxes only distinguishable by ticket; woodland wanderers are perforce alert in vision. To find your way they tell you to 'go by the joined trees,' 'turn at the broken oak.' In their haunts are no placards hung out, and, walking with them, we learn how blurred is our vision. With a woodsman I came at sunset to a beech to which we would return by an unknown path. Equally unfamiliar to us both,

I leaned on artifice to refind the spot, his soul was quick to see the way again. His is the power of direct and imaginative seeing; long familiar with the woods, from the deadness of habit he remains free. The responsiveness that to commoner souls comes only with the newness of spring and the exceptional in relationship, is his perpetually. The blight of custom comes not near him. So strong is his power that, in his company, general ideas of trees, birds, flowers, fall away, and the illusion of classification is escaped. Together we watched the rising of the moon through heads of white hemlock and above a beech branch, and that we saw was sole, solitary, unique. Is not the problem of losing oneself to find oneself solved in escape from habit, and consequent sustaining of interest now reserved for foreign journeys and things arbitrarily labelled noteworthy and significant? And is not such responsiveness to be gained in avoidance of routine, with its barred avenues and sole gateway of sensation? The psalmist who wrote 'New every morning are Thy mercies' drew not from the lore of courts, but from the watching of dawns on Judean hills. In reserving our interest for the pageant, leaning on gaslight stimulus, we are surely astray. It is as though a man set a valentine of tissue and fringe, above the coming of a carrier-pigeon. Astray in life, we wander in literature. Among the strangest perversions of language is our use of the word imaginative. Even a poet asks our sympathy in the losing of a bower once seen and too 'imaginatively' bedecked for after-recognition. Surely imaginative treatment is not clothing of the reality, but unclothing and

unwrapping, revealing of the essence till 'God is seen God, in the star, in the stone, in the flesh and the clod.' On a May morning two travellers climbed from an Umbrian valley to tread the haunts of a saint, his swallows marked their path. One of them, in describing the walk on their return, slightly regretted a lost morning, in that he had seen the place before and to-day had there found nothing fresh; his companion, he judged, had come for the first time, and was deeply impressed. In reality, the man of whom he spoke yearly journeyed here from another clime, to spend long, slow, yellow nights of June in that particular place, and there his fullest life had come to birth. Therefore had this renewing been to him as the meeting of lovers, the taking of a sacrament. 'Imagination' being, in truth, 'the daughter of memory.'

Among our Coronation visitors will some foreign commentator arise, who, refusing to accept us at our own valuation, shall discern strange contrasts and incongruities: one whose insight shall repudiate the England of Elizabeth offered to him at the Savoy, refuse to accept the reading of Rudyard Kipling's stanzas over Cecil Rhodes in the face of silence and the eternal hills, as literary feeling of a nation possessing the English Office for the Burial of the Dead: who, with growing sense of unreality, shall watch us crown our King 'Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, Ruler of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India': one who, when the pageant is passed, and the Earl

Marshal shall have handed back Westminster Abbey to the guardians of a reformed religion, shall reflect that some otherwhere the England of the poets may still have being? Such an one must turn from the mob of the city to find living men. If perchance, he seek from Thames to Cotswold, seeking, he shall find, not indeed a pastoral paradise or an idyllic people, yet, beneath an unblurred sky, a green, unblotted land.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER I

The Chastleton Inventory.

An Inventary of all and singular the Goods, Chattles and Debtes of Walter Jones, Esq., late of Chastleton, of the Diocese of Oxon, deceased, taken, valued and apprised the 14th day of May, Anno Dm. 1633, by George Greenwood, of Chastleton aforsaid, gent, and John Wade, of Little Compton, in the County of Glouc., as followeth, viz.

Imprimis, his wearinge apparrell . . . . . xx^{li}
Item, his bookes in the library . . . . . x^{li}
Item, ready money in the howse . . . . . lx^{li}

The Kitchen.

Item, nine broaches, sixe brasse pots, fower broad brasse panns, eight kettles, one brasse chifferne, one brasse bakeing pann, with other brasse skellets posnetts and brasse implemts, one paire of Iron Racks, fower dripping panns with other usefull implemts there . . . . . xij^{li}
Item, one Table with a frame with forms, dressers, chaires, stooles, one leade washer under the cocke and other necessary things there . . iij^{li} x^{s}

In the Pastry.

Item, three dresser boards, three shifters, two stills, with other necessaries there . . . . . ij^{li} x^{s}

In the Larder.

Item, three dressers, one great powdringe trough, one great powdringe Tubb, with other things there . . . . . ij^{li}

In the Dairy House.

Item, one Table with a Frame, sixe lead milke panns in a frame cheese shelves, two churnes, a cheese presse with tubbs, milke panns and other things there . . . . . iij[li]

In the Sellers.

Item, twenty fower Hogsheads, sixe rundlets, three great Skooles and settles for beare . . v[li]

In the Chamber over the Kitchen.

Item, fower large iron bound chests, one trunke, one court cupbord a chaire . . . . vj[li] xiij[s] iij
Item, one joyned bedstead one doune feather bed with pillows and boulsters, a flock bed, a greene Rugg, curtains & vallance . . . . xiiij[li]
Item, Dovnix hangings, two great pictures, fiveteene smale pictures, 1 paire andirons, with fire shovell @ tongs, two windowe curtaines & rodde . iij[li] x[s]
Item, a clock with a larum . . . . . iij[li]

In the Nursery.

Item, two standinge bedds, one trundle bed, one feather bed, 2 flock bedes, 2 feather boulsters, and three flock bolsters with cov'let, blankettes and mattrices . . . . . iiij[li] x[s]
Item, one great joyned chest, one large Table with a frame one Coffer one old large Trunke, two screw presses and other smale lumber there . . . . . ij[li] v[s]

In the Little Chamber beyond the Nursery.

Item, one large feather bed and boulster, one other boulster, one white rugge blankette and pillowes, one standing bedstead, one great trunk vij[li] x[s]

In the Pantrie.

Item, one square table and a carpet one court cupbord, two wainscoat bins for bread, and a little glasse cupbord . . . . . ij[li]

In the Hall.

Item, one long table with a frame one court cupbord, 4 long formes and sixe joyned stools iiij[li] x[s]

In the Little Parlor.

Item, one draweinge table with a frame one court cupbord one Arras carpet, one old Turkey cupbord cloth, one round table cloth with a carpet . . . . . v[li]

Item, Fower large windowe curtaines, two printed leather chaires, two needlework chaires with backs, one low chaire, sixe joyned stooles cov'ed with arras, one paire of tables, one paire of Andirons with brasse bosses, fire shovell, tongs and bellowes with some smale stooles . x[li]

In the Passage between the two Parlors.

Item, One clocke in a wainscot frame . . . iiij[li]

In the Great Parlor.

Item, One draweinge table with a frame and a court cupbord of Wallnutt tree, one smale square table with a frame five chaires, one doz. of joyned stooles of arras work, three foot stooles viij[li] xvj[s]

Item, One carpet, one sidebord cloth and cupbord cloth three windowe cushions . . . viij[li]

Item, sixe large pictures . . . . . v[li] x[s]

Item, 4 large window curtains . . . . j[li]

Item, One large paire of brasse andirons one smale paire of andirons with brasse bosses, fire shovell and tongs . . . . . v[li]

In the Great Chamber.

Item, one draweinge table with a frame, & one court cupbord of Walnut tree one smale square table, eight needleworke chaires of Irish stitch, one large needleworke chaire with a backe . . . . . xiiij^{li} iiij^{s} viij^{d}

Item, xxiiij pictures . . . . . iij^{li}

Item, one fare paire of brasse andirons one other paire of andirons with fire shovell and tongs with brasse bosses . . . . . vj^{li}

Item, one long turkey carpet, one cupbord cloth, and one side bord cloth of Arras, three faire window cushions of Arras . . . . xx^{li} xiij^{s} iij^{d}

In Mr. Fettyplace his Chamber.

Item, One feild bedd of Irish stich with taffata curtains, taffata Quilt, one Downe bedd with one quilt over it one flocke bedd under it a boulster and pillowes of downe, and one fustian sheet . . . . . xxvj^{li} xiij^{s} iiij^{d}

Item, one large chaire with a backe, one needleworke chaire, one cushion stoole, two low stooles with a foot stoole, all of Irish stitch, one court cupbord of Walnut tree, one cupbord cloth bordred with Irish stitch, one windowe cloth of the same, one traverse curtaine and one window curtaine and one window cushion . . . . . vj^{li}

In Mr. Fettyplace his Chamber (continued).

Item, one faire looking glasse with a canopy . . ij^{li}

Item, three large peeces of Arras . . . . xxv^{li}

Item, One paire of brasse Andirons, one paire of smale Andirons, a fire shovell & tongs with brasse bosses . . . . . iij^{li}

In the Little Chamber adjoyninge.

Item, one bedstead with the canopie & curtaines, one feather bed, one flocke bed and cov'let and 2 blanketts & one little cupbord table . iiij^{li}

In the Middle Chamber.

Item, one feild bedstead, one large feather bedd with boulster and pillowes, taffata curtaines vallance & cor'einge of Damaske one arras cov'let & blankette . . . . . xvi^{li}

Item, One long chaire with a backe, two low stooles and a footstoole impbroidered, fouer low stooles and one chaire of needleworke, one court cupbord a cloth, one window cushion a window cloth & curtaine . . . . . v^{li}

Item, one paire of Andirons with brasse bosses & fire shovell and tongs . . . . . vj^{s} viij^{d}

Item, Arras hangings, sixe peeces att . . . xv^{li}

In the Little Chamber adjoyninge.

Item, one feather bolster bedstead feather bed cov'-let and blankette . . . . . iij^{li} x^{s}

Item, one table, two trunkes, one close Stoole . xvi^{s}

In Mr. Sheldonss Chamber.

Item, one feild bedstead with taffata curtaines, valence & testerne, one Downe bed & bolster and pillowes one taffata cov'let one Mattrice & one Rugge & Blanketts . . . . xxx^{li}

Item, one longe velvet chaire and two stooles, one high chaire two low stooles, one footstoole imbrodered, one other chaire of Needlework, one cushione stoole and a cushion to it . . v^{li} x^{s}

Item, one Court cupbord with a green cupbord cloth, needleworke border and silke fringe, and three window curtains . . . . ij^{li} vj^{s} viij^{d}

Item, one paire of brasse andirons with fire shovell & tongs with brasse bosses and a paire of bellowes . . . . . ijli xs
Item, three peeces of arras hangings . . . xxli

In the Chamber next adjoyneinge.

Item, one bedstead with testerne, curtaines, one feather bed boulster coverlet and blanketts . iijli
Item, two wainscote chestes, one map & fower pictures . . . . . jli

In the Chamber over the Parlour.

Item, one feild bedstead with curtains, testerne and vallance of cloth one truckle bedd, one downe bed bolsters & pillowes, two feather beds one feather bolster, two flocke bolsters, two Ruggs, one cov'let, two paire of blanketts xvijli vs
Item, one presse, one trunke, one chaire, one table in the closet, one Rugge mantell two low stooles fire shovell and tongs . . . . ijli xs

In the Chamber adjoyneinge.

Item, one bedstead two flock beds one boulster one blanket and a cov'let, one table and a frame, and one old chaire . . . . . jli xiijs iiijd

In the D'cors? Chamber.

Item, one feild bedd with testerne Curtains and Valance one other bedd with a Canopy & feather bedds two feather boulsters fower pillowes one Rugge one Cov'lett two paire of Blanketts, one flocke bedd . . . . xiiijli
Item, one chaire two stooles two Windowe Cushions, all of Irish Stich one Needleworke chaire, one Court Cupbord and cloth, three Windowe

Curtaines, one Picture, one paire of Andirons, fire shovell and tongs . . . . . ijli ijs
Item, Dornix hangings . . . . . .

In the Three Staire Chamber.

Item, one bedstead Canopie & Curtaines, one feather bed and boulster one flocke bed one cov'let and blanket . . . . . viijli
Item, one Court cupbord, one chaire, one square Table and eight smale pictures . . . jli

In the Men's Chamber.

Item, two bedsteads 3 flock beds & flock bolsters two pairs of blankets and two cov'lets . . iijli xs
Item, Armes for a horsman, two Petronells and two old Halberds, one fowleinge peece & one birdinge peece vli
Item, one Wainscott presse . . . . . xvs

In the Tower Chamber.

Item, two bedsteads, two flock bedds with the furnitur . . . . . ijli

In the High Chamber over the Gallery.

Item, one in laid bedstead with vallance and curtaines, one Feather bed and bolster, two pillows and one flocke bolster, one cov'let two blanketts, one court cupborde . . . viijli xs

In the serveing Men's Chamber.

Item, two bedsteads one feather bed, two feather bolsters two flock bedds, two cov'lets and two paire of blanketts one court cupbord & one old leather chaire . . . . . vijli xs

In the Gallery.

Item, one Square Table of Walnut tree, fower large quarter mapps, tenn pictures, three longe chaires and sixe stooles . . . . . vij^{li} xv^{s}

Item, Pewter Platters of diverse sortes, 8 doz. & 10 platters one large boiler five basons, two spout potts seaven pie plates, three great flaggons two quart potts, one pott costerne one cullinder one baie pott one puddinge coffin IX candle sticks, nine chamber potts weighinge 443 li. . xxij^{li} iij^{s}

In the Wool Howse.

Item, bordes, plankes and timber, candlemoulds . ij^{li} v^{s}

Item, one iron beame and skales, and three quarters of lead waights with other smale waights & one other woodden beame . . . . . xvj^{s}

Item, three iron wedges, one iron barr, one iron sledge one ax one sawe . . . . x^{s}

In the Mealehowse.

Item, one mault milne 3 great kevers three old tubbs ij^{li}

In the Brewhowse.

Item, one brasse furnace, three great massinge vates with two Hoope two Coolers . . x^{li}

Item, fower cowles two kevers one still & one board one brasse kettle and other necessary implemts thereunto belongeinge . . . ij^{li}

In the Chamber over the Milkhowse.

Item, two great double garners with some plow timber and other wood there . . . . iiij^{li}

In the Stable.

Item, one Buffe Saddle one pad Saddle and other implements there . . . . . ij^{li}

In the Barne.

Item. five ladles one great Harrowe one dung crib, one long cart	ij^{li}	x^{s}
Item, two great Geldings	xv^{li}	
Item, tenn Mutteners	vj^{li}	
Item, Sixe Kine	xxiiij^{li}	
Item, 7 baken hoggs	v^{li}	x^{s}
Item, 12 load of Hay	xij^{li}	
Item, lynnen of all sortes	clxxx^{li}	

Plate.

Item, gilt plate 239 ounces att vj^{s} iij^{d} . . .	lxxiii^{li}	xiij^{s}
Item, plate p'cell gilt 262 ounces att v^{s} xj^{d} . .	lxxij^{li}	
Item, White plate 294 ounces att v^{s} . . .	lxxiij^{li}	x^{s}
Item, one Nutt Bowle tipt and footed with silver .	ij^{li}	
Item, more money in the house	c^{li}	
Item, debtes owing to the testator . . .	lxc^{li}	
Item, Some lumber stuff within the diocese of Worcester	x^{li}	
Summa Totalis	Mlxcxxxv^{li}	xij^{s} iiij^{d}

Extractum erat hoc Invent^{m} decimo octavo die mensis Junii anno domini 1633 per magistrum Georgium Cole notarium publicum nomine procur^{io} executoris &c. pro vero et pleno inventario &c. sub protestatione tamen de addend. &c.

EDMUNDUS WOODHALL,
registrarius.

Inscriptions under Antlers in the Hall at Ditchley.

'1608. August 24. Saturday.

From Foxehole coppice rouzed, Great Britain's king I fled;
But what? in Kiddington pond he overtoke me dead.'

'1608. August 26. Munday.

King James made me to run for life, from Dead-man's riding
I ran to Gorcil gate, where death for me was hiding.'

'1608. August 28. Tuesday.

The king pursude me fast from Grange coppice flying,
The king did hunt me living, the queen's park had me dying.'

'1610. August 22. Wednesday.

In Henly knap to hunt me King James, prince Henry found me,
Cornebury Park river, to end their hunting, drownd me.'

'1610. August 24. Friday.

The king and prince from Grange made me to make my race,
But death neare the queenes' park gave me a resting place.'

'1610. August 25th. Saturday.

From Foxhole driven, what could I doe, being lame? I fell
Before the king and prince, neere Rozamond her well.'

---

16 Car. I. Oxon Hundr. de Chadlington Subs.

The Estreate indented made at Chippin Norton in the County of Oxford the viith day of May in the seventeenth yeare of the reigne of our Soveraign Lord Charles of England Scotland France and Ireland King and Defender of the faith —& before Sir Robert Jenkinson Knt., Sir Robert Lacy Knt., William Walter and Rice Jones Esquires of the King's Magistrates' Commission assigned among others for the taxing of the two last of the four entire subsidies granted to the said soveraine Lord the King's Majestie at a Parliament holden at Westminster in the sixteenth yeare of his highness' Raigne. The one parte of a Vth of ye Estreate is certified into his Majestie's Exchequer and the other parte

delyvered unto Edmond Rowelewright abt. Hulton appointed High Collector for ye levying collecting and paying of the sums of money herein specified due to his Majestie according to the forms of the State in the said Parliament made and provided.

Chadlington and
Hundred Com Oxon. 1641.

Kingham.		£	*s.*	*d.*
Anthony Bromsgrove gent in goode	IV		xxi	viii
Thomas Loggin and John Loggin in landes	III		xxiv	
	I		viii	
Edward Powis junr. in lande .	I		viii	
John Allen in lande . . .	I		viii	
Thomas Hawthen in lande .	I		viii	
William Smyth Haddon in lande	I		viii	
		£iv	vs	viiid

R. J.

Idbury.		£	*s.*	*d.*
Robert Loggin gent in lande .	IVth		xxxii	
Cert. Henry Cheevers in lande . .	II		xvi	
Cert. William Slayle in lande . .	III		xxiv	
John Diggar in goode . .	III		xxi	
Elizabeth Smyth vid in goode .	III		xxi	
Thomas Hawthyn in lande .	I		viii	
Thomas Pearse in lande . .	I		viii	
		£vi	xs	

R. J.

Firfield.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Edmund Bray gent in goode .	V	i	vi	viii
Edward Camber in lande . .	I		viii	
Elizabeth Herbert vid in lande .	I		viii	
		£ii	iis	viiid

R. J.

	Taynton.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert.	The Ladie Ann Bray vid in lande	x	iv		
	John Moore gent in goode .	III		xxi	
	Frances Hampson gent in goode	v		xxxi	viii
	Robert Collyer in lande . .	I		viii	
	William Leysey in lande . .	I		viii	
	Ralph Baker in lande	I		viii	
			£vii	xvi^{s}	viii^{d}

R. J.

	Tangley.				
	John Loggin in goode . .	III		xxi^{s}	

R. J.

	Fullbrooke.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
	Richard Fowden in lande . .	I		viii	
Cert.	William Bartholmew in lande .	I		viii	
	John Highlords in lande . .	I		viii	
	Robert Fowden in lande . .	I		viii	
	John Bartholmew in lande .	I		viii	
	Robert Martyn in lande . .	I		viii	
	Edmond Patrick in lande . .	I		viii	
			£ii	xvi^{s}	

R. J.

	Swinbrooke.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert.	John Fettiplace Esq. in lande .	x	iv		
	Edward Fettiplace Esq. in lande	II		xvi	
	Richard Gyles in lande . .	I		viii	
			£v	iv^{s}	

R. J.

	Minster Lovell.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert.	Sir Robert Cooke Knt. in lande .	x	iv		
	Francis Ewen gent in lande .	v		xxvi	viii

	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Robert Larris in lande . .	I		viii	
William Palmer in lande . .	I		viii	
Henery Hollinge in lande . .	II		xvi	
Recusants. Francis Ewen pr. poll . .				xvi
Richard Ewen pr. poll . .				xvi
Margaret Ewen pr. poll . .				xvi
Ellen Ewen pr. poll . . .				xvi
Maria Peason pr. poll . .				xvi
Alice Ewen pr. poll . . .				xvi
Bridgett Hatton pr. poll . .				xvi
Shelagh Morgan pr. poll . .				xvi
John Kerwood pr. poll . .				xvi
		£vii	x^{s}	viii^{d}

R. J.

Leafield.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Thomas Rawlyns in lande .	I		viii	
Mathew Payne in lande . .	I		viii	
John Harris in lande . .	I		viii	
James Clay in lande . . .	I		viii	
Edmund Rawlyns in lande .	I		viii	
		£ii		

R. J.

Ramsden.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
William Gardner in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Keerby in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Francis in lande . .	I		viii	
			xxiv^{s}	

R. J.

Shorthampton.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Anthony Blackgrove in lande .	IV		xxxii	
Richard Browne in lande . .	I		viii	
		£ii		

R. J.

Walcot.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
on Sir Robert Jenkinson Knt. in lande	VI	ii	viii	
on Dame Ann Lee vid in goode .	VIII	ii	ii	viii
		£iv	x^{s}	viii^{d}

R. J.

Chilson and Pudlicott.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. John Seader in lande . .	II		xvi	
Richard Harris in lande . .	I		viii	
Cert. John Brookes in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Honey in lande . .	I		viii	
Cert. Anthony Crosse in lande . .	I		viii	
		£ii	viii^{s}	

R. J.

Ascott.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Joseph Bouch in goode . .	III		xvi	
Cert. Henery Coxhead in goode .	III		xvi	
Florence Hamon vid in lande .	II		xvi	
George Recidly in lande . .	I		viii	
Henery Brookes in lande . .	I		viii	
Peeter Poole in lande . .	I		viii	
		£iii	xii^{s}	

R. J.

Shypton with woods.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Sir John Lacy Knt. in lande .	X	iv		
on Thomas Oven in lande . .	II		xvi	
William Batson in lande . .	I		viii	
Cert. William Coombe in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Peason in lande . .	I		viii	
Robert Heyward in lande . .	I		viii	
Barbara Ashfield vid in lande .	I		viii	
Dorothy Cooke vid in lande .	I		viii	
Cert. Robert Kidwell in lande . .	I		viii	

	pts.	£	s.	d.
Thomas Wisdome in lande .	II		xvi	
William Whishings in lande .	II		xvi	
Richard Hickes in lande . .	I		viii	
		£ix	xii^{s}	

R. J.

Myllton.	pts.	£	s.	d.
Cert. Henery Chivers in lande . .	III		xxiv	
William Batson in lande . .	II		xvi	
John Godfrey in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Moorton in lande .	I		viii	
Richard Diffar in lande . .	I		viii	
John Mathewes in lande . .	I		viii	
John Brookes in lande . .	I		viii	
Marry Parrat vid in lande . .	I		viii	
William Foster in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Manday in lande . .	I		viii	
		£v	iv^{s}	

R. J.

Lyneham.	pts.	£	s.	d.
John Brookes in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Baker in lande . .	I		viii	
John Hooper in lande . .	I		viii	
			xxiv^{s}	

R. J.

Langley.	pts.	£	s.	d.
Richard Harris in lande . .	I		viii	
Robert Foster in lande . .	I		viii	
			xvi^{s}	

R. J.

Sarsden.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
William Walter Esq. in lande .	x	iv		
Mary Clapton vid in lande .	i		viii	
Francis Haslewood in lande .	i		viii	
John Rawlyns in lande . .	i		viii	
Robert Boys in lande . .	i		viii	
		£v	xii^{s}	

R. J.

Northmoor.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Dr. Samuel Fell in lande . .	ii		xvi	
Elizabeth Greenway vid in goode	v		xxvi	viii
Henery Greenway in goode .	v		xxvi	viii
on Gawin Champines gent in lande	ii		xvi	
Thomas Martyn in lande . .	ii		xvi	
John Fairboard in lande . .	ii		xvi	
John Weald in lande . .	ii		xvi	
Cert. William Bowling in lande . .	i		viii	
William West in lande . .	i		viii	
Joanna Harris vid in lande .	i		viii	
Richard Jeames in lande . .	i		viii	
		£viii	v^{s}	iv^{d}

R. J.

Churchill.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Augustus Skynner Esq. in lande	v	ii		
George Moorcroft Esq. in lande	i		viii	
on Anne Harker vid in goode .	iii		xvi	
Thomas Sessions in lande . .	i		viii	
Giles Harris in lande . .	ii		xvi	
John Whytley in lande . .	i		viii	
William Bridge in lande . .	i		viii	
George Moorcroft, Clearke, in lande (Son of Prebendary of Durham, 1634).	i		viii	

	pts.	£	s.	d.
John Sessions Senr. . . .	I		viii	
William Sessions in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Bridge in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Shurley in lande . .	I		viii	
		£vii	iv^{s}	

R. J.

Bruerne.	pts.	£	s.	d.
on The Lady Elizabeth Cope vid in lande	XII	vi		

R. J.

Chadlington.	pts.	£	s.	d.
John Osbalston Esq. in lande .	V	ii		
John Newman, senr. in lande .	I		viii	
John Newman, junr. in lande .	II		xvi	
Thomas Harris in goode . .	III		xvi	
William Tidmarsh in lande .	I		viii	
John Carter in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Drake in lande . .	I		viii	
John Smyth in lande . .	I		viii	
Anthony Crosse in lande . .	I		viii	
William Gardner in lande . .	I		viii	
		£vi	viii^{s}	

R. J.

Deane.	pts.	£	s.	d.
Cert. Robert Smyth Esq. in lande .	VII	ii	xvi	
William Kerry in lande . .	I		viii	
Edmund Hopkins in lande .	I		viii	
William Freeman in lande .	II		xvi	
		£iv	viii^{s}	

Spilsbury.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
The Ladie Lea vid in lande .	xv	vi		
Christopher Harris in lande .	i		viii	
Thomas Rooke in lande . .	i		viii	
Thomas Prentise in lande . .	i		viii	
Elizabeth Isard vid. in lande .	i		viii	
Thomas Grinder in lande . .	i		viii	
Abraham Harris in lande . .	i		viii	
		£viii	viii^{s}	

R. J.

Swerford and Southorp.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
M—— Rowe gent in lande .	v	ii		
John Hands gent in lande . .	i		viii	
John Humphreys in lande . .	i		viii	
		£ii	xvi^{s}	

R. J.

Enstone cum membris.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
John Bushell Esq. in lande .	v	ii		
Cert. Ralph Marshall in lande . .	ii		xvi	
on Thomas Martyn in lande . .	ii		xvi	
Robert Clemens in lande . .	i		viii	
Thomas Brickquith in lande .	i		viii	
Cert. John Basby in lande . . .	i		viii	
Nicolas Marshall in lande . .	i		viii	
William Canning in lande . .	i		viii	
William Miller in lande . .	i		viii	
William Fawdry in lande . .	i		viii	
Edward Ffortman in lande .	i		viii	
M—— Boulton vid. in lande .	i		viii	
Robert Boutcher in lande . .	i		viii	
Henry Drinkwater in lande .	i		viii	

	pts.	£	s.	d.
Cert. Gabriell Coplands in lande .	I		viii	
Francis Smyth in lande . .	I		viii	
		£viii	xvi[s]	

R. J.

Hooknorton.	pts.	£	s.	d.
Richard Harkarnore Esq. . .	III		xxiv	
Bernard Croaker Esq. in goode .	III		xvi	
on Robert Austyn in lande . .	II		xvi	
on John Varron in lande . .	II		xvi	
Richard Gallcott, senr. in lande .	I		viii	
Walter Gallcott in lande . .	I		viii	
James Vittam in lande . .	I		viii	
John Harwood in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Ward in lande . .	I		viii	
John Crosse in lande . .	I		viii	
Tobias Wilkes in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Yonge in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Prescott in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Clyfton in lande . .	I		viii	
		£vii	xii[s]	

Rowlright Magna.	pts.	£	s.	d.
on William Sheppard Esq. in lande	VI	ii	viii	
Jonathan Cobb Esq. in lande .		i	viii	
[1] Edward Rowlewright abt. Fullerton in lande	I		viii	
William Carter in lande . .	I		viii	
William Freeman in lande .	I		viii	
Dr. Samuel Radcliffe in lande .	III		xxiv	
		£vi	iv[s]	

R. J.

[1] In the declaration there is a Rowlewright of Hulton.

Rowlewright parva.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Edward Juxon Esq. in lande .	v	ii		

R. J.

Salford.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
M—— Boulton vid in goode .	III		xvi	
Charles Hyatt in lande . .	I		viii	
John Kyte in lande . . .	I		viii	
William Price in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Hopkins in goode .	III		xvi	
Henry Fitch in lande . .	I		viii	
		£iii	iv^{s}	

R. J.

Cornwell.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Sir Thomas Penniston Knt. in lande	VI	ii	viii	
Anthony Freeman in lande .	I		viii	
Robert Mayor in lande . .	I		viii	
Dorothy Hallifax vid in lande .	I		viii	
		£iii	xii^{s}	

R. J.

Chastleton and Brookend.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Henery Jones Esq. in lande .	VIII	iii	iv	
Edmund Ansley in goode . .	III		xvi	
George Greenwood in lande .	IV		xxxii	
John Lade in goode . . .	III		xvi	
John Widdowes in lande . .	I		viii	
M. Phipps vid in lande . .	I		viii	
Hugh Williams in lande . .	I		viii	
		£vii	xii^{s}	

R. J.

Chipping Norton.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Cert. Michaell Chadwell gent in lande	VI	ii	viii	
Gervace Warmsley gent in goode	VIII	ii	ii	viii

	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Henery Cornish gent in goode .	VII	i	xvii	iv
Thomas Fowler, senr. in lande .	II		xvi	
Robert Berry, senr. in lande .	II		xvi	
Cert. Robert Mayor in lande . .	II		xvi	
William Dishon in lande . .	II		xvi	
Robert Berry, junr. in lande .	I		viii	
Mary Teatsh vid in lande . .	I		viii	
John Davis in lande . . .	I		viii	
John Higgins in lande . .	I		viii	
Philipps Cane in lande . .	I		viii	
John Proute in lande . .	I		viii	
David Jixt in lande . . .	I		viii	
Anne Wallyngton vid in lande .	I		viii	
James Proute in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Higgins in lande . .	I		viii	
Thomas Roone in lande . .	I		viii	
Recusante. Anne Uxor William Carter pr. poll				xvi
		£xiv	is ivd	
			R. J.	

Burt Norton.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Thomas Chamberlyn gent in lande	II		xvi	
Gervase Warmsley gent in goode	III		xxi	
Nicolas Busbye in goode . .	I		viii	
Richard Brayne in lande . .	I		viii	
Richard Hurknald in lande .	I		viii	
John Freeman in lande . .	I		viii	
Cert. Anne Harker vid. in lande . .	I		viii	
		£iii	xviis	
			R. J.	

Heathrupp.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
on Edmund Goodier Esq. in lande .	VI	ii	viii	
			R. J.	

Parva Tiddington.	pts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Richard Franklin in lande	1		viii	

R. J.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Summa Tota	clxxviii	xiv	viii

W. Walter.

It seems evident from the roll

1. That the standard of tax levied was—

   One part on land of 8*s.* money value, and all the rest were multiples of that—the tax on goods was smaller and varied in proportion,

2. That *recusants* were taxed per head,

3. Those who paid the fifth of the estreate certified with the Exchequer (see declaration) were marked *Cert.* on the roll,

4. That the accounts were audited by Rice Jones, Esq. (see Jones, of Astall, in *Visitations of Oxfordshire*),

5. That Chipping Norton supplied the largest amount, and Langley and Parva Tiddington the two smallest.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IV

'A Bill of Fare for Every Month in the Year,' provided for the Cook. 1668.

January.

1. Brawn and Mustard.
2. Two boiled Capons and White Broth.
3. A Turkey Roasted.
4. A Shoulder of Mutton hash'd.
5. Two Geese boyled.

6. A Goose roasted.
7. Ribs or Sirloin of Beef.
8. Minc'd Pyes.
9. A Loin of Veal.
10. A Pasty of Venison.
11. A Marrow Pye.
12. Roasted Capons.
13. Lamb.
14. Woodcocks, Partridges, and Smaller Birds.

Second Course.

1. A Sous'd Pig.
2. A Warden Pye.
3. Dryed Neats Tongues.
4. A Sous'd Capon.
5. Pickled Oysters and Mushrooms together.
6. Sturgeon.
7. A Goose or Turkey Pye.

February.

1. A Chine or Roast Pork.
2. Veal or Beef Roasted.
3. A Lamb Pye and Minced Pyes.
4. A couple of Wild Ducks.
5. A couple of rabbits.
6. Fryed Oysters.
7. A Skirrit Pye.

Second Course.

1. A Whole Lamb roasted.
2. Three Pidgeons.
3. A Pippin Pye.
4. A Jole of Sturgeon.
5. A Cold Turkey Pye.

March.

1. Neats Tongue and Udder.
2. Boyled Chickens.
3. A dish of stewed Oysters.
4. A dish of young Rabbits.
5. A Grand Sallet.

Second Course.

1. Dish of Soles or Smelts.
2. Marinate Flounders.
3. A Lambstone Pye.
4. A hundred of Asparagus.
5. A Warden Pye.

April.

1. Green Geese or Veal and Bacon.
2. A Haunch of Venison Roasted.
3. A Lumber Pye.
4. Rabbits and Tarts.

Second Course.

1. Cold Lamb.
2. Cold Neats Tongue Pye.
3. Salmons, Lobsters, and Prawns.

May.

1. Boyled Chicken.
2. Roasted Veal.
3. Roasted Capons.
4. Rabbits.

Second Course.

1. Artichoke Pye hot.
2. Westphalia Bacon and Tarts.
3. Sturgeon, Salmon, Lobsters.
4. A dish of Asparagus.
5. A Tansee.

June.

1. Neats Tongue or Leg of Mutton and Colliflower.
2. A Stake Pye.
3. A Shoulder of Mutton.
4. A Forequarter of Lamb.

Second Course.

1. Sweet Bread Pye.
2. A Capon.
3. A Gooseberry Tart.
4. Strawberries and Cream, or Strawberries, White-wine, Rose-water and Sugar.

July.

1. A Westphalia-ham and Pidgeons.
2. A Loin of Veal.
3. A Venison Pasty.
4. Roast Capons.

Second Course.

1. Pease or French Beans.
2. A Quodling Tart.
3. Artichokes or a Pye made thereof.
4. Roast Chickens.

August.

1. Calves head and Bacon.
2. An Olio or Grand Boyled Meat.
3. A Haunch of Venison.
4. A Pig Roasted.

Second Course.

1. Marinate Smelts.
2. A Pidgeon Pye.
3. Roast Chickens.
4. A Tart.
5. Some Cream and Fruit.

September.

1. Capon and White Broth.
2. Neats Tongue and Udder Roasted.
3. A Powdered Goose.
4. A Roast Turkey.

Second Course.

1. Potato Pye.
2. Roast Partridges.
3. A dish of Larks.
4. Cream and Fruit.

October.

1. Roast Veal.
2. Two Brand Geese Roasted.
3. A Grand Sallet.
4. Roasted Capons.

Second Course.

1. Pheasants, Fowls and Pidgeons.
2. A dish of Quails, and Sparrows.
3. A Warden Pye, Tarts and Custards.

November.

1. A shoulder of Mutton and Oysters.
2. A Loin of Veal.
3. Geese Roasted.
4. A Pasty of Venison.

Second Course.

1. Two Herns, one Larded.
2. A soused Turbot.
3. Two Pheasants, one Larded.
4. A Rowl of Beef.
5. A Soused Mullet and Ruse.
6. Jellies and Tarts.

December.

1. Stewed Broth of Mutton and Marrow Bones.
2. Lambs heads and White Broth.
3. A Chine of Beef Roasted.
4. Minc'd Pyes.
5. A Roast Turkey stuck with Cloves.
6. Two Capons, one Larded.

Second Course.

1. A Young Lamb or Kid.
2. Brace of Partridges.
3. Ballone Sausages, Anchovies, Mushrooms, Cavier and Pickled Oysters in a Dish together.
4. A Quince Pye.
5. Six Woodcocks.

From the *Angliae Notitia* of 1664, published by Edward Chamberlayne, Fellow of the Royal Society, we learn that the custom of former times of having the table 'covered' four times a day for Breakfasts, Dinners, Beverages and Suppers, 'owing to the impoverishment of the late wars' has given way to the taking of a more plentiful Dinner and little or no Supper. In the same year was published 'An Exact Description of the Growth, Quality and Virtues of the Leaf TEE, alias TAY, Drawn up for the satisfaction of Persons of Quality, and the Good of the Nation in General.' On this sheet are given seventeen of 'Perticular Vertues,' Physiological and Medical, of this Newly introduced beverage.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER V

Lord Clarendon's Paintings.

In a letter to Pepys, August 12, 1689, Evelyn gives the following list of the most notable of the paintings possessed by the late Lord Clarendon :—

'The Great Duke of Buckingham.
Sir Horace and F. Vere.
Sir Walter Raleigh.
Sir Philip Sidney.
Earl of Leicester.
Treasurer Buckhurst.
Lord Burleigh.
Walsingham.
Cecil.
Lord Chancellor Bacon.
Elsmere.
All the late Chancellors and grave Judges in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I.
Treasurer Weston.
Lord Cottington.
Duke Hamilton.
Earl of Carlisle.
Earl of Carnarvon.
Earl of Bristol.
Earl of Holland.
Earl Linsay.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Kingston.
Earl of Southampton.
Lord Falkland.
Lord Digby.
Charles II., besides the Royal Family, Henrietta Maria, and a small Vandyck of Charles I's Children and Charles II. as a boy.
Duke of Albemarle (Monk).
Duke of Newcastle.
Earl of Derby.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Earl of St. Albans.
The Brave Montrose.
Lord Sandwich.
Lord Manchester.
Sir Edward Coke.
Judge Berkely.
Judge Bramston.
Sir Orlande Bridgman.
Geoffrey Palmer.
Selden.
Vaughan.
Sir Robert Cotton.
Dugdale.
Mr. Camden.
Mr. Hales of Eton.
Archbishop Abbot.
Archbishop Laud.
Bishop Juxon.
Bishop Sheldon.
Bishop Morley.

Bishop Duppa.
Mr. Sanderson Brownrigg.
Dr. Donne.
Dr. Chillingworth.
And several of the clergy and others of the former and present age.
Fisher.
Fox.
Sir Thomas More.
Thomas Lord Cromwell.
Dr. Nowell, &c.

And what was most agreeable to his Lordship's general humour.

Old Chaucer.
Shakespeare.
Beaumont and Fletcher who were both in one piece.
Spenser.
Mr. Waller.
Hudibras.

Most of which, if not all, are at the present in Cornbury, in Oxfordshire.'

Pictures at Cornbury when the House was sold to the Duke of Marlborough.

Lord Clarendon's Bedchamber.

Lady Ossory (daughter of Lawrence Hyde) [Wissing].
Queen Mary (grand-daughter of Chan. Clarendon) [Wissing].
Queen Anne „ „ „ [Wissing].
Earl of Clarendon (Chancellor) [Sir Peter Lely].
Lawrence, Earl of Rochester [Sir Peter Lely].

Lord Clarendon's Closet.

King Charles I. on a dun horse [by Vandyck].
Charles XI. of Sweden.
Mr. Ailesbury [after Vandyck].
Mrs. Ailesbury.
Lady Capel [Vandyck].

Lord Clarendon's Dressing-room.

Lord Keeper Finch.
Marquis of Hertford.
Sir Henry Capell.
Anne Duchess of York.

Purple Velvet Room.

Queen Anne.
Charles II.
His Queen.
Lady Newport.

The Green Room.

Earl of Derby, his Lady and Child [One of Vandyck's finest pictures].
Lord Grandison.
Lord Banning.
Lord Keeper Coventry.
Lady Paulet.
Lady Aubigny [Vandyck].
Madam de Caute Croix.
Duke of Ormonde.
Lord Manchester.
Sir Robert Howard.
Archbishop Warham.

The Bedroom.

Lord Arundel.
Lord Dorset.
Earl of Carlisle.
Lady Moreton.
Earl of Strafford.
King Charles I's Queen [by Vandyck].
Lord Cottington.
Duke of Richmond.
William Earl of Pembroke.
Duke of York.
Lord Goring.
Lord Capell.
Archbishop Laud.
Princess of Orange.

The Great Room.

Duke of Buckingham.
Duchess of Orleans.
Lord Portland.
Maurice Prince of Orange.
Charles I.
His Queen and the Prince of Wales.
Earl of Lindsay.
Earl of Holland.
Sir Thomas Minnes.
Mrs. Howard.
Earl of Northumberland.
Philip, Earl of Pembroke.
James I.
General Monk.
Earl of Clarendon (Chancellor).
Ferdinand the Cardinal.
Marquis of Newcastle.

The Chapel Room.

Bishop Morley.
Archbishop Sheldon.
Bishop Andrewes.
Bishop Hinchman.
View of Dublin.
The Four Elements.
The Judgement of Solomon.

The Billiard Room.

A Gentleman, on panel [said to be Holbein].
Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Attorney-General.
Duke of Monmouth and Astrologer.
Sir William Leveson.
Duke of Saxony and Reformers.
Lord Burleigh.
Cecil Lord Salisbury.
Lord Buckhurst.
Sir Robert Cotton.
Gentleman.
Lord Falkland [Vandyck].
James I.
Fletcher the Poet.
Mr. Selden.
Mr. Shaw [Wissing].
Mrs. Shaw [Sir Godfrey Kneller].

The Library.

Judge Bramston.
Lord Keeper Bridgman.
Judge Hyde.
Judge Dyer.
Judge Popham.
Judge Heath.
Judge Anderson.
Judge Hyde.
Judge Hobart.
Judge Cook.
Lord Keeper Littleton.
Judge Keeling.

The Inner Library.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper.
Sir Henry Spelman.
Mr. Camden (the historian). [Copy from Mark Gerrard].
Lord Keeper Wriothesley.
Lord Elsmere.
Sir Christopher Hatton.
School of Athens.

King Charles's Bedchamber.

Duke of Buckingham.
Earl of Kinnoul.
Queen of Bohemia [Gerrard Honthorst].

Duchess of Savoy.
Catherine, Infanta of Portugal [Stoop].

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

Sir Thomas More.
Sir Francis Bacon.
Lord Cromwell.
Erasmus.
Chaucer.
Sir Thomas Ailesbury [Vandyck].
Lady Ailesbury [Vandyck].
Earl of Southampton.
A Perspective Piece.

THE HALBERT HALL.

Nine India Pictures.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Comte de Bergh.
Lord and Lady Cornbury.
Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma.
Sir Thomas Powell.
Countess of Suffolk.
Duchess of Beaufort [Sir Peter Lely].
Countess of Carnarvon.
Mr. Cowley.
Waller the Poet [Sir Peter Lely].

LORD HYDE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

Duchess of Queensbury.
Mr. Solicitor-General Murray.
Mr. Hill.
Dr. Clarke.
Lord Foley.

MR. LEVESON'S BEDCHAMBER.

Lord Falkland.
A Gentleman in a fur gown.

OVER THE STOKE-ROOM.

A young woman asleep and an old woman with a letter.

OVER THE PANTRY.

King Charles II. as a boy [Stampart, from Vandyck].
King James II.
Lord Jersey.
A Boy with flowers.

FURBELOW BEDROOM.

A Magdalen.

NEXT MR. THOMAS'S ROOM.

King William in Armour. A Clergyman.
A Gentleman.

LADY CHARLOTTE'S BEDCHAMBER.

A Girl Sleeping.

THE STEWARD'S ROOM.

Earl of Rochester.

MR. THOMAS'S ROOM.

Two large landscapes.

MRS. ROBINET'S ROOM.

Lady Charlotte Hyde.
Lord Clarendon.
Gentleman in Armour.
Lady Essex.
Queen Anne.
Duchess of Queensberry.
Our Saviour's Head, on copper.
A small Fruit-piece.
Eight small Landscapes.
Six small portraits, in crayons.
Five small pieces.
A dog, in crayons, glazed.
Thirty prints, glazed.
Eight prints, not glazed.

BACK ROOM.

Lady Charlotte Hyde.
Our Saviour and the Virgin.
Lady Charlotte Scott.
Lady Charlotte Hyde.
Duke of Queensberry's two sons.

BACK PARLOUR.

Two Fruit-trees.
Four heads [Rosalba].
Chancellor Clarendon.
Earl of Rochester.
A Saint's Head.
Lady Charlotte Hyde.
A Riddle.
A Landscape.
Sir William Wyndham.
Duchess of Marlborough.
King Charles II., Duke of York, &c. [Vandyck].
Lord Clarendon.

Plot's List of Gentry.

At the close of the seventeenth century we find, at [1]

Great Tew	L. V. Falkland [2].
Heathrop	Goodyer, Esq.
Hook Norton	Wise, Esq.
Great Rollright	Sheppard, Esq.
Little Rollright	Dewe, Esq.
Chipping Norton	Lodge, Esq.
Bruerne	Baron Cope.
Shipton-under-Wychwood	Baron Willis.
Pudlicot	Lacy, Esq.
Cornwell	Pennyston, Bart.
Ascot	Read, Bart.
Fifield	Bray, Esq.
Idbury	Loggan, Esq.
Walcot	Baron Jenkinson.
Cornbury (Charlbury)	Earl of Clarendon.
Fawler	Mavot, Esq.
Chastleton	Jones, Esq.
Spelsbury	Osbaldeston, Bart.
Ditchley	Earl of Litchfield.
Church Enstone	Cole, Esq.
Neat Enstone	Eyans, Esq.
Sarsden	Walter, Bart.
Over Norton	Joyner als. Lyde.

Of the persons in this list, we find the following mentioned in Wood's Diary—

Falkland—'24th May, 1694, the Lord Falkland (Anthony Carey fifth viscount) died on Thursday night (May 24) of the small pox.' His father's cousin, Lucius Henry Cary, succeeded as sixth viscount.

Goodyer—'25th Aug., 1695, he told me that Goodyeare

[1] List worked out from map in *History of Oxfordshire*, by Plot. Published in 1676.

[2] The estate was sold to the trustees of Sir Anthony Keck in 1698.

lord of the mannour of Heythrope neare Chipping-Norton had then lately sold that mannour to one Milbank of Northamptonshire.'

Sheppard—Referring to Sir Charles Sedley, 'This memoir is here set downe, because A. W. had some acquaintance with Sir Charles Sedley; and afterwards some acquaintance with Charles Lord Buckhurst, when he was Earl of Middlesex; at which time he would come with Fleetwood Shepheard to Great Rowlright in Oxfordshire, and thence three miles beyond, to Weston in the parish of Long Compton, to visit Mr. (Ralph) Sheldon, where he found A. W. and discoursed very seriously with him.'

In describing the funeral of William Cread, D.D., at Oxford, July 19, 1663, Wood says all the Doctors and Masters of Art of the University 'followed the corps to the Schooles, where entering the Divinity Schoole, Mr. Fleetwood Shepheard of Christ Ch. made an oration in the respondent's seat.'

'Oct. 16th, 1678, the king returned from Newmarket to London. Some dayes before which Nell Guin with Fleetw. Shepard were entertained by certaine scholars at Cambridge (either by the vicechancellor or proctors) and had verses presented to her.'

'Nov. 19th, 1681, Mr. Ralph Sheldon of Weston was in towne, and he told me that the Earl of Dorset, Sir Cyril Wyche, Mr. Vaughan the earl of Carbury's son, and Fleetwood Sheppard went last Michaelmas to Parys to visit Harry Savill the English ambassador there—where at this time they were enjoying themselves, talking blasphemy and atheisme, drinking, and perhaps that which is worse.'

'April 26th, 1683. News letter at Short's saith that Mr. Pindar one of the sixe clerks in chancery will resign by reason of age; that Mr. Fleetwood Shepheard is to succeed.'

'April 25th, 1694, about 6 in the morn, died Sir Thomas Duppe, usher of the black rod, and will be succeeded by Mr. Fleetwood Shepheard.'

Cope—Constant references to his return to Parliament.

Lacy—'Sept. 27, 1690, Sir Rowland Lacy, kt., natural son of Rowland Lacy, esq., died in his house at Pudlicot neare Charlbury; buried at Shipton Underwood, Friday following.'

'April 2nd, 1695, the widdow of Rowland Lacy, lately High Sherrife, was brought from London thro Oxon to be buried by her husband. She was a Fetiplace.'

Pennyston—July 20th, 1671, A. W. went to meet Mr. Sheldon at the Mitre Inn, 'where I found Sir Littleton Osbaldeston and Sir Thomas Peniston with him.'

'May 19th, 1675, I went to London in Mr. Sheldon's coach, which cost me nothing, but only 2s. 6d. to Robin the Coachman. Took me up at Stockhurst: layd at Wycumb at Rutt's: Sir Th. Penyston with me.'

'Dec. 8th, 1678, I heard Sir Thomas Penyston was dead of the small pox, aet. 32 or thereabouts.'

Read—'Sept. 31, 1679, I heard at Weston that Sir Compton Read of Shipton by Burford was dead.'

Loggan—After a long note on the village of Idbury, A. W. says, 'All this concerning Idbury I had from — Logan, now lord of Idbury, 15th April, 1674.'

Jenkinson—'March 30, 1677, Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bt., of Walcot in Charlbury parish in com. Oxon., died at London. Buried in Charlbury Church 10 April at night. Aet. 55 or thereabouts. Left issue a son Robert, sometimes a gent-commoner of Brasnose.'

'Jan. 14th, 1689, election of knights of the shire. Jan. 15. Towards the evening Sir John Cope and Sir Robert Jenkinson were pronounced knights.'

Clarendon—'Sept. 8th, 1670, lord Cornbury married to the lady Backhouse by Reading.'

'Feb. 12, 1661, Convocation. Henry Hyde, eldest son of the Chancellor, and Lawrence another son, were voted Mrs. of Arts; and 14 Feb. diplomated.'

In a note of 1768, Clarendon House sold in 1674 or 5 by

Henry Hyde Earl of Clarendon to the Duke of Albemerle for twenty-two thousand pounds.

'Many of his (Lord Chancellor's) books to be sold July and Aug. 1678.'

March 17, 1681. Charles II. visited Cornbury.

May 19, 1683. Duke and Duchess of York visited Cornbury.

Feb. 1686. Duke of Ormond at Cornbury.

'Jan. 5. 1687. Convocation, wherein was confirmed the nomination of the Chancellor of the University of Henry Earl of Clarendon to be steward of the University.'

June 28. 1690. Henry Earl of Clarendon committed to the tower.

'Jan. 3, 1691, further discovery of the plot goes forward; earl of Clarendon committed to sergeant at armes.'

There are further many references to Lord Clarendon's reading of an advance sheet of Wood's 'Athenae Oxonienses,' and prosecuting the author for libelling the late Lord Clarendon.

Jones—'Aug. 27, 1677, at Mr. Jones' at Chastleton.'

'About 28th July, 1681, Doctor Hammond, canon of Christ Church, was marri'd to esquire Jones' daughter of Chastleton.'

'Sept. 15, 1686, Elizabeth Jones, eldest daughter of Arthur Jones, Esq., died in Christ Church, Oxon., 28 Nov. 1687, in the lodgings of Doctor John Hammond, canon of that Church, who married her younger sister. Whereupon her body was carried to Chastleton and buried there.'

'Arthur Jones, esq., of Chastleton, died suddenly of apoplexie 12 Aug., 1687, aged 72, and was buried in the chancel of Chastleton Church by the graves of his father and grandfather.' Succeeded by his son Henry, who married Sarah daughter of — Smith, Alderman of London.

Osbaldeston—(see Penyston).

'Charles Osbaldeston, a younger son of Sir Littleton

Osbaldeston of Chadlington in Oxfordshire, bart., died in Wadham College, of which he was scholar, on F., the 30 of March, 1683, and was buried the next day in the chappell there. Arms, Quarterly argent and sable, 4 leopards' heads counterchanged.'

'Dec. 26, 1691. Sir Littleton Osbaldeston, baronet, died at Woodstock. Left behind him issue, Lacy Osbaldeston.'

'June 23, 1694. I returned from London in the company of a little poore thing, Sir Lacy Osbaldeston [1].'

Litchfield—'April, 1678. This month was a Friday's market and 4 faires granted by the king to the earl of Litchfield (Edward Henry Lee) to be held in his mannour of Charlbury.'

'Jan. 19, 1688, earl of Litchfield, lord lieutenant of Oxfordshire, at the Cross Inn to meet with the country gentlemen to take off the test; but 4 or 5 or 6 there.'

April, 1690. Four bishops that have refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary 'have by the favour of the earl of Litchfield taken up their rest at Lea's-rest neare Dichley.'

Cole—'January, 1676. Thomas Bushell, esquire, who carried the seal formerly before Lord Bacon when chancellor, the builder of Enston wells, died about Easter 1674—so Mr. Cole at Enston.'

July 31, 1678. George Cole, impropriator of Einston in com. Oxon., died there.'

Eyans—'Oct. 3, 1677. Richard Eyan, of Enston, gent., died, aet. 48 or thereabouts: buried in Charlbury church.'

Walter—See account of Bishop Juxon's funeral.

'March 23, 1675. Sir William Walter, baronet, of Saresden, died and was burried there; son of Sir John Walter; aet. 74.' Memorandum that 'Sir William Walter died at Saresden and was buried in the church of Churchill in an isle on the south side of the body under the seat, where his

[1] For explanation see Wood's letter to Sir Lacy, July 9, 1694.

lady (sister to John lord Lucas) lyes buried. In the said place the lords of Saresden did alwaies bury.'

Succeeded his son William.

'In the winter time this yeare, 1687, Sir William Walter of Sarsden bought of Unton Croke the farms in Heddington parish called 'The Wyke.'

'Nov. 6, 1689, the house of Sir William Walter, baronet, at Saresden neare Churchill was burnt. His lossess 20 thousand pounds. Rebuilt in 1693.'

Joyner (alias *Lyde*)—Wood gives the pedigree of this family, and prints Latin verse of Edward Joyner, dated June 29, 1693.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VI

Local Race Meetings.

The *Oxford Journal* for July 27, 1771, gives an account of the races at Burford during the previous week. On Monday, the first day, was won 'His Majesty's Plate of one hundred guineas,' and on the same day took place 'the four mile heat for two hundred guineas,' and there were five nominations of twenty-five guineas each for the Sweepstakes Race. On Tuesday, races were run for 'The Give and Take Plate,' and the four mile heat for 'The Great Sweepstakes, Twenty-three subscribers of Twenty-five Guineas each.' Wednesday, the prizes were 'Fifty pounds, for Five and Six years old and Aged horses,' and 'Sweepstakes of One Hundred Guineas each.' On Thursday was won 'the Fifty pounds for Four Year olds.' The account closes with the announcement 'On Tuesday next the races begin at Stratford upon Avon.'

Postal Facilities in 1753.

Mail Notice of 1753.

'Oxford Post Office. Account of the Days and Hours that the Post sets out from the Post-office in Oxford.

'To Abingdon, Farringdon, Cirencester, Gloucester, Monmouthshire, and all South Wales; on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at One o'clock at Noon.

'To Bath, Bristol, Sherborne, Lynn, Bridge-Port, Blanminster, Somersetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and all parts of the West; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Two o'clock at Noon.

'To Woodstock, Enstone, Chipping-Norton, Shipton-upon-Stour, Worcester and Herefordshire; every Day in the week, except Monday, at Two o'clock at Noon.

'To Evesham, Pershore, and Ludlow; every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Two o'clock at Noon.

'To Witney, Burford, and Stow, or any where that way; on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at Two o'clock at Noon.

'To Stratford-upon-Avon, Banbury, Warwick, Coventry, Ireland, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and all Staffordshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, and all North Wales, with Kendal in Westmoreland; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Two o'clock at Noon.

'To Wheatley and Bicester, every day except Saturday.

'To London, every Day except Saturday. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, at Five o'clock; Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at Half Hour past Six. Comes in every day except Monday.

'N.B. If any Letters are put into this office on which are written "Post Paid," and the Money be not given in with them, such letters will not be sent.'

Local News.

June 6, 1767. 'On Friday last died suddenly at Epsom Races the Hon. Anthony Tracey Keck, Esq. of Great Tew, Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber and one of the members for New Woodstock;' his body was carried through Oxford for interment at Great Tew.

'Jan. 20th, 1803. On Saturday sen'night as four children were playing on the ice on a pond in Great Tew Park, Oxfordshire, the seat of F. Stratton, Esq., it suddenly broke under them, by which they were all unfortunately drowned.'

A letter written by 'A Lover of Improvements,' to the *Town and Country Magazine* for May, 1773, is a curious indication of eighteenth-century irreverence. The writer holds up to contempt the regret of the late Dr. Stukely that for stone 'in making the new road along the wall of Severus, carvings, inscriptions, altars, milestones, pillars of the old wall have been ground to pieces by ignorant workmen.' Such regret belongs, says the writer of the letter, to 'the antiquarian, the mere antiquarian,' for 'an old useless wall cannot stand in competition with a new public road.' In 1732, in spite of Vanbrugh's entreaties, the Duchess of Marlborough completely destroyed the old house of Woodstock.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VII

DATES OF INCLOSURE AWARDS ENROLLED IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE PEACE OF THE COUNTY OF WESTMINSTER.

	Date of Award.
Ascot Common . . .	Oct. 1838
Ascot-under-Wychwood .	Oct. 1838.
Burford	Feb. 1795.
Charlbury (Agreement for enclosing open Fields) .	Nov. 1715.
Chipping Norton . .	July, 1770.
Dean	Dec. 1779.
Enstone (Church) . .	Jan. 1844.
Enstone (Neat) . . .	May, 1843.
Fulbrook, Shipton and Taynton	Sept. 1863.
Handborough . . .	March, 1773.
Hook Norton and Southrop	Sept. 1774.

	Date of Award.
Kingham	Dec. 1850.
Leafield and Whichwood .	Dec. 1860.
Milton-under-Wychwood .	April, 1849.
Oddington	Dec. 1791.
Shipton-under-Wychwood .	Nov. 1852.
Spelsbury	May, 1803.
Stonesfield	June, 1804.
Little Tew	Nov. 1794.

Agriculture in the District.

'In the neighbourhood of Witney there is a great variety of soils; some I take to be very rich from their rent, which is 50*s.* and 31*s.* an acre while under tillage (which is but for a year or two), and 20*s.* and 25*s.* when laid down again. But in the same neighbourhood much inclosed lands let for 20*s.*, and the common fields from 7*s.* to 12*s.* Their course of husbandry is different from most: 1 Wheat, 2 Beans, 3 Barley, 4 Fallow, 5 Barley, 6 Clover with variations. They set their beans with a dibble and keep them clean by hoeing. Foot ploughs are here used.

Labour.

All winter, and to hay time .	1*s.*
In hay time	1*s.* 2*d.*
In Harvest	1*s.* 6*d.*
Reaping Wheat, per acre . .	5*d.*
Mowing soft corn . . .	8*d.*
Mowing Beans	1*s.* 9*d.*
Mowing Grass	1*s.* 4*d.*

Hoeing beans, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* each time.

This, upon the whole, is very reasonable.

Provisions.

Mutton . .	4½*d.* per lb.
Butter . .	6*d.* ,,

Arthur Young, 1769.'

REGULAR FAIRS OF DISTRICT in 1775[1].

Bampton, August 26, for horses and toys. Wednesday.

Banbury, Thursday after Jan. 17, horses, cows and sheep; First Thursday in Lent, ditto, and fish. Ascension Day, Thursday and Friday in Trinity-week, June 10 Corpus Christi, Aug. 12, horses, cows and sheep. Thursday after Oct. 10, hogs and cheese, and hiring servants. Thursday after Oct. 29th, cheese, hops, and cattle. Thursday.

Burford, July 5, for horses, sheep, cows, and small ware. Sept. 25th, for cheese and toys. Saturday.

Charlbury, January 1, second Friday in Lent, second Friday after May 12th, for cattle of all kinds. Oct. 10, for cheese and cattle of all kinds. Friday.

Chipping Norton, March 7, May 6, last Friday in May, July 18, Sept. 4th, Nov. 8th, last Friday in November, for horses, cows, sheep, lambs, leather and cheese. Wednesday.

Deddington, Aug. 21, for horses and cows. Sat. after old St. Michael. Oct. 10th, statute fair. Nov. 22nd, for horses, cows and swine. Tuesday.

Hook Norton, June 29th, Nov. 28th, for horses and cows.

Witney, Thursday in Easter week, for cattle of all sorts. April 5, June 29, and August 2, for ditto. Nov. 23, for ditto and cheese. Thursday.

In the *Oxford Journal*, Feb. 1773, occurs the following advertisement—'To be sold by Auction on Wednesday the 24th of February, 1773, at the White Hart Inn in Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire,—all the Right, Title and Interest of a Charter for holding two Fairs in the said Town yearly, one on the last Friday in May and one on the last Friday in November for ever. The Tolls of the said Fairs amount to about £13 yearly.'

'The *Oxford Journal*, April 2nd, 1791: At the Sale of the Breeding Stock of the late Mr. Robert Fowler of Rollright

[1] Owen's *New Book of Fairs*.

in this county, which began on Tuesday last, there were indisputably more People assembled than have ever before been collected on a like occasion; some aver, not less than Six Thousand. The first Three Lots (three young Bulls) fetched the amazing sum of Six Hundred and Twenty Guineas.'

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER IX

RATES IN OUR DISTRICT FOR THE YEAR ENDING EASTER, 1803, TAKEN FROM YOUNG'S REPORT ON AGRICULTURE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Name of parish or place.	Total money raised by rates. £	s.	d.	Rate in £ for year ending Easter, 1803. £	s.	d.
Ascott	381	13	6	0	8	0
Bruern	24	4	6			
Chadlington, East and West	364	3	5			
Chastleton	243	3	0	0	3	0
Churchill	451	5	0	0	3	5½
Cornwell	122	4	3	0	2	7
Enstone	740	13	10¼			
Fifield	91	1	1½	0	3	1½
Fulbrook	315	0	0	0	4	0
Heythrop (with Dunthrop)	158	3	1	0	0	6
Idbury	192	6	8	0	2	0
Kingham	246	14	0	0	4	0
Langley	38	11	0	0	1	0
Leafield	305	12	0	0	9	0
Lyneham	267	7	6	0	3	11
Milton	356	4	0	0	2	1
Minster Lovell	489	5	7	0	7	0
Northmoor	369	15	0	0	5	10
Chipping Norton	1201	5	5	0	6	3

Name of parish or place.	Total money raised by rates. £	s.	d.	Rate in £ for year ending Easter, 1803. £	s.	d.
Hook Norton	1203	11	8	0	6	6½
Over Norton	648	17	0	0	7	0
Ramsden	363	8	0	0	1	3
Great Rollright	557	13	10	0	4	6
Little Rollright	70	0	0	0	3	6
Salford	229	9	5½	0	4	0
Sarsden	196	12	6½	0	3	9
Shipton-under-Wychwood	562	2	11	0	1	0
Shorthampton	194	18	10½	0	3	0
Spelsbury	473	15	5			
Swerford	203	14	8½	0	3	5
Swinbrook	85	14	0	0	4	0
Taynton	242	4	10	0	6	2½
Charlbury	553	4	8¾	0	11	6
Fawler	143	1	8	0	10	0
Finstock	290	3	11	0	7	6

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIII

AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT PER QUARTER IN ENGLAND FROM 1798–1847.

Year.	*Price.*	*Year.*	*Price.*
1798	50/–	1805	87/1
1799	66/11	1806	76/9
1800	110/5	1807	73/1
1801	115/11	1808	78/11
1802	67/9	1809	94/5
1803	57/1	1810	103/3
1804	60/5	1811	92/5

Year.	*Price.*	*Year.*	*Price.*
1812	122/8	1831	66/4
1813	106/6	1832	58/8
1814	72/1	1833	52/11
1815	62/8	1834	46/2
1816	76/2	1835	39/4
1817	94/–	1836	48/9
1818	83/8	1837	55/10
1819	72/3	1838	64/4
1820	67/11	1839	70/6
1821	56/2	1840	66/4
1822	44/7	1841	64/5
1823	53/5	1842	57/5
1824	64/–	1843	53/2
1825	68/7	1844	51/3
1826	58/9	1845	50/9
1827	56/9	1846	54/9
1828	60/5	1847	69/5
1829	66/3	1848 Duty taken off.	
1830	64/3		

The foregoing list is taken from the business records of Messrs. J. & C. Sturge, Corn Merchants.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XIV

'THE COUNTIE OF OXFORD CERTIFICATE 38.

(Edward VI.)

Sir John Williams, Knyght, John Doyly and Edward Chamberleyn, Esquyers, Commissioners.

The Parishe and Towne of Burford.

Houselyng people 544.

The Guild of our Lady in the said parishe Churche. Certyn landes and tenementes gyven by Divers persons to

the Fyndyng of a Prest, and to Gyve to pore People of the Towne yerely, And to the mendynge of highways and Comyn brydges of same Towne, And the said Prest to pray and synge fr the Founders and all Crysten soules for ever.

Thomas Ploutre, Incombent there, of the age of 40 yeres, a man well learned, able to kepe A Cure, had for his salary yerely £7, And hathe non other lyvynge nor promocion, but only this Stipend. The value of all the landes and tenementes to the same belonging ys yerely £16. 10*s.* 10*d.*; whereof in Repryses yerely, 32*s.* 9*d.*

And so Remayneth Clere ( ).

Plate and Jewelles, weynge by estimacion, 10 ounces, Ornamentes valued at 20*s.* 20*s.* and 10 ounces. obites there.

Founded by Divers persons whiche gave Certyn annual rentes goinge oute of theyer landes to have certyn obittes theyr for ever.

Incombent, None.

The said Annuall Rentes going oute of the said landes be of the yerely value of 30*s.* Memoranda: that the said Towne of Burford ys a very greate markett Towne Replenysshed with muche People, And nedfull to have a Scole there, And the said landes was gyven to the mayntenance of hyghways and brydges, and to pore people.

Item that the Brethererne of the said Guylde at theyr Costes and Charge dyd bulde A Chapell of our lady annexed to the parishe Church there of theyre devosion, And dyd fynde a prest to mynyster ther, And to Teache Chylderne Frely, And after that, at divers tymes, certyn men of theyr devosions dyd gyve by will and feofment unto the said Guilde the landes and tenementes aforsaid, amountyng to the somme of £16. 10*s.* 10*d.*, to fynde a prest, and to helpe pore people, And to mend hyghwayes and the Comyn Brydges of the Towne, And so yt hath ben allwayes used so.

The Parishe and Towne of Chepyngnorton.

Houslynge people, 540.

The Trynytie Guild there.

Certeyn landes and tenementes gyven by Dyvers and soundre persons vnknown, to the said Guilde, to Fynde a morrowe masse prest, A Scole master, and for almes deades to be gyven yerely of the Revenues of the same in the said Towne. Sir William Bryan. morowe masse Prest, of the age of 60 yeres, a man of honest behavyour, had for his salary, yerely, £6, And had no other lyvynge nor promosion.

Sir Hamlet Malban, prest, Scolemaster there, of the age of 40 yeres, a man well learned in gramer, And doth kepe an teacheth a Scole of Childerne of the said Towne, And hathe for his Stipend £6. yerely, And hath no other lyvyng, but only the same.

The value of all the landes and tenementes to the same belongyng ys, yerely £16. 15*s*. 10*d*.; whereof in

Reprises yerely, 25*s*. 2*d*.

To the pore, 22*s*. 9½*d*.

Plate and Jewelles to the same, weying by estimacion 46 ounces, Remayning in the handes of John Oppwood, of the said Towne.

Ornamentes to the same, valued at 13*s*. 4*d*. 13*s*. 4*d*. and 46 ounces.

Memorandum; that the said Towne of Chepynorton is a greate market Towne replenysshe with muche People. And in the said Towne is upon the foundacion of the said Guild kepte a Scole there by one of the said Guilde preasts, whyche ys nowe the forsaid Amlet Malban, chauntre preste there.

Banbury.

Memorandum: that there ys a Free scole within the Towne of Banbury called Seynt Johnes scole or hospitall; The Scolemaster Nycholas Cartwryght, he havynge the profyttes

for his waiges, and for an Vusher to teache chylderne there their Gramer. The revenue of the landes belongyng for the same ys £15. Item yt is very meate that the said Incombentes may abyde there to mynster to the people and ayde the Curatt there, for yt is a greate Towne replynshd with people, and a greate merkett Towne.'

Chipping Norton.

The late Guilde called the Trynytie Guild in Chepyngnorton Aforsaid.

William Bryan, Stipendary, had for his waiges and Salary Clere £6.

Pencion. 100*s.*

Hamlet Malban, Scolemaster, for his waiges and stypend Clere, £6.

Stipendaries, £15. 4*d.*, over and above all Reprisis.

A Scole there, and the said Malban Scolemaster. Continuatur the Schole quousque.

Memorandum: the Inhabytaunces of the said Towne of Chepyngnorton desyereth that the said Scole maye be still kepte for teachyng yong chylderne. There ys muche yought in the said Towne.

Burford.

Memorandum: that the Towne of Burford ys a greate markett Towne Replenysshed with muche people, And it is verye necessary to have a scole there, for ther is muche yought.

Witney.

The late Stipendary in the parishe church of Wytney.

Houselyng people, 1,100.

William Dalton, Incumbent, hathe for his salary, the Tenth Deducted, 116*s.* 4*d.* The said Incumbent dyd Receyve the same for his salary. Pencion, 100*s.*

Memorandum: that the Towne of Wytney is a great

merket Towne, and Replenyshed with muche people, mete to have ayde for the Curatt there.

The inhabytaunces desyereth to have a scole master to teach yough there, but the said William Dalton doth lytle service nowe.

Deddington.

Ducatus Lancastrie.

The late Guild of the Trynytie in the parishe church of Dadyngton.

Houseling people 300.

William Burton, Incumbent there, hath for his salary, the tenth deducted, £6. (The clere yerely valewe), £7. 18*s*. 10*d*. over and boue all charges.

A Scole there, the said William burton, Scolemaster.

The Towne of Dadyngton is parcell of the Duchie of Lancastre. The said William Burton ys a good Scole master, and Bryngyth vp yough very well in learnyng.

Banbury.

The Certificat of John Maynard, Surveyer there, for the house or hospitall of Seynt John's next Banbury, in the said Countie, as hereafter ensuyth, videlicet: The landes and tenements, with all other Commodities vnto the said house or hospytall lying within the said Countie, ar nowe letten by the said master by Indentur for the somme of £6. 3*s*. 4*d*.

Sir Nicholas Cartwryght, Clerke, master of the said house or hospitall, a man of honest behavior, and had for his stipend the clere yerely value of the same. Pencion 100*s*.

Memorandum: that the said house or hospitall was not presented byfore the Kynges maiesties Comyssioners appointed for the Chauntres, etcetera, in the said Countie.

Chepyngnorton.

The late Guylde called Trynitie Guylde, in chepyngnorton aforesaid.

William Bryan, prest, incombent for his salary clere, £6. Pencion 100*s.*

Hamlett Malban, schoolmaster, for his waiges and stipend clere, £6.

STIPENDARIES.

(The Clere Remaynder), £15. 0*s.* 4*d.* over and above all Reprises. A Scole ther, the scolemaster the said Hamlett Malban. Continuatur the Schole quousque. Memorandum: the Inhabitaunces of the said Towne of Chepyngnorton desyreth that the said scole may be still kepte for teachyng yong chylderne, for their ys muche ught in the said Towne.

WITNEY.

The late stipendary in the parishe churche of Wytney.

Houselyng people, 1,100.

William Dalton, Incombent, for his salary clere, 116*s.* 4*d.* Pencion, 100*s.*

(The Clere Remaynder), nihil, for that the incombent Receyveth it for his stipend. Memorandum: that the Towne of Witney is a very great markett Towne and Replenyshed with muche people, mete to have ayde for the Curat there. The inhabitaunces desyeryth to have a scolemaster to teache yought there, but the said William Dalton doth lytle service there nowe.

DEDDINGTON.

The late Guylde of the Trynitie, in the parish of Dadyngton.

Houselyng people, 300. William Burton, Incombent, for his salary clere, £6. (The Clere Remaynder) £7. 18*s.* 10*d.*, over and above all charges. A Scole ther, the said William Burton, Scolmaster.

Ducatus of Lancastrie.

The Towne of Dadyngton ys parcell of the Duchy of Lancastre.

The said William Burton is a very good Scole master, And bryngyng up yough very well in learnynge.

Summa totalis:

The Scholes . .	£12
The Pore . . .	£23

From the Report of the Commissioners of Edward VI as given in *English Schools at the Reformation.*

In the Bodleian Library is a sheet giving the following list of 'Charity Schools for Promoting Christian Knowledge,' already set up in Oxfordshire in the year 1712.

Place.	Number of Schools.	Boys.	Girls.
Banbury . . .	2	30	20
Bampton-in-the-Bush .	1	20	—
Blocksom . . .	1	—	—
Cuddesden . .	1	—	12
Deddington . .	1	16	16
Henley on Thames .	1	20	—
Islip	1	15	—
Mixbury . . .	1	—	—
Oxford . . .	7	120	117
Shiplake . . .	1	5	—

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